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ITALY

AND ITS INHABITANTS

VOL. II.

104

ITALY

AND ITS INHABITANTS;

AN ACCOUNT OF

A TOUR IN THAT COUNTRY

IN 1816 AND 1817:

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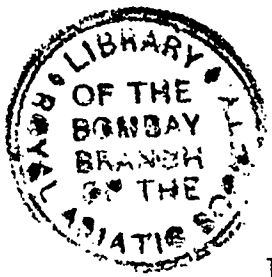
CONTAINING

A VIEW OF CHARACTERS, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, GOVERNMENTS, ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE, DIALECTS THEATRES, AND THE FINE ARTS;
WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE ORIGIN OF ROME AND OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

BY JAMES AUG. GALIFFE

OF GENEVA



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MDCCCXX

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ITALY

AND ITS INHABITANTS,

In 1816—1817.

CHAPTER I.

Character of the modern Romans—Causes of their revengeful Disposition; and Instance of its Exercise—Their national Pride unextinguished by their natural Degradation—Anecdote of filial and paternal Affection—Near Affinity of Cowardice and Cruelty—Anecdote of Dieci Nove the Bandit—The Ruspoli Coffee-house.

A MODERN Roman is, indeed, a singular being. Mr. Edward Bankes (whom I shall ever remember as a most agreeable companion of some very interesting walks among the Ruins of Rome,) described them by one of the best comparisons imaginable. He said they put him in mind of impressions of engravings from

worn-out plates. This is exactly true: they seem to be but half-finished; and in most parts so faintly portrayed, that you cannot conceive why nature perseveres in striking off more copies of them. Wherever the strokes are deep and strong, you may be sure there is a blot.

The Romans are a sullen, pale, spiritless, morose people. They hardly ever speak, except to beg alms, which when offered they absolutely tear from the giver, without taking the trouble to thank him for them, and without showing the least satisfaction at having obtained them. They are not at all like the Italians we had previously seen; in fact, they are like no other living beings. The whole nation seems tired of its existence, and waiting for the sleep of death. Walking, seeing, hearing,—every act in short seems to be a painful exertion of exhausted mind and body. I never saw one of them smile.—I am now speaking of the native Romans of the lower classes, not of the temporary inhabitants of Rome, who come from various districts far and near, to gain their livelihood in the city; nor am I

speaking of the country people in the neighbourhood. The latter, whose appearance is classical, graceful and picturesque, do seem to have some life and spirit remaining. How different, alas! from the melancholy citizens of Rome!

Yet is there something in the sulky insolence of the Romans,—in their morose, ill-natured looks,—that puts one strongly in mind of what they were in the days of their prosperity. Their manner is like the growling of an old mastiff, conscious at once of his former strength, and of the loss of his teeth. It is this galling sense of their impotence which makes them such dangerous enemies; they brood over their injuries with a degree of malice of which they would not be capable, if they thought they could easily revenge them; and as they are possessed of few ideas, that one passion which happens to take full possession of their minds festers sooner or later into a crime.

The following remarkable occurrence, which was reported to have recently taken place, will serve to illustrate what I have said.

Two men were proceeding to the last extremity in a quarrel, and one of them would undoubtedly have perished in the broil, if they had not been parted by a barber, who was perhaps a mutual friend of both of them. He went home, well pleased with the success of his interference, and never doubting that he had conciliated to himself the good-will of both parties. In the evening he had shut up his shop at the usual hour, and was retiring, when he heard some one calling his name from the street. Looking through a wicket to see who it could be, he received at the instant a blow from a hatchet, which cut through his collar and his neckcloth, and penetrated into his neck, so as very nearly to despatch him on the spot! But though he was thought to be past all cure, he nevertheless recovered; and, recovering, vowed vengeance in his turn on the person who had perpetrated this deed, and whom he had clearly recognised as one of the two men whom he had parted. But the assassin had fled to a church, where he staid till some Cardinal

or other, with whose cook, or laundress, he was connected, actually forced the barber, by all sorts of threats, to sign a forgiveness of the assassin. The latter, however, told an acquaintance of mine, from whom I had the anecdote, that he had made a mental reservation in signing the instrument; and that he was firmly determined to perfect his revenge, though he had to wait fifty years for a fit opportunity!

There is less to be said about the classes which stand immediately above the lowest: the tradespeople are, *in general*, honest and civil, far from cheerful, but yet not sullen. An active life is, undoubtedly, the best of all remedies against moral, as well as physical disorders; and this class affords a clear proof of the truth of this remark; for there is no other way of accounting for the very striking difference in character, between them and the poorer classes.

As to the higher ranks, they are in all countries so very nearly alike, that I had little expectation of finding them marked with any distinguishing features in Rome; but I was mistaken: they are remarkable for

the same dull and dissatisfied appearance as the lowest; are destitute of all spirit, and of all energy; are incapable of pleasurable, as well as of painful exertions; and are more like ghosts than beings of this world. There are some few exceptions, but those few are almost exclusively among the descendants of mothers who were not natives of Rome.

Such as they are, the Romans are as susceptible of the grossest flattery as the most warlike nations of modern Europe; and their dramatic authors cram them with the same nauseous food that the British *shilling gallery*, and the French *paradis* have so long been used to. I saw an opera called *Quinto Fabio*, in which the words "*Roma invincibile sempre sarà*" were always encored with the most lively enthusiasm, and with such shouts that I could hardly believe myself to be in a Roman theatre. One of the most ridiculous specimens of bombast which I ever read, was a Roman account of a concert given by Catalani. But it is hardly possible to laugh at pretensions so extravagantly disproportioned to their pre-

sent circumstances. They are like the efforts of a dying man to persuade himself, as well as others, that he is still full of life and health.

But bright contrasts are to be found to all that is absurd and unamiable in the general character of the lower classes at Rome. I met one day, in a walk on the Palatine Hill, (which I preferred to any other part of ancient Rome,) a young labourer, who offered me a piece of *rosso antico*. As I had no small coin about me, I told him I could not take it from him; but he persisted in pressing it upon me, saying that it could not be worth more than a baiocco to me, and was of no manner of use to him. I accordingly took it, and some time afterwards having met the man again, I offered him half a paolo; he declared that he would not accept of more than a baiocco, and if I did not happen to have one, he would take nothing at all. I endeavoured to overcome his scruples, by letting him see that I had had a very neat little box cut out of his piece of red marble, which I told him I valued exceedingly; but, in spite of this ex-

planation, it was very difficult to induce him to accept the trifle I offered. This disinterestedness gave me so high an opinion of him, that I thought we should be extremely fortunate if we could induce him to accompany us to Naples, where, we were told, it was utterly impossible to meet with an honest servant. I asked him if he would like to see that town. He replied, that his father would not let him go, and that he himself being accustomed to work from morning to night, did not care to go gadding about the world for the sake of gaining more than he wanted for the common necessaries of life. In my next walk on the Palatine (with Mr. Campbell, Lord Succoth's son,) we met the young man's father, an old peasant from Rimini, who was employed by the same gardener in driving a cart with vegetables to the market, and I asked him if he would suffer his son to accompany me to Naples and back. "Would you have me die?" said the old man, with an expression of reproach in his countenance and his voice. Fancying his meaning to be, that his son supported him

by his labour, I told him I would deposit one-half of the wages in his hands on leaving Rome, and that it would suffice to keep him very comfortably till our return.— "What is that to me," said he, "it is not "his money, it is himself that I wish to "keep *under my shade.* My heart would "quickly break if he left me. When he "stays from me only for an hour or two "later than usual, on holidays, I am as "unhappy and as disconsolate as if I had "already lost him entirely. One day, the "Austrians took him with his cart on the "Piazza Navona, and forced him to drive "it till within twenty miles of Naples. Oh! "if you had seen my wife and myself! We "did nothing but weep during his ab-"sence, and we had both of us well nigh "gone distracted with despair. Oh! no, "no! don't talk of parting us!—But I am "sure he *would not* leave me!"—We were delighted and interested beyond measure by this instance of affection; and I hastened to assure the old man that his son had peremptorily rejected my proposals, and that my only object in thus renewing them

was to ascertain whether he loved his child as well as the latter loved him. These were Italians, and I wish some traits like this were introduced into those novels which treat their countrymen so ill.

It would be an interesting pursuit to set on foot a regular series of observations and inquiries upon the causes which make the Italians sometimes so nobly good, and some times so atrociously bad. It is a common remark, that opposite extremes approach each other; but the reason that they do so in this instance is more difficult to divine than in any other. I wish some one of our great philosophers would take up this question, and treat it with all the attention it deserves. Perhaps a principal cause of cruelty may be traced to original timidity; as we often see that cowards, who have once been obliged to fight, become thenceforward the most quarrelsome of men.

An anecdote was reported to me, of an occurrence during the present Pope's reign, which may fitly be related here. The Pope had published an amnesty for all the banditti that would lay down their

arms; and a treaty was entered into with one of their chiefs, called *Dieci Nove* (nineteen) from the number of murders which he had committed with his own hand. A commission was promised him in the Pope's body-guards; but as the officers unanimously declared that they would not serve with him, this arrangement could not be carried into effect. While, however, the negotiation was on foot, the *Dieci Nove* lived in Rome, and affected to frequent all the publick places; he walked about with his mistresses, and dressed in a splendid and costly manner, wearing in particular very beautiful diamond rings, the spoils no doubt of his unfortunate victims. Every body shunned him, but no one durst affront him. The Freemasons being at that time peculiarly odious to the Government, he one day entered the *Ruspoli* coffee-house, uttering the most horrible threats against them, saying he would like to see one face to face. A young Spanish colonel, who was sitting at the other end of the room, came up to the ruffian, took his seat by him, and told him that *he* was a Freemason. Every one shuddered,—

expecting to see him fall an immediate victim to his imprudent courage: but in spite all of his previous blustering, the *Dieci Nove* did not reply a syllable, and walked out of the coffee-house, without the least sign of resentment! Sometime afterwards, not being able to obtain the conditions he required, he again left Rome, and retired into the mountains, where he resumed the command of his former, or of some other band of murderers.

This same Ruspoli coffee-house, which is the largest in Rome, was the scene of a more tragical event, much about the same time. A man came in, while there were more than fifty persons assembled there, stabbed one of the guests, staid a moment, while all the company remained petrified with astonishment and horror, and walked out quietly, without being pursued by any one; nay, he staid several days in Rome, and at length only fled to Naples, on hearing that measures were about to be taken for his arrest. But such scenes will not be repeated under the administration of the Cardinals Gonsalvi and Pacca.

All the coffee-houses in Rome are regularly shut up at nine in the evening, except one in the *Piazza Colonna*, which continues open till one in the morning, but which is only frequented by trades people.

CHAPTER II.

Character of Cardinal Pacca, the Governor of Rome—Police—Criminals—Punishments—Liberality of the Pope's Prime Minister Cardinal Gonsalvi—Miracles ascribed to the present Pope—Asylums for Murderers.

CARDINAL *Pacca*, the present Governor of Rome, is a very clever, active, and I believe a well-meaning Minister. He has done a great deal of good, and may live to do much more; for he is still young and healthy. He has taken such rigorous measures against the wearing of arms amongst the lower classes of the people, that murders are now infinitely less common than formerly. Under the operation of one of his measures, all the pocket-knives and stilettoes, which used to be accounted more necessary articles than pocket handkerchiefs, or even than shoes and stockings, disappeared entirely within the space of a week. He has not been

equally successful with regard to the banditti in the neighbourhood; and he does not conceal his regret and disappointment on this subject. But it is impossible to surprise them without proper spies; and the successful employment of spies is almost entirely out of the question in so deserted a country. I heard him mention some astonishing instances of impudence and of cruelty in the members of these banditti. A man who had been *convicted* of no less than forty-three murders, bitterly complained of the sentence which condemned him to death, asserting that he had done no harm, —absolutely nothing at all! Some time ago another, (though the story is almost incredible) broke into a house, killed the owner, ravished his wife, asked her why she wept, and learning that she had only been married the day before, replied— "Well, you and your husband have not "been parted long,"—and blew out her brains!

Cardinal Pacca told us, likewise, that he had meditated a law to oblige the merchants of Rome to employ their fellow-

citizens in their service, in preference to strangers, in order to stop the progress of the dreadful misery of the lower classes: but that all the shopkeepers declared they had rather give up trade at once. There is, indeed, but one voice as to the incorrigible laziness, and insupportable insolence of the Roman rabble. A gardener, of whom I inquired why he did not take some of those poor fellows who were starving about the streets, rather than people from Rimini, whom I thought he must hire at a much dearer rate, laughed at my simplicity, and told me that those beggars *would not* work, because they thought it below their dignity,—" *I nostri poveri si fanno tutti Signori.*"

The *Sbirri*, who were formerly the militia, have all been *reformed* of late; and this is certainly one of the best measures that could have been adopted. These men were taken from the very scum of the people; nay, from the scum of the populace. The subsequent fate of some of them may serve as an unequivocal proof of this. Though they had a monthly pay

of six dollars secured to them, eleven of them refused it, and preferred the *trade* of assassins. Of these eleven, five had already been executed. What opinion must we form of the police, which could employ such men as the guardians of the property and lives of the citizens!

A very horrid sort of punishment was formerly inflicted under the criminal laws of Rome, for trifling faults. The offender was hoisted up by means of a rope fastened to his arms, behind his back, and was then suddenly dropped down with a jerk, by which process his shoulders were generally dislocated; and when this happened to a labourer or artisan, who was thereby prevented from earning his family's bread, suicide was usually the result. This punishment has now been entirely abolished. It is replaced by the *cavaletto*, which, though administered on too slight occasions, is not likely to produce such dreadful consequences. The patient is tied on a table with his breast downwards, and receives a certain number of blows on the "seat of honour." He is not stripped for this in-

fliction, but his clothes are drawn so tight by his position, that he must feel the instrument of correction almost as acutely as if he were. Some of these culprits, however, mind it so little, that they laugh and jest all the while they are undergoing it. There was one who cried out at every blow—"This is for "St. Peter, this for St. Paul, this for the "Virgin Mary, this for St. Luke," and so on, naming a saint at each lash, till he had received his whole portion. The *cavaletto* is applied to those who speak too freely of the government, who play at quoits or other games at forbidden times, who create disturbances at the theatres, or commit other offences of similar magnitude. The spectators of a game are liable to be punished as severely as those who are actors in it. But the punishment is frequently evaded by playing on the steps, or within the precincts of a church, which is a sacred asylum. Strange! that religion should step in to shield offenders against the provisions of laws made for the sole purpose of preventing religious hours and religious seasons from being profaned! If they braved only

their magistrates, nothing could save them; but when they at the same time brave their God, they have nothing to fear! Rigorous decrees against bearing arms, of which so bad an use was made; the abolition of the barbarous punishment of the rope; the establishment of a much milder punishment to keep in order a very insolent rabble; the disbanding a set of ruffians, to whom long custom had allotted the important department of the police; all these are great, solid, and very laudable improvements. But a great deal more remains to be done; and principally in the discipline of the prisons,—by the separation of young delinquents from old and hardened villains. It seems almost incredible, but it is perfectly true, that a youth who, in a moment of violent resentment of some deep injury or insult, takes up a stone and flings it at his antagonist, is often shut up for *a whole year* with murderers, assassins, and the most abominable malefactors. This does infinitely more harm on the one side, than the repression of habits of violence can do good

on the other. How is it possible to confound the sudden impulse of revenge, which has its origin in an instinctive, if not a noble feeling, with the criminal premeditations of the meanest scoundrels? I once saw a very young lad at work amongst the convicts employed at the excavations, who seemed exceedingly unhappy and ashamed to find himself in such company. Who knows but after the expiration of his time, he may be completely corrupted? Another time seeing a very well-dressed youth talking familiarly to one of the younger convicts, I asked him what his unfortunate friend had been guilty of?—"*Solo due picole coltellate!*" "(Only two small thrusts with a knife)," was his answer; and he seemed quite indignant that such a trifle should be punished so severely. I inquired of several others, what had brought them to that pass; two of whom told me it was for throwing stones at others; and all the younger ones generally answered, "*Solo una,—solo due coltellate;*" with the same apparent persuasion, that they had not

deserved such rigorous treatment. This very indifference is doubtless a proof of the necessity of strong measures to stop the detestable use of knives in their quarrels; but it proves no less clearly, that ignorance and pernicious habits were the cause of it, not inveterate and rooted vice; and that the greatest imaginable care should, in consequence, be taken, not to allow young boys of violent temper perhaps, but of generous dispositions, to associate with old and experienced rascals. Let them be punished even more severely, but not in such a manner as to debase their souls and vitiate all their better feelings.

The subscription for the poor which I mentioned in a preceding chapter, was attended with one curious circumstance. A printed circular announced, that the meeting would take place in a private house, which the British travellers used as their place of worship, on Sunday, 29th of December, "after Divine Service." In other circumstances, such an announcement would very probably have forced the Pope's ministers to put a stop to the secret toleration

of protestant meetings in Rome; but at that time, respect for England was carried to excess in the Vatican; and well it might,—after the extraordinary share which the British Ministers had taken, in restoring to the Pope even those territorial possessions to which he had no rights but those of usurpation. Perhaps the advertisement was a sly device of the protestant missionaries, to obtain a sort of public sanction for the open profession of their religion.

It appears to be generally admitted, that Cardinal *Gonsalvi* is the most liberal Minister that any Pope ever had; and most people think he would do a great deal of good if he possessed sufficient power; but he is for that very reason detested in the Conclave. He has not received Holy Orders, and may thus still marry if he chooses,—which I had always thought impossible for a Cardinal. But he does not stand alone in this respect. The Cardinals *Pacca* and *Albani* are similarly circumstanced, and possibly others with whom I was not acquainted. Cardinal Gonsalvi is yet comparatively young, (not above fifty or fifty-

five years of age,) stout, good-looking, gentlemanlike, civil, and cheerful. But it is extremely difficult (I might rather say, that it is quite impossible) to judge correctly of him at present. It is thought that if the Pope were to die soon, Cardinal Litta would most likely succeed him; but the intrigues of the Conclave are much too deep for the penetration of strangers.

Whatever may be the liberality of the Prime Minister, it is not sufficient to put a stop to the most absurd superstition. Little prints of the miracles attributed to the present Pope, were publickly sold in the streets of Rome; and some time before our arrival, an immense number of his shirts were sold in retail to the common people, and perhaps to better-informed persons also, who fully believed that a small piece of one of them boiled in their soup, was the surest of all remedies against any disorder! I could not have credited this story, if I had not had it from a very honest merchant, who told it to me in the simplicity of his heart, as a thing of which no real Christian could entertain a doubt. This boiling of

small rags is a common practice, as well with respect to the shirts of clean Saints, as to the dirty gowns of shirtless Friars. The gown of St. Francis must have had a train of prodigious length,—for the sale of it still continues!

The extent of some of the former sanctuaries for murderers has lately been circumscribed within narrower limits; but their inviolability still remains untouched. Nor can it ever be done away with, at least in the interior of churches, because it is closely (though incidentally) connected with an essential principle of the Roman Catholick Church. A single drop of blood violently spilt on any part of a temple, is sufficient to prevent the efficacy of all the masses that may be sung there, until the polluted stone has been taken away, another put in its place, the walls white-washed, and the church purified by the Pope, or by a person appointed specially by him for this particular purpose. A murderer, therefore, cannot be arrested in a church, except upon a specific mandate from the Pope; which, however, the latter

always grants, though sometimes not until several days after the event. During that time, the criminal remains under the care of the priests, who provide him with the necessaries of life; and the church is surrounded with police officers, to prevent the criminal's escape.

CHAP. III.

Religious Ceremonies of the Romish Church—Assembly of Cardinals in the Sixtine Chapel—Celebration of Christmas at Santa Maria Maggiore and Santa Maria d'Ara-Celi—Benediction of Horses—Nunnery—Fondness of the Romans for Fennel Roots.

THE religious ceremonies of the Roman Church are not nearly so imposing as I had imagined. One spectacle alone struck me as peculiarly interesting, and even deeply affecting: it was that of the Pope kneeling at his prayers, in the midst of a silent prostrate crowd. At that sight I forgot for a moment his usurpation of earthly power, the despotism of his government, every circumstance that could present him to me in an odious point of view. I saw nothing in him, but the spiritual leader of a Christian church, humbling himself before his Redeemer, and imploring the blessings of Heaven on his fellow-sufferers in this world of trial. I was moved almost

to tears. But the scene lasted too long, and the illusion vanished. A man, who is assumed to form a sort of intermediate link between men and angels, ought doubtless to pray often and with great intenseness of devotion; but for the same reason his inward prayers ought to be as short as they are fervent. When he is seen prostrate as if in silent prayer, for more than twenty minutes at a time, in an assembly of several thousand persons of different creeds, it is not easy to imagine that the exhibition is wholly free from hypocrisy.

The Assembly of the Cardinals in the Sixtine Chapel is another very noble sight; but it is to be viewed rather as a meeting of Princes than a congregation of Churchmen. Cardinal Fæsch, Buonaparte's uncle, always attended these assemblies; though it is not to be supposed that he could feel much at his ease in the Conclave, where few of his colleagues would condescend to speak to him. The decent and solemn manner in which each member of that assembly successively comes in, and takes his place, is very imposing; and forms an

extremely agreeable contrast to that unceremonious assemblage of people in boots and spurs and every variety of dress, in the Lower House of the British Parliament.

The church musick, which I expected to have found heavenly, utterly disappointed me. It was neither well composed nor well executed, and produced scarcely any impression. I must however admit that I was a very severe judge, as I could not help comparing what I heard in the Sixtine Chapel and St. Peter's, with what I had previously heard at St. Petersburgh,—where the sublime compositions of *Mr. Bortniansky* are sung by sixty or eighty of the most beautiful voices in the world. Whoever has heard them will not be much affected by the few and indifferent singers of the Pope's chapels; and yet the latter may please amateurs of church musick who have not been in Russia.

At *Santa Maria Maggiore* I liked the musick better: among the vocal performers were two very beautiful *Sopranos*, and I was then already aware that I ought to abstain from making comparisons. On Christmas-

day I staid in this church from three o'clock in the morning till nine. But I was not detained merely by the musick; the scene itself was well worth observing. The church was full of country-people in all sorts of dresses and attitudes, some kneeling, some standing, some sitting, some walking, others lying stretched on the pavement, many sleeping, and even snoring aloud, several talking and laughing; in short, it was much more like a market scene than a religious solemnity. The only moments when the deportment of the whole congregation accorded with the sanctity of the place, were those when our Saviour's cradle was carried about in a magnificent casket of crystal, silver and gold, on which is a small golden statue of the new-born infant. The chapel of Sixtus V. was, however, an exception to the rest: several of the Cardinals who had been officiating were there at their prayers the whole night; and seven or eight of them, at least, were still in the chapel when I left it.

The day after Christmas-day I went to the church of *Santa Maria d'Ara-Celi*, which

is probably built on the very spot formerly occupied by the Temple of Jupiter, on the summit of the ancient Capitoline Hill. There was a small theatre erected in this church, with scenery in wood and paper, and wax figures representing the Virgin Mary, the Infant Jesus, the Wise Men, the Shepherds,—in short, the whole scene of the Nativity. The offerings, of course, made a principal part of the scene; those of the wise men and shepherds were two baskets, one full of oranges, the other full of apples; whilst a dish, in the middle, invited the donations of the visitors. This stage put me in mind of those raised by the pastry-cooks and confectioners of my own country, at this festive season; on which scenes of common life are represented, for the amusement of children. I could not help smiling within myself at the association; but without the slightest disposition to ridicule the Romish ceremony, which is closely connected with so interesting a period of our Scripture History. Neither would ridicule of this exhibition well become the zealous admirers of antiquity;

—in the very place where the Romans, in the most brilliant period of their political existence, believed that a nail driven into a wall by one of their fellow-citizens, invested with supreme and despotic power for the performance of this single ceremony, was an effectual remedy against the plague.

Another object of public attention in this church, was a little boy, of eight or ten years of age at the utmost, who *extemporized* a sermon on the Nativity. His recitation was rather too slow and monotonous, in consequence of his separating each syllable of each word, probably to gain time for his composition ;—but his expressions were remarkably well chosen and elegant. His action also was too pantomimic: he hardly pronounced a word without indicating it with his hands, raising as many fingers as there were units in any number which he happened to mention, placing both hands on one of his ears when he spoke of hearing or listening, and extending them widely when he spoke of sound, as if he was diffusing it around. All this has a ludicrous appearance to people who do not happen

to have been long enough in Italy to have become accustomed to it.

On Sunday, January 19th, we went to see the *Benediction of Horses*, at the church of *St. Anthony*, near *Santa Maria Maggiore*. The church itself is neither grand nor handsome. Amongst the miracles attributed to the Saint, and painted on the walls, with written explanations of each of them, is the following: When the holy man had retired into a solitude, he sowed corn, which the beasts of the neighbourhood ate up. He caught one of these plunderers, but instead of killing it, he gave it its liberty again, with these words: "Begone, "in the name of God, but do not return!" after which none of them ever touched his crops. This is probably the origin of the singular ceremony which we came to witness. All the horses and asses in Rome are brought to the door of this church, with their manes and tails adorned with ribbons; the leaders of the ceremony, amongst whom are many coachmen who drive eight and even ten in hand, make offerings to the Priest, who in return sprinkles the animals with holy

water, and presents the owners with small prints representing St. Anthony, with his companion—a hog, and a small cross. The usual offerings are either a few *baiocchi*, or a wax taper ornamented with ribbons, according to the means of the giver.

On Sunday, January 26th, we went to the church *del Bambino Giesù*, to see a Nun take the veil; but there was such a crowd of foreigners, that having arrived rather late, we saw hardly any of the proceedings. After the ceremony, however, we were admitted into the convent, where I talked a good deal with the new nun and her companions. They were of a class not subjected to the severe rules of other nunneries,—being allowed to go out of the convent both on foot and in carriages, though precluded from walking up and down the streets for amusement: besides, when they are tired of solitude, or of their usual occupation of instructing young females, they may sometimes even obtain the Pope's license to marry. The young nun, who might be about five-and-twenty years of age, was so cheerful, and seemed so happy

to have pronounced her vows, that she was far from inspiring that compassionate interest which we were prepared to feel for her. But her mother, who had resisted her wish as long as she had been able, and whose eyes swam in tears while she received, with a forced smile, the company's congratulations, was highly interesting. The organist of this convent is a daughter of *Cimarosa's*: but she must be very unlike her father in every thing but her musical talent; for I never saw so complete a caricature of what playful writers generally represent as the manners of a nun; such lifting up of her hands, such upward casting of the eyes, sighing so devoutly, kissing a cardinal's hand with such pious humility, and throwing so much studied gentleness into her speech and gestures! She was the only one in whom this disposition was at all perceptible: all the other nuns were cheerful, lively, and natural; and talked as freely, and as sensibly as practised people of the world. The room was so crowded with foreigners, and particularly with English travellers, that it resembled a London

drawing-room much more than the parlour of a nunnery.

Other convents are infinitely more rigid, and there, I dare say, the Recluses are not so cheerful. We were told of one in particular, where they are forbidden to talk except one hour a day; when that hour strikes, the sudden clash of so many tongues may be better conceived than described.

Lent is generally expected to be a very tiresome, melancholy season at Rome, but I found it quite the reverse. The spring, which begins to be perceptible, disposes every mind to cheerfulness. The sky, it is true, cannot be more beautiful than it is in the winter; but the hedges are already green, the almond-trees are in bloom, the earth is covered with violets and anemones, the air is softer,—in short, every thing in nature wears a more pleasing aspect, and walking becomes infinitely preferable to the amusements which were enjoyed in close apartments. Instrumental musick is forbidden in the streets, but singing is permitted; and at night you hear very noisy, if not very musical voices, resound in every

part of the town. I was much surprised to observe more drunken people during ten days in Lent, than I had seen or heard in ten weeks before. Nor is the general discipline of the season so very rigorous as I should have thought. Leave to eat meat is so easily obtained upon the least pretence of indisposition, that a great majority of the inhabitants avail themselves of it. On Sundays the rule is suspended for every one, and they may eat, if they choose, from one o'clock in the morning till midnight; on other days a single repast is allowed. But if Lent were kept ever so strictly, the discipline could not be very severe in a place where fish, maccaroni, and other good things make part of the permitted food. Besides all this, the Pope was extremely indulgent this winter, on account of the great scarcity of provisions.

This may be as fit a place as I shall find for noticing the excessive fondness of the Romans for fennel-roots; which, eaten raw like celery, are really excellent things. They grow to a prodigious size at Rome,

chiefly among the ruins. No other town produces them either so large or so good: and a fine root of Roman growth, is called by the real epicurean amateurs "*una cosa stupenda!*"

CHAPTER IV.

Coldness of the Atmosphere in the Streets of Rome —Fountains—The Minerva Library—Studio of M. Pierantoni—Statement of some circumstances connected with the purchase of the "Stuart Papers" from the Executor of Cardinal York.

BEFORE I take a temporary leave of Rome, I shall add in this chapter a few short observations for which I have found no proper place, or which I have omitted to notice, in the earlier part of my journal.

And first, I would warn such English travellers as may be fond of active exercise and exploratory excursions on foot, of one serious inconvenience to which they may be liable at Rome, I mean the extreme coolness of the streets in the modern town as compared with the temperature of the air in the neighbourhood, which is apt to give severe colds to persons returning into the city, warm from a long walk in a bright winter's sun.

Besides the immense number of Fountains which adorn the publick places of Rome, there is one in the yard of almost every private house; into which buckets are let down from the upper stories, along a wire extended between the two points, and are drawn up again by means of a rope and a pulley.

One of the noblest establishments of modern Rome is the public library of the *Minerva*, which was founded by private munificence. It contains a very considerable collection of valuable books, and is open to all amateurs, from ten to twelve and from two to four, every day in the week except Sunday and Thursday and some of the greater holidays. Pens and ink are provided for the visitors, who have nothing to carry thither but their paper or book of notes. Some of the books being considered as dangerous, the attendants are not at liberty to deliver them to visitors without a permission from one of the Dominican Monks to whom this library belongs; but I never met with a refusal, though I asked for several which were on the prohibited list.

It is true, that it required more than inquisitorial rigour to proscribe those for which I applied, for they contained nothing whatsoever against either religion or morals. Two of them which I was extremely anxious to see, because the authors were persons of my own family, and because I expected to find in their letters some circumstances personally interesting to myself, (in which expectation I was not deceived), were even the works of writers who had almost acquired the reputation of saints. The library is kept in admirable order, and deserves the particular attention of those who wish to consult very scarce books.

No traveller ought to quit Rome without visiting the *Studio* of *M. Pierantoni*, an eminent sculptor and speculator in excavations. He has always by him a number of beautiful objects in various sorts of marble, alabaster, jasper, *&c.*; and he had, when I visited him, a small antique *Venus coming out of the bath*, than which I have not seen any thing more admirable. The mutilated parts of the statue were extremely well restored; and I should have been content to

give three or four of the best works of the most renowned modern sculptors for this single piece,—though the price set upon it was, I believe, only twelve hundred scudi (about two hundred and fifty pounds); but fashion and fame go a much greater way than real merit, with most rich travellers.

I shall, in conclusion, mention an event which took place during my stay in Rome, with the particular circumstances of which I happen to be better acquainted than most of those who heard of it. It has been so completely disfigured and misrepresented, that I think it a sort of duty to correct the publick opinion of it, in so far as it attaches blame where none is deserved.

Upon the death of the last of the *Stuarts*, the late *Cardinal York*,—his papers were left in the hands of an abbot of the name of *Tassoni*, his heir. The abbot paid little attention to this deposit, and did not think it worth his while to examine the contents of the papers, the rather as there were fourteen chests full of them, and as a person whom he had desired to give him some

account of them had assured him that they were all old accounts, merchants' receipts, and things of that sort. An English Doctor (an outlaw, as I understood) contrived to get a sight of them, and to open a negotiation for their purchase; and Tassoni being led to believe that they were good for little, and contained scarcely any interesting matter, gave leave to the person to whom I have alluded, to sell them to the Englishman; and the price was fixed at one hundred and sixty scudi, which the purchaser told me himself was not more than they would have been worth as mere waste paper:—this might be a mere manner of speaking; but, at all events, the purchaser knew perfectly well that the papers had a real, and much greater value than he had agreed to give for them. As, however, he was without the means of paying even so small an amount for them, he applied to an intimate friend of mine proposing to negotiate the purchase of them on my friend's account. My friend told him, that he would give him a handsome sum for the papers, and that the Doctor should have

all the profit that might arise from the publication of the historical part of them, which he was anxious to save from destruction for the benefit of his country; only requiring that the ultimate right of property should belong to himself, and insisting upon the deposit of one of the chests in his hands, upon the payment of the sum which he offered, which was about three times as much as the Doctor had himself bargained to pay. It was certainly impossible to act more fairly and honourably, for he had only a very imperfect idea of what the chests might contain, and was obliged to trust to this man for the assurance he gave him, that there were amongst the papers some very important documents. But Dr. W— had, in fact, never sincerely intended to transfer his right to my friend. What his plan was I do not pretend to guess; nor was it perhaps well known even to himself, for he was seldom in a state of mind proper for reflection. Howbeit, he found means to prolong the negotiation, without bringing it to any final conclusion, until at length my friend left Rome,—requesting me to re-

new it in his name after his departure. I called upon the Doctor (who had offered of his own accord to shew me the manuscripts,) without informing him of the power given me to treat for them. He did shew me several of them, some of which had, indeed, a certain degree of publick interest, and others might be useful for writing the history of the private life of the Pretenders; but the most valuable of those which he exhibited were letters from some distinguished literary men. What the Doctor himself esteemed above every thing else were letters from some zealous Tories, whose Titles, borne at the present day by as zealous Whigs, had deceived him with the idea, that the families were the same, and that he had it thus in his power to assail the character of the ancestors of many who little thought they were exposed to such attacks. He urged this consideration to me every time he spoke upon the subject, which was as often as he opened his lips; and he was evidently excessively flattered with the idea of the consequence which he derived from the possession of such documents. I ob-

served to him that he was completely mistaken on this point; that the persons whose letters were in his possession had openly professed their attachment to the Stuarts, and had been willing sufferers for their loyalty, both in their fortunes and in their titles, which had been transferred to their political adversaries. But he was too full of his first opinion, and too incapable of reasoning, especially after dinner, to be influenced by any such explanations. He had by this time found a friend or a partner, who had lent him the purchase money; and he had actually got the whole of the collection into his hands, when I called upon him to endeavour to make some arrangement for my friend. Ere I had time to mention the name of the latter, or to give the least hint of my commission, the man hastened to inform me that my friend (naming him) had offered him two thousand pounds for the manuscripts, but that he had refused it, though he must say that he thought the offer extremely liberal. Having the proof in my pocket that the negotiation had never been for more than one-

twentieth part of that sum, I was determined not to attempt any further dealings with a man so utterly regardless of the truth. Shortly afterwards I learnt, to my great surprise, that an English lady whose husband held at Rome an official situation under his Government, went about abusing my friend for his share in this negotiation, and asserting that he had done every thing in his power to "deprive *poor* Dr. W— of a *freehold*," in attempting to obtain the property of these manuscripts for himself. This gave me at once the full measure of the impudence of the lady's protégé, and I took care immediately to drop all sort of acquaintance with him; the rather, as I had seen him twice or thrice in coffee-houses in a disgusting state of intoxication, when, forgetting that he had ever seen me before, he came up to me and to some English friends of mine, with a new version of the history of his acquisition, and a new sum of no less than *ten thousand* pounds which he said had been offered to him for it. As he continued repeating this and similar boastings every evening, in every company, the

government at length heard of it, and thought proper to inquire into an affair of so much consequence as the Doctor represented it to be. It was soon discovered that the sale was liable to be cancelled, on the ground of its having been made on a fraudulent valuation of the property sold. Besides, Dr. W— had so frequently repeated that he might, if he chose, ruin the reputation of the first families in England, that it became a matter of duty to deprive him of the means of doing so, if they really existed, Seals were accordingly put upon his lodgings, until the whole affair should be fully investigated. I have since perceived, by some puffs in the newspapers, that he had finally retained the manuscripts (at least those, I presume, that could do no mischief,) and I take for granted that, if they are worth publishing, we shall see them in print *.

The Roman Government shewed itself extremely liberal on this occasion ; for it certainly had the power of cancelling the

* They have since been purchased for the King of England, and are now in this country.—Ed.

sale, upon indemnifying the Doctor;—who richly deserved to be deprived of his bargain, for boasting that he had got *by a trick*, for forty pounds, a property which he would not sell for ten thousand.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Rome; and Journey to Naples through Albano, La Riccia, Velletri, Terracina, and Mola di Gaeta—Indications of the Approach to Naples—Activity and Bustle of the People—The Beggars of Naples—Lazzaroni—Beauty of the Situation and Deliciousness of the Climate—Hotels and Lodgings.

WE left *Rome*, on our journey to Naples, on Thursday, 6th March, at twelve o'clock; and found the posts so well served, the horses so good, and the postillions so active, that, passing through *Albano* and *La Riccia*, we reached *Velletri* at sun-set. The road, thus far, is rendered highly interesting by many fine remains of aqueducts, sepulchral monuments, and other architectural ruins. One group of old buildings, called *Roma Vecchia*, strongly excited my curiosity. Is it ancient Alba?—But I could not stop to examine it; and if I had been able to do so, it would not, I fear, have much availed me. It is a point of difficult investigation, and

much time and study would be requisite to settle it with accuracy ; but I think it well worth the attention of antiquarians, whose notice it appears hitherto to have escaped. Near that place is an artificial hillock, or tumulus, which I should call an Asiatick tomb, of which I have seen many hundreds in the south of Russia. It is surprising that no one has yet thought it worth while to excavate it, as it would doubtless be found to contain some objects interesting to the antiquary and the historian.

Albano is extremely picturesque: La *Riccia* (ancient *Aricia*) still more so. *Velletri* is a pretty large town, with a comfortable inn, and extremely civil people. The inhabitants of all the places through which we had passed on this first day's journey, seemed so much more cheerful, and were so much better dressed, than those we had left at Rome, that we fancied they must be celebrating some great festival; but we were told upon inquiry that it was an ordinary working-day.

There are some vineyards in this district, immense groves of olives, but very few

trees of other descriptions, except in the immediate vicinity of the towns,—where there are also numerous excavations in the rocks, probably the remains of stone-quarries, or catacombs. We found the number of beggars comparatively small; but the majority of the poor in these parts are doubtless attracted to Rome, by the notion that so large a town must afford them a better chance of relief.

The next day, Friday, 7th March, we left Velletri very early in the morning, and crossing the Pontine Marshes, pushed on without stopping until we reached *Mola di Gaeta*; but not without admiring on our way the beautiful situation of *Terracina*, and the magnificent prospect of the Gulf of Gaeta. The difference is very striking between the Roman and the Neapolitan postillions and horses; and the comparison is far from being favourable to the latter. The Neapolitan postillions do their utmost to cheat you, and if they find you too wary for them they grow exceedingly insolent. In this respect, they are, I think even worse than the postillions of Germany; but a de-

cisive tone and manner will sometimes effectually check their encroachments. One of them who had provoked me beyond endurance, assured me, when he saw me angry, that "he could not conceive "wherefore I was offended, for he thought "he had behaved with uncommon politeness *(finezza,)* and that if he had been "wanting in respect, it was from ignorance, and not from design."

It is a common trick, when a traveller happens not to have small money enough to make up his exact account, for the postillion to propose that the surplus payment shall be left in his hands as an anticipation for the next stage; but if after this arrangement you suffer the fellow to drive off ere he has, in your presence, acknowledged the amount to his successor, the latter never fails to deny all knowledge of it, and to insist upon the payment of the whole of his fare. We had a long dispute at Mola, about such an arrangement, and although several men then present had been witnesses of the payment, none of them would say a word in confirmation of it. At

length I appealed so forcibly to a boy who had also been present, that he confessed that my statement was true. After this avowal, all the hints and signs and threats of his comrades were lost upon him; he persisted in his declaration, and we gained our point.

The inn at *Mola* is as bad as it can be. Two beds were shewn to us, one of which was much too small, and both stood in the same filthy apartment, all the windows of which were broken. For this accommodation the host had the impudence to demand two dollars: but as we thought it was quite enough to have paid that amount already for a most wretched dinner, we determined, after resting there for an hour or two, to travel all night. A line of Austrian military posts having lately been established on the road, we thought there could be no great danger from the banditti. But although we were fortunate enough to escape without any accident, we learnt some time after that other travellers were robbed in spite of these precautions.

There is not, I really believe, a city in the

world, the approach to which is so clearly indicated by the stir and bustle in its vicinity, as Naples. You begin to perceive an extraordinary degree of vivacity in the whole population, long ere you arrive at the Capital; and this appearance increases so strikingly at every mile, that you are well prepared for the astonishing scene which awaits you on entering the city. One of the circumstances which surprised me most was the immense multitude of very young children, who are already of use to their parents. You see little boys and girls of five or six years old, as busily employed as their elders; one is the bearer of his father's breakfast to the fields; another carries a pick-axe or a spade, which you would hardly think him strong enough to lift; another is driving an ass with vegetables to market. We saw a little creature standing on a chair grinding a knife, while another still younger was turning the wheel. In short, every one was at some occupation, and every body seemed to be in a hurry. The aspect of all this busy crowd was extremely entertaining.

There is less of mendicity at Naples than at Rome, but the beggars are much more importunate, and their whining tone of supplication makes them intolerably annoying. They often pretend to cry, but if you tell them you do not like tears, they will immediately begin to laugh and jest. If you still refuse to give them any thing, they recommence howling in the most fatiguing manner, and never leave you until they have gained their end. It is therefore expedient for a stranger to be well provided with small coins for these occasions, whenever he stirs abroad. They do not usually apply to persons on foot, but prefer attacking those who drive in carriages, whom they pursue with the most indefatigable perseverance.

But it is in the coffee-houses and the shops that the beggars of Naples are most disagreeable. The moment you give any thing to one of them, you are besieged by a dozen; and it is almost impossible to get rid of them. A Russian lady, of a very charitable disposition, had such shoals of them before the door of the palace which she

inhabited at Naples, that she was obliged to apply to the police to disperse them by force. I saw one woman box the ears of a waiter at a coffee-house who attempted to turn her out, and I have repeatedly seen others threaten blows on similar occasions.

It may be thought that I begin my account of Naples in a very extraordinary manner. But to pass over in silence so considerable, and so important a portion of the inhabitants of Naples is quite impossible; and I think it best to dismiss this subject before I commence the description of the town. Besides, these beggars are the famous *Lazzaroni*, who are asserted in so many travels to be so very singular, and so eccentrick a people, and to constitute an entirely distinct *caste* in the population of Naples. It is true that I did not know this at the time. I fancied that the Lazzaroni had been marked by a peculiar dress, and peculiar features, and that they were as different from the Neapolitans as the gypsies are from any European nation. But no set of men have

been less known by those who have pretended to speak of them, of their customs, character, habits, *&c.*, than the lazzaroni; of whom the most absurd things have been said by very clever people, and have been credited by readers of every class in Europe. Having learnt their language, and conversed with hundreds of them during my stay at Naples, not merely for a few seconds *en passant*, but for hours day after day, (for I was determined to study them thoroughly,) I venture to lay claim to some credit for accuracy and truth in what I say of them. It is hardly, I fear, to be expected that I can rectify the false and foolish notions that have hitherto prevailed, without incurring the hostility of many, for throwing a true and unromantic light on objects, which while they remained in the dark and wizard demesne of historical romance, have furnished matter for such very picturesque descriptions, and given scope to such charming exaggerations. But I shall suspend my remarks on this subject, until I give an account of the Neapolitans in general; only premising in this place that

the Lazzaroni are nothing more nor less than the lowest class of the inhabitants of Naples,—which class, the circumstances of the climate render much more numerous here than in any other country in Europe; and which for that reason also, as well as on account of the manner in which they are governed, are marked with some very curious features peculiar to them as a subdivision of the Neapolitans,—not as a distinct and separate people.

There is no city in Europe comparable to Naples in point of beauty. There are finer buildings and finer streets in St. Petersburgh; but the situation of Naples, the animated prospects on every side, the magnificent bay, the islands, the awful and ever-present phenomena of Vesuvius, the noble amphitheatre which the city forms in its gradual ascent from the shore to the top of the encircling hills, the incredible bustle of its immense population, of which no other town can give an adequate idea, the noise with which the air is constantly filled by the rolling of carriages and the hum of human voices in every varied combination of tone

and expression ;—all this completely overpowers the faculties at first, and produces a sort of intoxication, which opens every pore to new and indescribable impressions. It is really as if one had previously been only half alive, and as if new senses were developed which had hither lain dormant and unconscious. There is besides a positive pleasure even in breathing the air of Naples, and it is impossible not to yield to a sensual delight in the mere feeling of existence.

The Neapolitans are without exception the most sensual people in Europe, of which their climate is undoubtedly the predisposing cause. But the punishment of sensuality has here followed close upon its indulgence; and the disgusting traces of that punishment are visible at every step, to warn and deter from this degrading vice. I never saw in any other city so many countenances disfigured by the dreadful consequences of lawless debauchery. It is a sight which checks and destroys the first agreeable impressions which the city and its inhabitants are otherwise

calculated to excite on the mind of a stranger.

We alighted at the hotel *La Villa di Londra*, at *Santa Lucia*, where a very miserable room, containing two beds and looking to a narrow back-lane, was assigned to us, for which we were charged two dollars a day: and the next morning our dislike of these quarters was increased by finding a scorpion in the window-curtain, notwithstanding our host's assertion that the reptile was harmless in winter. However, having fallen in with some countrymen of mine who already knew the city, we succeeded with their aid in hiring a neat though small lodging on the *Largo di Castello* (the Castle-square,) comprising a drawing-room, two bed-rooms, and an ante-chamber, on a first floor,—for thirty ducats, or twenty-five piasters (about five pounds ten shillings sterling) a month. After N—'s departure, I removed to the *Aquila d'oro*, (the Golden-eagle) in the *Piazza Medina*, where I had a very good room, looking upon the Square, for five *carlini* a day (about one-shilling and tenpence sterling.) Our next care, after lodg-

ings, was to engage a Neapolitan servant,—with whom we had every reason to be well satisfied; he was civil, clean, attentive, and honest. We gave him thirteen dollars (about 2*l.* 8*s.* sterling), a month. We breakfasted at home; but we always dined at a *restaurateur's*, of whom there are a great many at Naples. Some of these establishments are very good, and others elegant; but the most comfortable house of the sort, to my taste, is that called *the City of Sienna*, opposite the theatre of San Carlo, which is fitted up with small boxes, like the London coffee-houses. People who like a fine prospect better than a well served dinner, will prefer the *Villa Reale*, which overlooks the sea. You may there dine very well, as far as a great variety of dishes can constitute a good dinner, for a dollar and a half, (about six or seven shillings); but the cooking is indifferent, and the attendance bad. The charges are lower at the *City of Sienna*. It must be recollected, that I was there in a year of extreme scarcity, so that the prices were probably higher than usual.

The English generally preferred *Chiaia* (the Wharf) for their lodgings, which situation, as it is the most expensive, they had agreed to call the most fashionable. The Earl of B____ was almost the only one who chose to lodge in any other part of the town. *Chiaia* commands, it is true, a fine view of the sea, but it is at a distance from the theatres, from the port and the mole, from Toledo, the Studio, *&c.*, and it is, of all streets, the most crowded with the lowest class of lazzaroni, and with beggars. You cannot go in or out of your house without seeing numbers of them in the most disgusting attitudes, killing their vermin at your very door. This circumstance alone would be sufficient to make me prefer any other part of the city. The Piazza Medina is near the theatre, the port, and Toledo; and was, to my taste, infinitely preferable to the Chiaia. Nevertheless, there may be people, who, not being very squeamish, may take a pleasure in seeing about them so many strange objects, however disgusting. The number of poor women engaged in

spinning, at the further end of Chiaia, is prodigious; I never saw so many distaffs in use in my life. There is here a very hand some walk along the sea-shore, in a garden called the Villa Reale, separated by iron railings from the street; and in the middle of it is the famous group of *Dirce tied to the horns of the bull, by the sons of Antiope.* It is a beautiful ornament, and an object of great interest to amateurs.

CHAPTER VI.

Neapolitan Theatres and Performances—San Carlo—Teatro Nuovo—Dei Fiorentini—La Fenice—Dei Ragazzi—Description of a religious Puppet-show.

ONE of the first objects of our curiosity at Naples was, of course, the *Theatre of San Carlo*, of which we had heard and read so many magnificent descriptions: and unquestionably our first sensation upon entering the house was that of delight and astonishment. The whole interior is so richly gilt from the top to the bottom, that it actually appears to be built of gold: and its shape and size give the fullest effect to this dazzling splendour. But after the first glance of novelty, and upon a closer and cooler examination, I was satisfied that the preference was still due to the theatre of La Scala at Milan. In point of capacity there can be very little difference between them; but La

that they were singing. Neither were the performances so good as those which we had seen in other cities. The first opera which we saw was *Cora*, the musick by *Mayr*, but exceedingly inferior to those other works of his which have raised his fame so high amongst modern composers. The other pieces were—1.—the second act of *Queen Elizabeth*, by *Rossini*,—very good, though inferior to *Tancredi*; 2.—the first act of *Medea*, most stupidly written by a *M. Romani*, but with good musick by a composer whose name I could not learn. The latter contains, among other pieces, an excellent *quartet*, almost without accompaniment,—a piece which is now the rage in Italy, and which always produces a very agreeable effect. 3.—*Gabriella de Vergy*, composed by a Mr. *Caraffa*, of one of the first families of the kingdom; his musick is overloaded with ornaments and is not very original, but it contains some fine passages *.

* The ballets, though better than those of the London Opera, were much inferior to the ballets at St. Petersburgh, and not so good as those of Paris. We were told that they were much better while Duport, the French

Catalani gave a concert in the theatre of San Carlo, but she found it too large even for *her* voice. She was heard to much better effect at the theatre *dei Fiorentini;* where the audience were enchanted with her. But the volume of her voice was considerably diminished, since I had heard her in Paris in the autumn of 1815. She had lost a full note in the interval, and could no longer reach even *b*, without changing her tone; whereas she formerly ran up to *c* with the utmost ease, and with undiminished fulness of tone.

The second theatre in point of size is the *Teatro Nuovo* (the new theatre,) which may contain about twelve hundred spectators; the boxes, being separately too large, are few in number, which produces a bad effect; but in other respects the house is handsome enough. There was a good set of performers at this theatre, amongst whom Signora *Tessari*, was particularly eminent. I saw a play here, of which the scene was laid in England, and as it is curious to observe the notions which the

dancer had the direction of them, though I very much doubt that man's abilities as a composer of ballets.

Scala, if it is less shewy and brilliant, is more really elegant and grand. San Carlo is too gaudy; the profuseness of the gilding strikes the spectator with admiration at the first sight: but the shape and design of the ornaments on which the gilding is laid are clumsy and tasteless, and bear evident marks of the hurry with which the theatre was finished. The Royal Box, in front of the stage, is supported by two richly-gilded palm-trees, which, when the theatre is not lighted up for grand galas, produce a very noble effect; but on those occasions the prodigious number of wax lights interferes in some degree with the brilliancy of these ornaments. On such festivals the seats cost twelve or fourteen *Carlini*; (four or five shillings sterling). A ticket without a seat costs only eight *Carlini*: but the difference is ill saved at the expense of two great inconveniencies; first, the fatigue of standing; and in the second place, the almost certainty of having one's clothes sprinkled with wax, from the chandeliers which hang on the outside of the boxes. On ordinary nights, the

ticket costs only five *Carlini*. The seats are remarkably comfortable arm-chairs, to which you are directed by the number of your ticket. The latter is really a very agreeable regulation.

The Scenery cannot bear a moment's comparison with that of Milan, nor were the singers whom we then heard so good as those at La Scala. The *prima Donna*, the Signora *Colbran*, sometimes sung out of tune from the beginning to the end of the opera; but as she was a great friend of the manager's, she sung and dressed as she pleased with perfect impunity. I saw her perform the part of *Queen Elizabeth* in a common blue silk gown, and a white veil. When she was disposed to take pains, she sung tolerably well; but every one preferred the Signora *Fabrè*, who arrived some time afterwards from Milan. The other performers were passable. But it requires extraordinary powers of voice to fill so large a theatre as San Carlo; especially as the open work on the boxes is so unfavourable to the conveyance of sound; and occasionally we could really only guess

could not get it from books, his negligence is absolutely unpardonable. I felt the more vexed at these blots, as the dialogue affords many, and sometimes brilliant, proofs of talent; the character of the young woman is original, and well sustained; there is no buffoonery, no vulgar indecency in the whole piece, and it would be a work of great merit if it were not full of false representations, and false notions of things which every European writer ought to be ashamed to be ignorant of.

The theatre *dei Fiorentini* hardly contains more than seven hundred and fifty, or eight hundred spectators. It is small and neat, and well suited for concerts.

After this comes *la Fenice*, which is still smaller, containing only two tiers of boxes and a gallery, and holding at the most six hundred spectators. The second tier of boxes is on a level with the street; the first, and of course the pit, are under ground. The performance which I saw was the celebrated opera of *Les deux Journées*; which with *Cherubini's* beautiful musick, has had such extraordinary success in France, in

Russia, and in Germany, but which has here been recomposed by *Mayr*. The new composition is no less inferior to Cherubini's, than the acting of the performers was to that of the best French artists. The representatives of Constance, Armand and young Micheli, were complete blocks, without a spark of feeling or expression; the water-carrier was barely tolerable; little Marcellina alone was well performed by a very pretty girl, and a very agreeable actress. The *finale* of the first act is that which most palpably betrays *Mayr's* extreme inferiority to *Cherubini*. The latter has expressed uncommonly well the lively but embarrassing confusion of the feelings of gratitude and joy, with which young Micheli acknowledges the benefactor who saved his life, in the man whom his father has just saved in his turn. At first he stammers, his breath seems to fail, his accents are broken, rapid, animated and irregular, until he has explained the reason of his transports. For this conception, so eminently poetical, Mayr has substituted a long *maestoso*, in which the boy drawls out the gravest

people are taught to entertain of England, and of the British Government, I shall give a short sketch of the piece. The scene (as I have said) lies in London ; and the principal actors are, 1. An *Alderman Voender*, who is represented as a minister invested with despotic power. 2. A *Milord Utson*, Lord Mayor of London, who is yet superior to the former ; for he appoints and cashiers even Aldermen of his own private authority. 3. Mr. *Voender*, jun., who has married without the consent of his father, but the latter has seized upon the bride, sent her to India, and spread the report of her death.— 4. A *Captain of a man-of-war*, who brings the young woman home again, and with her is cast into prison by the Alderman, in the presence of the Lord Mayor,—without any sort of accusation, or any other pretext than that it is the Alderman's will ! However, the friend of young *Voender*, who had perfidiously betrayed him into his misfortunes, now repents, and with the help of the Lord Mayor brings the play to a favourable conclusion. The dress of the Alderman was a magnificent coat, with

a gold embroidery of six or seven inches in breadth, two brilliant stars, and a blue ribbon! After such profusion of distinctions, it will be seen that it was no easy matter to keep up the dignity of the Lord Mayor in a becoming proportion, consistent with the means of the treasury and the wardrobe of the theatre: but the object is attempted to be accomplished by investing him with a star or two more than the Alderman.

An author who in our age represents laws and manners in so false a light, is quite inexcusable; he engrafts his own ignorance upon that of the publick, and deserves the severest lashes of criticism for neglecting to study the national customs and laws of the people among whom he intends to lay the plot of his play. Nobody obliged Mr. *Sografi* to fix the scene in London. The gross ignorance which he has betrayed, might have been pardoned in the time of the Scipios; but in our days, when England is full of Italians, and Italy still fuller of Englishmen, from whom he might, without the least difficulty, have obtained the necessary information, if he

play-house, if so it can be called, where I saw the whole history of our Saviour's death performed by puppets, for the entertainment of the Lazzaroni, at four *grani* for the first, and three *grani* (something between a penny and three-halfpence,) for the second seats. The orchestra consisted of a very good hautboy, and of a bass which only played two notes in accompaniment to each tune. The overture was the famous duet of "*Io ti lascio, amato bene,*" in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, and it was repeated between the acts. Whenever our Saviour was on the point of making his appearance, he was announced by a solemn tune in *C minor*; Judas, on the contrary, was announced by a *Waltz*, or an *Allemande*,—even when he came to hang himself, and was strangled by the devil. I saw only four acts of this tragedy, not being able to wait for the fifth; but after our Lord had been crucified, and Judas hanged, the subject seemed, poetically speaking, complete enough.

The first feelings that such a representation gives rise to, are those of disgust and anger that so solemn a subject should be

permitted to be acted by puppets: but such an impression loses its liveliness after a short stay in any Italian towns, especially during this season of the year. The frequency of these performances, which are every where obtruded on your notice, gradually disposes your mind rather to compare the expedients resorted to by the different managers, than to turn away from the degradation of so much of the sublime into so much of the ridiculous. I am sure that at first I felt not less shocked at such a mode of handling so serious a history, than the most pious might; but I own that the repetition of the same drama, after a time, rather worked upon my curiosity, which sought to indulge in contrast, than roused my religious indignation.

In this instance, I felt no temptation to laugh, except at the earthquake, which the place and the machinery were not calculated to raise above a complete and unmixed burlesque. As to all the rest, the manager performed his part with so much natural dignity in his speeches, he pronounced Italian so well, and with such irresistible

and most solemn sounds that ever were heard, with whole bars of single notes; while all the other actors stand by him like simpletons, without being permitted to shew, by the slightest expression of curiosity or emotion, that they share in the interest of the scene, till he has laboured through his endless story. Nothing was ever more wretched. There are several other defects of the same nature, which I little expected to find in a work by the composer of *Ginevra di Scozia*, and of other operas, of which I have heard some exquisite detached pieces. *Les Deux Journées*, as represented at Naples, put me in mind of some operas translated from the French and produced on the English stage, the musick of which, though it formed their chief recommendation in France, Mr. Kelly chose to discard in order to make room for his own unmeaning compositions. As well might a painter substitute a long hooked nose, pendent cheeks, and an idiot grin, in a pretended copy of one of Raphael's most heavenly virgins, leaving merely the title of Madonna della Sedia, or Madonna di Foligno, on the frame.

There is a small theatre, near the post-office, called *Teatro dei Ragazzi*, (the Children's Theatre) because boys and girls from eight to twelve years old, alone perform there. They sang most unmercifully out of tune; and danced a ballet of *groteschi*, in a style scarcely inferior to that of their musical performances.

I shall now take leave of the Neapolitan theatres, though I intend to offer in another place a few more remarks on the musick and the dramatick literature of Naples. I must observe by the way, that I never felt so little inclined to visit play-houses as here. The climate is so delicious, the sky so beautiful, the prospects in every direction so admirable, that I regretted every hour passed within doors as an hour lost to delight. In other towns, the theatres are usually the best places for examining the inhabitants without their perceiving it; but here it is the reverse. Those whom it is most interesting to study, are in the streets, in the squares, on the sea-shore, or any where but within the play-houses. I must, however, make an exception to this remark in favour of one

CHAP. VII.

Grotto of Pausilippo—Digression on the Inaccuracies of "Corinna," and Vindication of Italian Females—Madame de Stael—Virgil's Tomb—Church of San Nazario—Herculaneum—Museum and Palace of Portici—Murat and his Wife—Anecdote of the latter, and of her Appropriation of a Collection of Ancient Medals.

Sunday, 9th March. WE drove this morning to the *Grotto of Pausilippo*, which is really a curious and wonderful work. It is a noble gallery or passage, broad enough for two carriages, and seven hundred and eighty paces in length, cut through a mountain of sandstone: it took me between seven and eight minutes to walk at a quick pace from one end of it to the other. The description of this grotto in *Corinna* is the most exaggerated part of that interesting book, and is *very unlike the truth.* In the first place, people never drive through it "*with astonishing rapidity,*" because they might very probably run over some of the

foot-passengers, or catch the wheels of other carriages 2dly, Standing at either entrance of the grotto, you can see the light at the other extremity. It cannot therefore be difficult to see it from the middle of the space; nor is the darkness ever so great as to create the least difficulty in finding the way. During the night it is lighted up from one end to the other, and in the day-time there are three or four lamps about the middle of the grotto, which nevertheless might well be dispensed with. It is very possible that some persons may have taken torches with them in passing through it, but it is not usual to do so; for I was there more than twenty times, and I never once saw any. 3dly, It is not near a quarter of an hour's drive in length, for I did it repeatedly in about four minutes, without driving "with astonishing rapidity." 4thly, There is neither any extraordinary resounding nor deafening noise in it; it is a much quieter place than any street in Naples, and there is nothing in it to prevent a passenger from following the train of his ideas more than in any

musick in his voice and accent, that no play of Alfieri ever was, or *could* be listened to with greater attention, and with a more earnest silence. Yet he did not even attempt to produce the least illusion; for every speech of the play was preceded by a short explanation, such as this: "Now, "you will see Nicodemus get up,—and "you shall hear how he endeavours to "prove that Joseph is in the wrong,— "and he speaks in these terms;"—after which the puppet was supposed to pronounce a speech on the same subject as the argument. The history was very faithfully observed; it opened with a council convened by the High-Priest Caiaphas, who presided at it; and several of the members recited very good speeches. After this came the Lord's Last Supper, with all its circumstances, and the washing of the Apostles' feet. The ladies were, the Virgin Mary, Mary Cleophas, and Veronica; the miracle of the Sudary was very well executed. Christ was not nailed to the cross on the stage, but was discovered already crucified between the two thieves.

St. Peter was seen to cut off the soldier's ear, and our Saviour to take it up and replace it. Judas hung himself on a tree on the stage, with the assistance of the Devil, who afterwards carried him off, *&c.* All this delighted the audience exceedingly, and they appeared to take the deepest interest in the whole of the history, although they were perfectly familiar with it already. But the Neapolitans are always pleased to hear people recite, no matter what, in real *good Italian;* which nevertheless many of them do not understand. *Sentir Storie* is one of their dearest amusements, as I shall elsewhere have occasion to show.

I propose henceforward to notice the curiosities of Naples and its neighbourhood, precisely in the order and in the words in which they occur in my Journal.

other place. In short, the description in *Corinna* would almost warrant what I was told was Mr. *Giuntotardi's* assertion, that *Madame de Stael* had written the work ere she had ever seen Italy. But, as she professedly wrote a novel, she must not be judged too severely for the poetical license which she has taken, in representing things as they *ought to be*, in order to raise those emotions which she chose to describe: nor should I have taken notice of it in this place, if I had not heard several persons assert that her book contained an excellent and *most accurate* description of Italy. That description is as far from being accurate as it is from being *tedious*:—I could hardly find a stronger manner of expressing that it is completely inaccurate throughout;—equally so in her representation of the manners, and in her description of the curiosities of the country.—No Italian lady would behave as Corinna does; or, if any one were found to attempt it, she would assuredly not be esteemed by her countrymen. She would be pointedly shunned and noted as a woman who had renounced every idea of

delicacy and propriety. There is not, indeed, among the Italians that ill-natured anxiety to pry into other people's affairs, and to raise a hue-and-cry at little irregularities of private individuals, which makes so characteristic a feature of some other nations; but though they think it more charitable, as well as more decent, not to stun the publick ear with the expression of their contempt or reprobation of the faults of others, it is not difficult to read it in their countenances, when they happen to be in the presence of a person who deserves it; and I can assure those of my readers who have been deceived by travellers' accounts of *Cicisbei* and the like things, that the fair sex in this part of the world has been strangely calumniated by foreigners, who judged from false appearances. It was thought extremely immodest for a lady to go out of doors without being protected by a near relation or friend of her family; and the Cicisbeo was *always* the husband's intimate friend. There is no doubt but this custom had, now and then, the inconvenience of leading to too

close and too tender a connexion between the fair one and her guardian; but such cases were not nearly so frequent as the inhabitants of countries where this custom is unknown, might suppose. I will even venture to say, that there were fewer of these faithless friends than in England. It would be absurd to deny that there were, or that there are at present, many frail women in Italy; but the proportion is much smaller than the influence of climate might have warranted one to expect, and the generality of females are perhaps more respectable here than elsewhere. I pity those whom particular circumstances have led to think otherwise; and I am extremely glad to have had opportunities of forming a more favourable, and (I am sure) a more equitable judgment. The hazardous custom is now almost entirely discontinued, and it is extremely rare to see a lady with a professed Cicisbeo. I do not think that I knew more than *one*, during the whole course of my journey; nor did I observe one half of the intrigues which came to my knowledge in a much shorter space of time in several other countries,

whose natives take such unwarrantable liberties with the character of the Italians.

I should be sorry if the opinion which I have expressed of "Corinna," could be construed into an entire disapprobation of that beautiful novel; only I think it would not be the worse for the omission of those passages which tend to give false notions of Italian manners and morals; and if I had known Italy when I first read them, I should assuredly have rectified the author's erroneous opinion on the subject. Madame de Stael was the most unlikely person of any that I ever knew, to say any thing intentionally which might have given unmerited pain to any individual, and her disposition would have revolted at the idea of calumniating a whole nation; but she was in fact far from considering what she said of Italy as an attack on the character of its inhabitants. Bearing, herself, a very striking resemblance to Corinna, *she* certainly could not think ill of a country where this character and this heroine, with all her deviations from the straight path of decorum, would captivate universal esteem. On

the contrary, I am persuaded that she thought she represented Italy in the most amiable light. But the Italian ladies are not of the same opinion, and they repel the imputation with a degree of indignation which renders *them* unjust in their turn. Madame de Stael was one of the best, as well as one of the most extraordinary women that ever existed; her imperfections were such as could injure none but herself; they were the failings of a noble, affectionate, and unsuspecting heart. She never imagined that she had done wrong till she was made aware of it by others, and even then she was often unable to comprehend why that which she had done *was* wrong; for, strange as it may seem to those who only judge her from her last works, she was really in many respects a child to the end of her days. But this is not the place to pay my tribute of admiration to a departed friend. I owed it to Italy, to warn my readers against the wrong impressions which Corinna may have given them; and I owed it to the memory of the illustrious

author of Corinna, to clear her of the charge of wilful misrepresentation.

Close to the top of the wall which stands on the left side of the way, immediately before the entrance of the Grotto, is *Virgil's Tomb*, the keeper of which takes great care to cultivate laurels over its roof. It is a very small building, containing a sepulchral chamber, with niches for lacrymatories. The urn which contained the poet's ashes is lost: and hence perhaps the laurels have lost their inspiring influence over the minds of the visitors, none of whom (I need not say) goes away without plucking a leaf.

The church of San Nazario, which is in the neighbourhood, is remarkable for the tomb of the celebrated poet *Sannazarius*, whose property it was. He probably had it built, and consecrated to the patron of his family's birth-place, San Nazario. His tomb is embellished with two handsome statues of Apollo and Minerva, (which, to avoid scandal, are called David and Judith). They are by no means out of place on the tomb of a Christian who introduced whole chorusses of Nymphs in a poem on

the Virgin Mary's delivery. The Satyrs who are seen on a *basso relievo* have not yet been christened; but I suppose they are to be considered as petrified devils, and are suffered to remain there as evidence of the Saint's miracles.

On Monday, the 10th of March, we went to *Herculaneum* and *Portici*. The city of Herculaneum is buried at so considerable a depth, that it was found dangerous to prosecute any large excavations; and even what had been discovered, has, to avoid accidents, been closed up again, with the exception of a small but very handsome theatre, which is kept open for the gratification of public curiosity. But this building is still, in great part, filled up with lava, and it is therefore not an easy matter to form a very clear notion of it by torch-light; neither is it very necessary, since the discovery and entire excavation of the theatre at Pompeii, to explore that of Herculaneum,—which is of the same shape, and seems to have had the same internal arrangement.

But the Museum of *Portici* is probably

the most interesting in Europe, chiefly on account of the variety of exceedingly curious antiquities which it contains, found in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Among these are many paintings, some of which are in a very good state of preservation, but none of them are favourable specimens of art. There is an immense quantity of kitchen utensils, and other objects of domestic furniture. But what chiefly fixes the attention, and excites ideas of the most affecting and melancholy nature, is the collection of objects carbonized by the lava when it destroyed Herculaneum: they give a frightful proof of the rapidity of its action, as they were burnt and covered up in one and the same instant: they, are of course, mere coals in substance; but the shape of the objects—as wheat, barley, beans, bread, *&c.*—is perfect. The most awful of these remains is part of the skeleton of a female, who, it is conjectured, had retired with her family into a cellar, as the safest, or, perhaps, the only asylum she could think of. But she succeeded in escaping from the mode of death which

she dreaded, only to meet another, and perhaps a more horrible end. The sea having risen above the air-holes of the cellar, had washed into it such a quantity of sand, that the unfortunate refugees were gradually buried alive. This victim, among others, was found with her arms extended, and the shape of her bosom is still seen in part of the clay formed round her body. Her skull is also preserved; there was a quantity of hair on it when it was found, but portions of it have been from time to time taken away by the curious, and there is now little of it left. It is impossible to look at these objects without shuddering.

The Palace at *Portici* is rather elegant than splendid; and the apartments occupied by the present king are as simple as can be imagined; he sleeps on a very small couch in a small closet,—the princess, his wife, sleeping in another apartment. Those which Murat and his wife formerly inhabited, are kept up in the state in which they left them; and it is highly politic to do so. Those personages are not, or, at

least, they do not seem to be, regretted by any numerous class of the Neapolitans. As to Murat, he was laughed at by the highest and by the lowest, as the most foolish fop in the world. He spent several hours daily in adorning himself, and in admiring his person in three very large looking-glasses which reflected his shape on every side of his closet; and he never went out without being dressed like the vaulters of strolling theatres, with ostrich feathers on his hat, pink boots, or buskins, and such gaudy finery;—which in a very young and a very handsome man, might have been excused,—but was quite absurd in a man of his age, of a swarthy complexion, and with a countenance more like that of a stout butcher than of an Adonis.

Such puerile vanity as this is often more prejudicial to the popularity of a sovereign than his real vices. The latter are not considered incompatible with great talents and splendid qualities; but ridicule seems quite irreconcilable with respect, in

the eyes as well of thinking men, as of the vulgar.

Madame Murat's apartment answers exactly to the idea that people had of her; particularly her bathing closet. She was more respected, but much more disliked than her husband; for she was tyrannical in her whims, and whatever she had set her mind upon, could not be refused her without danger. One instance of this which I shall here relate, may show what were the ideas which she entertained of herself, and of the nation whose government had been placed in her hands.

Mr. C——i, the most interesting man at Naples to all amateurs of ancient medals, and especially of those of Greece, had formed a collection, which was accounted the most complete and most valuable in Europe. Grieved at the reflection, that it would be separated and dispersed after his death, and that the fruits of his long and painful labours would be lost to the scientifick world, he proposed to Murat to sell his collection to the State for a very moderate sum, much below its real value,

on condition that he should be appointed keeper of it, with a professor's chair for that interesting branch of science; and his offer was so patriotic, that it could not admit of an hour's hesitation. The bargain was concluded; but unfortunately Madame Murat saw the medals; and as they were chiefly of gold and silver, they pleased her so exceedingly, that she declared she was determined to have them for her private amusement. Mr. C——i replied, that he had only consented to part with his collection on grounds of national interest, and public utility, which object would not at all be answered by its becoming the private property of the Queen. She rejoined, that he had agreed to sell it to the nation, and that *she represented the nation!* (How like her brother's "*L'Etat, c'est moi!*")—Mr. C——i persisted in his refusal, and said that if the government chose to force him to this sale, he was of course too weak to resist; but that he never would acknowledge it as a voluntary transaction on his part. His protest was not in the least regarded: the medals were taken by Ma-

dame Murat; and from that hour she became his avowed enemy, and omitted no occasion to make him feel it. As soon as Prince Leopold arrived at Naples, on the restoration of his family, Mr. C——i applied to him, and strongly represented the importance of preventing Madame Murat from carrying away with her as part of her private property, that collection to which she had no lawful right, and which it was so very interesting to keep at Naples; but his endeavours were fruitless, and she was suffered to pack it up, and send it away with the rest!

The road to Portici is exceedingly fine, being wholly paved, like the whole city of Naples, with broad and flat masses of lava; so that the very thing which destroyed one generation, serves to the comfort of its posterity. This is often true in a moral point of view, also; but the eventual benefit, in either case, seldom bears any proportion to the evil which produced it.

We paid eighteen *Carlini* for the calash and pair, with one *Carlino* to the little

ragged boy, whom it is impossible to prevent from mounting behind, because he belongs to the coachman. There is no obligation to give him any thing; but the boys are so lively, so busy, so serviceable, that it would be ill-natured not to be charitable to these poor little creatures. The whole charge amounted to no more than 7*s.* 6*d.* sterling; but including the fees to the different people employed in showing the curiosities of Herculaneum, Portici, the museum, the palace, and the gardens,—not forgetting the beggars on the road,—the excursion cost us altogether about a pound sterling.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Studio at Naples—Works of Sculpture and Painting—Unrolling of the Herculaneum Manuscripts—Excursion to the Lake of Agnano, and the Grotto del Cane—Castle of St. Elmo—The Archbishop of T——.

Thursday, March 11th. WE went to the *Studio*, where, though we were accompanied by one of the directors, we missed seeing the paintings lately returned from Palermo, because the Prince of Prussia was then looking at them, and the rooms were shut to all other visitors; but we saw some highly interesting collections in that magnificent repository of the arts,—which I really think I prefer even to the Vatican, because it is kept in much better order, and is quite free from confusion.

Some of the ancient statues are admirable: a few are quite perfect, many very good, and (I really believe) none bad;—so that the whole of this beautiful collection

strikes at first sight much more agreeably than that of the Vatican. The busts, as well as the pedestrian and equestrian statues of the Roman emperors, are extremely fine. The *Farnese Hercules* is accounted one of the wonders of ancient sculpture, by those who are able to judge of its merit. I have already confessed, elsewhere, that I am not one of the number. According to my system there must be not only relative but positive beauty in any statue which is to inspire me with enthusiasm. That of *Aristides* pleases me a thousand times better, because it is real nature; and I could have looked at it for days and nights, without moving from the spot. *Venus Callipyga* is known to be the handsomest of all the statues of that goddess, after the *Venus de' Medici;* but I cannot say that I admire it in every part. The bosom seems to have been copied from that of a mother and a nurse; and though Venus certainly was a mother, I think she ought, as a goddess, to have been allowed a patent by courtesy for the preservation of her charms. The Venus of *Pierantoni*, at Rome, is, to my

taste, much more delightful, both in its expression and its general appearance; though I am aware that it would perhaps be deemed a blasphemy to compare them.

Two of the Muses, *Calliope* and *Polyhymnia*, are magnificent pieces; so is the *Flora*: and two statues on horseback, which adorned the theatre of Herculaneum, are to be numbered among the master-pieces of antiquity.

There is also, an amazingly fine bronze bust of *Antinoüs* crowned with vine, like Bacchus.

It is to be regretted that one of the best things in the Studio is a group which, for reasons that have nothing to do with the perfection of the work, cannot be described: it is usually, and very properly, veiled, though it may be doubted whether this very circumstance does not produce an effect the reverse of what is intended.

Some of the most ancient statues which were brought from Pæstum, are very like the Ægina Marbles, of which I gave a particular description in speaking of Rome: others are like them in some very peculiar

and remarkable points, but are different in other respects. These coincidences cannot, however, be confidently applied to an investigation of the æra to which the temples of either place may be traced; for the statues which were discovered at Pæstum, may have been brought thither from Greece for the ornament of the temples, long after the latter had been built: they seem to belong to a later, (though not to a much later) age than those of Ægina: the succession of one generation, or at the utmost of two, might very easily be conceived to have produced the difference of style between them.

The collection of Etruscan vases is very numerous,—at least of those which are called "Etruscan;" for antiquaries assert, that almost all are really Grecian: a genuine amateur is exceedingly fond of them, and will write you volumes on the merits of a milk-pot: Not being myself an adept, I can only say, that I think them extremely elegant, but that the drawings upon them, though often witty and amusing, have very seldom the least pretensions to correctness.

One of these vases is yet full of ashes, but I fear not those of a great hero, for it is no ways distinguished from the rest.

One of the most interesting things at the *studii*, is the unrolling of the ancient and carbonized manuscripts, found in the subterraneous ruins of Herculaneum. It is performed in a manner at once very simple and very ingenious (qualities which are usually found combined in the most useful inventions.) Every manuscript looks exactly like a piece of charcoal cut into the shape of an ancient *volumen*, and it requires the greatest care to prevent it from crumbling into mere coal-dust. For this purpose, the outer part is covered with very small pieces of skin applied to it with a light glue or liquid gum. The roll is suspended on two ribbons, fastened to an upper board, which, with two parallel supporters, forms a sort of frame, of the shape of a Greek *pi*, (Π). The roll is, moreover tied with two small threads to two pegs, which, being gently turned, unfold it by very slow degrees. As far as the whole of what was seen outside has been covered with skin,

and glued together, to prevent its falling to pieces. The pegs are of course, fastened on the upper board also, and the beginning of the volume is drawn upwards by them, so as always to leave the unexplored part of it resting on the ribbons by means of its own weight. The side boards have no other use than that of supporting the upper one. I wish I could make this description quite clear to those who have not seen the thing itself; but the simplest machinery is often very difficult to be described.

It is impossible to avoid the loss of some parts of the manuscripts, which the violent action of the heat, combined with other accidents, has either melted together, or so completely fastened that they cannot be drawn asunder entire; but these blanks are not nearly so numerous as might be expected. The writing of the Grecian manuscripts is so uncommonly beautiful, that it makes the task of deciphering them, as fast as they are unrolled, comparatively easy: the Latin ones are much more difficult. The whole of the in-

side of the rolls is black; but a slight difference of shade renders the ink sufficiently perceptible. The invention does the highest honour to the man who first conceived the possibility of unrolling a piece of charcoal. Millions of well-informed men would have thought it absurd to undertake it.

There are in all seventeen hundred manuscripts in the Studio, of which three hundred are already unrolled. The eyes of all the amateurs of classicks are anxiously turned to the discoveries which may be made by these means, and they are justly impatient to see the result. Hitherto, the most valuable of the works which have been unrolled, are a treatise by Epicurus, and several others by his disciple Philodemus, on music, rhetoric, virtue, and vice.

One room of the *Studii* is exclusively appropriated to the cork models of the principal antiquities of the kingdom; which are executed with extraordinary skill, and give a very accurate idea of the objects which they represent. Amongst them are two sepulchres, exactly in the state in which they were discovered at Pæstum; together

with the vases which were found in them, each in their proper position; and the skeletons of the two individuals who had been deposited in them, one of whom was dressed in iron armour.

Though we did not see the finest of the pictures on this visit, I think it best to notice them in this place, in order to close at once what I have to say of the Studii.

These pictures had been saved by the Government on their flight to Sicily, at the time of the French invasion. They had been but recently brought back from Palermo, and were not yet arranged in their proper places: but they are so excellent that they cannot fail to attract the highest admiration, even in the most unfavourable situations. The finest of them, to my taste, is *Guido Reni's Guardian Angel*,—of whose calm assurance, gentleness, and nobleness, no description can convey an adequate idea. He holds his shield over a little boy; who in an agony of fear, is trembling a prayer to heaven, whilst Satan is gnashing his teeth with rage, and is endeavouring to assail him under the shield. The danger and ter-

ror of the innocent child, and the malignant rage of the devil, are finely contrasted with the confident security and benignity of the angel; and are portrayed with such lively fidelity, that the spectator cannot restrain an involuntary and anxious wish to see the shield lowered so as to screen the dear little creature entirely. There may be greater technical beauties in the execution of others of the paintings, but there is no one of them so poetical as this.

The celebrated *Holy Family*, by *Leonardo da Vinci*, would be admirable as any thing but what it is intended to represent. The Virgin looks even more than amorous: she has the very face of the same painter's figure of *Vanity*, in the Palazzo Sciarra at Rome. There is a *St. John* also by Leonardi da Vinci, who belongs to the same class; and who looks more like a nymph of the *Palais Royal*, than a prophet. I remember seeing this same face in other paintings of Leonardo da Vinci's in London; and I think it very probable that it was a portrait of some lady of his particular acquaintance. It is no doubt, very

convenient for a painter to have a friend of this sort, whom he can appropriate and work up in every variety of character and attitude; but it throws a sameness over his works which is ill calculated to raise the world's opinion of his talent. The practice is moreover apt to withdraw a painter from the study and pursuit of ideal beauty; for which is substituted a set of features of which it is not to be expected that all beholders will approve. This bad custom spoiled many of Correggio's pictures,—it also spoiled some of Guido Reni's during one period of his life; and it committed great havock among the painters of the Venetian school.

Annibal Caracci's Rinaldo and Armida, a *Mary Magdalen* by *Guercino;* a *Landscape* by *Claude Lorraine*, and several beautiful pieces by *Raphael*, place this collection in the very highest rank among the finest in Europe.

I ought not to omit mentioning the library of the Studii, which is open to all visitors, and where students of every description, foreigners as well as natives, are

admitted to read and write during several hours every day.

On the whole, the Studii are a magnificent establishment, and do great honour to the Government. The building is grand and spacious, and the workmen were then employed in fitting up some new rooms for the statues that were returned from Palermo, and which, not being yet unpacked, I could not see. I regretted this exceedingly, as they really must be the finest in the world, if they surpass those which we saw.

Wednesday, March 12th.—We drove to the *Lake of Agnano*; the road, as soon as we had crossed Pausilippo, seemed extremely tedious to us, because there was not a single leaf to be seen on the poplars and walnut trees, which exclusively clothe this district, and which, even in Switzerland, are generally very near sprouting at this time of the year. But the season was much more backward than the warmth of the winter had led us to expect, and we were actually suffering from the cold. There are very few fire-places at Naples;

and even those would be of little avail with such doors and windows as are found here, which are far from closing with any nicety. In other years, no doubt, the spring makes an earlier appearance; but at the time of this excursion, and for several weeks after, there was not a bud to be seen! Thus deprived of its verdant ornaments, the lake had but few beauties to attract us: nor indeed was the lake the principal object of our visit, which was chiefly directed to two curiosities on its shore.

The first of these, which indeed hardly deserves that designation, is a bath of sulphurous vapour, said to be a specifick for the rheumatism; but the place was so horribly dirty, that a man had need to be dreadfully ill to submit to the process of a cure.

The second, or, more properly speaking, the only object of attraction to travellers, is the celebrated Dog's-cave (the *Grotto del Cane.*) It is a small cavern in the mountain, the floor of which is constantly covered with a vapour, which floats upon the surface like a thin cloud. As it never rises above two or three inches from the

ground, it is not visible without stooping; and it does not affect you, unless you lie down, so as to inhale it. Even a dog might go into the cavern without danger; but the poor little victim which is kept for this experiment, is held by his legs, with his head close to the ground. His violent struggles clearly shew how much he suffers, and I should have been very glad not to have witnessed them, but my entreaties were laughed at, and the dog held there till completely deprived of motion, and to all appearance, of life. The whole process, however, was accomplished in a minute; the dog was then carried out, and laid on the grass, where animation soon returned, and in a few moments he seemed as well and as lively as ever. The poor animal cannot bear the experiment more than four times a day, and his life is considerably shortened by it. The action of this vapour on the lungs has, in some instances, been so powerful, that they are said to have been found quite burnt and perfectly black in those that died of it;—for it is reported to have proved fatal to human creatures as well

as dogs. On the other hand, we were told that there were instances of persons not having suffered from it in the slightest degree, even when lying prostrate on the ground. We resisted the temptation to ascertain, in our own persons, what its effect would be:—recollecting the fate of an officer at Geneva, (but not a Genevese,) in 1782, whose curiosity prompted him to try if the soldiers on guard during the night would shoot at him (as it would be their duty to do) if he refused to answer their challenge,—and who lost his life in the experiment.

We paid three *carlini* for the experiment of the dog, three to the people who shewed us the bath and the cave, and thirteen and a half to the coachman and his boy; making in all nineteen and a half *carlini* (about seven shillings and sixpence,) for this excursion.

On our return to town we went up to the Castle of *St. Elmo*, and walked round its ramparts, from whence the prospect is magnificent on every side. Two immensely long subterraneous passages lead from

thence to the Royal Palace and to the Castle of the Egg (*dell'Uovo ;*) they are wide and lofty enough for carriages, and may enable the royal family to escape unperceived, in case of a sudden and dangerous revolt. Close to the castle is an old *chartreuse*, which has been turned into an hospital of invalids ; it contained at this time more than six hundred patients.

The church is rich in sculpture, among which are twelve large roses of basalt, said to have cost two thousand pounds. It contains likewise some fine paintings by *Massimo, Guido Reni, Caravaggio*, and others.

On Thursday, March 13th, we visited the library on *Monte Oliveto*, the keepers of which were remarkably civil ; but the collection of books is more interesting for bibliographers, than for mere amateurs, or for studious readers. There are a few medals of the Lombard Princes of Benevento and Salerno, four golden ones of *Arechis*, some of the *Grimoalds'*, and one in silver of *Waiferius*. The rooms are open every morning from nine till twelve o'clock.

We dined at the Archbishop of T——'s, a fine old man of seventy-three, remarkably cheerful and agreeable, and the professed enemy of all that is illiberal, either in religion or politicks. He is the author of a very good book against the Pope's pretensions to temporal power, and against the canons which prescribe celibacy to the Roman Catholick Clergy; and his arguments are the more irresistible, as they are taken from the ecclesiastical history of southern Italy, which is very fertile on these subjects. Of course, he is no favourite with his spiritual sovereign; and his republican principles, notwithstanding his forbearance from any attempt to disturb the existing establishment by carrying his theory into practice, have removed him from the administration; in which, under Murat's reign, he acted a very eminent part. He resigned his see for a pension, during my stay at Naples. In him the fine arts lost a warm and enlightened protector, for he spent a great part of his emoluments in promoting them; and even after his resignation he continued to maintain a young artist at

Romé at his own expense, to study painting under Camuccini. The company which we met at his table, was such as might have done honour to that of Mecænas; and the dinner, which was excellent, was the least attractive part of our entertainment.

CHAPTER IX.

Excursions to Pompeii, and to other places in the immediate vicinity of Naples.

ON Friday, March 14th, we went to *Pompeii.* The weather which had hitherto prevented us from making this excursion, was still unfavourable, but we could not restrain our impatience to visit what is, undoubtedly, the most curious spot in Europe. But our fancies had been worked upon, and our curiosity too highly excited by exaggerated descriptions: we thought we should find the town, though deserted, yet in such a state of preservation as to be ready for the reception of inhabitants at a day's notice; but we found this to be very far from the truth. The most lively imagination could not be deceived into an expectation of "seeing people come out of the houses, and ask what was wanted," as I have seen it somewhere asserted;—for people do not usually live in *uncovered* houses, and there is not

a roof to be seen. The sight of Pompeii put me immediately in mind of the villages which the French army had laid waste in Russia and Germany; in which the upper part of every building was pulled down so as to render it quite unserviceable: the chief difference between them is, that, in the burnt villages, a great many houses are so completely destroyed as not to have a single inch of their walls standing, while here they are all left pretty much in the same state of dilapidation, with their ground-floors partly entire. We had given express orders to the coachman to drive us up to the gate near which were the tombs of the chief citizens, that part of the town being by far the best preserved, and retaining the clearest traces of the place as it formerly existed. But it unfortunately fell to our lot to have a stupid headstrong fellow, who drove us direct to the *Soldier's Quarter*, where there is nothing to create illusion or to give scope to the imagination.

The streets in one part of the town, are just as they existed at the time of the eruption, with the same pavement, the same

footways, the same fountains, (or rather basins, for they contain no water now,) and the ground-flbors of all the houses. These streets are so exceedingly narrow, that it would be impossible to drive two wheel-barrows side by side in them,—not to speak of coaches, which are quite out of the question. They are paved with broad flags, about one foot square. The foot-ways are raised much above the carriage road, and several large stones which are placed in the middle of the street, led me to think that there must have been a brook running through the town; but this expedient may have been contrived to provide against the effects of inundations, in the season of the heavy rains;—which to this day are so violent at Naples, that it is impossible to cross the streets without planks, or without being carried over by a Lazzarone. All the houses were very nearly alike, each comprising a small court-yard, surrounded with a square portico, with rooms behind it, none of which had a window; indeed, there were no windows, it seems, on the ground-floors; and as there

is at present nothing else but ground-floors in Pompeii, this at least precludes one from expecting the inhabitants to look out of their windows. In short, it is plain enough that the place is *not* habitable. But without winding up one's imagination to such a pitch of illusion, there is still enough in what really exists at Pompeii to satisfy every lover of classical antiquity.

All the apartments are paved in mosaick, and the walls are painted, chiefly in red and deep yellow. The art of painting was not in a flourishing state in this city; every thing of the kind is at best but indifferently executed. The houses were extremely small, but every family was quite at home in them, and was very seldom, if at all, disturbed by the visits of its neighbours. There was a forum, in which, if I am not much mistaken, the inhabitants were assembled at the very time of their destruction, employed in mimicking the Romans, for it looks very much like what we may guess the *Forum Romanum* to have been, *viz.*, a long square of about one hundred and forty feet long, by fifty broad, surrounded

by a portico and a great many temples, one of which, as at Rome, was consecrated to Concord. The most conspicuous temple of the whole, which commanded the whole length of the forum, is extremely small, and has much too grand a peristyle for its size. At the other end are three *basilicæ*, which appear not to have been finished when the fatal day put an end to all constructions. On a hill close by, are the ruins of an ancient Grecian temple, which had been destroyed long before the loss of Pompeii. It was surrounded by a triangular portico, which is the only one of that form that I ever saw.

Near that spot were the two theatres; one without a roof, for performances in the open day; the other covered, probably for evening entertainments. I say "covered," because I was told so; for there is no roof to it at present. Behind them are, what were at first called the Soldiers' Quarters, which are now supposed with great appearance of probability to have been a sort of old forum, surrounded with small shops and warehouses. We had been told of a num-

ber of good jokes scribbled on the walls by the soldiers whose habitation this was thought to have been; but we saw nothing of the kind, only a few names which might just as well have been written by shop-boys. This forum (if it was one) had been built by the Greeks, for it is nearly square like theirs, fifty-nine feet by fifty; the portico which surrounds it, inside of the shops, favours the supposition of its having been applied to this use, rather than for the purpose of barracks.

The amphitheatre is at a considerable distance from this part, and, as I conceive, beyond the limits of the town. We were told, that it contained seats for thirty-six thousand spectators; but, though I did not measure it, and was there for too short a time to take a very accurate note of it, I think the number exaggerated, and that it ought to be reduced to eighteen or twenty thousand at most; which leaves it still large enough for such a place as Pompeii and its immediate neighbourhood. It is in a very good state of preservation.

The walls of the city have been traced,

and form a very considerable circuit. But the most interesting part is that which I mentioned before, in the neighbourhood of the gate, through which it had been our intention to enter the town. There is indeed in that spot sufficient room for a certain degree of illusion; the buildings are more entire than any where else, and if some little pains had been taken, to give one or two of the houses an appearance of being fit for habitation, one might conceive how a very lively imagination could fancy all of them to be inhabited. The gate, which contains a wider opening in the middle for carts and carriages, and two smaller ones on the sides for foot-passengers, is not handsome. On the outside of it are circular stone-benches within circular recesses, either for the people from the country, who chose to rest a while ere they went into the town, or for the citizens who wished to see the former come in and go out. The monuments of some private persons show that it was also a burial-place; the cemetery of the Greeks is perfectly well preserved:

it is a vault of considerable extent, in the middle of which is a building, with a great number of doors for the intromission of the bodies, and a passage which went round the whole place.

The villa where the skeletons were found which I mentioned in speaking of the Portici Museum, is likewise in this part, and is a very interesting object of curiosity. It was a very good and comfortable house, with large cellars well stored with *amphoræ*, a warm bath, a vapour bath, a garden, a court-yard, porticoes, painted walls, *&c.*, the whole in a very good state of preservation; better, indeed, than any thing else at Pompeii. It is conjectured that the lady to whom the villa belonged was just going out of her garden, when she perished: a skeleton, supposed to be hers, was found at the door, dressed in a robe of gold tissue.

I am aware that this account of Pompeii is calculated to repress the romantick anticipations of many of my readers. But I shall not be sorry if it produce that effect. For I was myself so much disappointed, in

consequence of having been seduced by the reports of others, into a belief that I should really see an habitable ancient city, which wanted peopling alone to restore it to its original state,—that I feel it a duty to guard others against a similar vexation. And I think it better even to fall short of the truth in such a description than to go beyond it. It must not, however, be overlooked, that the gratification which we *might* perhaps have experienced at the first sight of Pompeii was entirely destroyed by the wilful blunder of our coachman, in driving us to the wrong entrance; for the ruins on that side of the town have nothing to distinguish them from those which we had seen at Rome and in other places; and ere we came to the sight of any thing that bore the resemblance of a real street, we were completely fatigued with examining these less interesting remains, and with walking to the amphitheatre and back, and round the walls, over ground then rendered very soft by the rain. The effect will naturally be very different (though it cannot be such as to justify the silly exaggerations which I have heard)

to those who first enter, through the avenue of tombs and the gate, into a paved street, such as I have described it. I cannot, therefore, lay too much stress on the importance of being accompanied thither by a judicious guide already acquainted with the place.

Our carriage to Pompeii cost us four ducats; we gave one dollar to the *cicerone*, with which he was perfectly well satisfied; to which must be added about four carlini for the postillion and for beggars, making together about one pound sterling.

Saturday, March 15th, was so windy and so uncomfortably cold, that we felt ill inclined for any excursion out of town: and we spent the whole day in paying such visits as we had not yet had leisure for.

Sunday, 16th. We visited a great number of churches, the handsomest of which was that of *Santa Chiara;* it is truly magnificent, without being deficient in neatness and elegance.

We afterwards took a drive to the heights which overpeer the island of *Nisida*, from whence the prospect is the most enchant-

ing that I remember ever to have seen;—so beautiful indeed that one can hardly be persuaded to leave it. I revisited this scene several times; and it is one of those few spots of which I have retained so delightful a remembrance, that I think I could go to Naples on foot to see it once again, even if there were no other object of attraction in the journey.

Monday, March 17. We drove as far as the Monastery of *San Martino*, and from thence (there being no carriage road any farther) walked up to the Convent of the *Camalduli*, which stands on the top of a high mountain, where we found a quantity of snow. The prospect, as might be expected, from so elevated a site, is one of the most magnificent in the world. It comprised every thing that we had seen the day before, and a great deal more besides. It is, however, too extensive: I prefer those points of view in which there are some agreeable objects near at hand on which the eye can repose. But N——, who ascended to the top of the steeple, was really in raptures at the scene.

This excursion, which is about six miles long, is very agreeable. We could not get a morsel of bread at the convent,—though the monks were not keeping Lent, even at that period; and we were obliged to go to a village, a mile further, where we got bread, cheese, wine, and olives; the whole tolerably good, for people as hungry as we were.

CHAPTER X.

Excursion to Salerno, and the Temples of Pæstum.

ON Tuesday, March 18th, we set out upon an excursion to *Pæstum;* with a most agreeable addition to our party, in my countryman Mr. F——, and his charming lady. The latter were in a carriage and four, with Mrs. F——'s maid and their *laquais de place;* whilst N—— and I occupied a calash and three. We stopped to feed the horses at an inn somewhat beyond Pompeii, and were driven so expeditiously that we arrived at *Salerno* at half-past four. My individual feelings, in seeing a city which recollections of past glory and associations of family pride, rendered to *me* the most interesting spot in the world, cannot of course be participated by others. To see Salerno had been the most ardent, and the dearest of my wishes, ever since the days of my boyhood; and it certainly was one of the

chief objects for which I visited Italy. Though I experienced very powerful emotions on returning a few years ago to my native Geneva, after an absence of nineteen years,—though I was affected to tears at the first sight of our dear lake, and of the steeple of St. Peter's,—of the snowy summit of *Mont-Blanc*,—of the craggy rocks of *Saleve*,—the picturesque *Mole*,—our beautiful *Rhone*, and so many other objects with which was connected the memory of the most delightful hours and days of my childhood;—yet the view of Salerno filled me with a stronger and a more ungovernable agitation of joy. N———. thought I had run mad during the first minutes of my ecstasy of delight. But having been there several times since in a soberer frame of mind, and having examined the prospect with greater discrimination and coolness, I believe that justice, not blind partiality, makes me still prefer the Bay of Salerno to every other part of the world. The prospect which suddenly displays itself to the traveller on the other side of *Vietri*, is the most sublime and at the same

time the most magnificent I ever saw. The city of Salerno and its bay are in themselves truly noble ; but the real magick of the scenery is in the prodigious number of mountains which rise behind the city, and which tower one above another as they recede from the fore-ground, till the most remote of them appear as mere clouds of a fantastick shape in the farthest horizon : while the nearer hills are crowned with churches, convents, and castles, amongst which the ruins of the ancient Palace of Salerno hold a distinguished rank for picturesque beauty.

The city itself formerly rose in the shape of a grand amphitheatre, from the shore to the castle ; but now it is reduced to a much more limited extent. There are only few streets and some churches on the lower part of the hill ; the rest of the town is at its foot, almost on a level with the bay. The street, or wharf, which skirts the sea, is remarkably fine ; the rest of the town is indifferent. We were strongly tempted to take a boat, and enjoy a row on the bay ; for the evening was fine, and the sky such as I never had

seen it before, of the most brilliant fire colour, which continued for a whole hour, over the whole of the Amalfi side of the horizon: but Mrs. F——'s health being very delicate, and the air rather cold, we relinquished this intention.

The cathedral contains but few curiosities; consisting merely of a few pillars brought from Pæstum, a very large basin made of granite, some ancient mosaicks of the time of the Lombards, or even of an earlier date, and some Grecian tombs, without inscriptions, which had been used for the first Princes of Salerno.

Having inquired what could be the use of some very ancient constructions, consisting of a number of arches raised on the top of one another in various directions, and the situation of which seemed to preclude the idea of their having been built for aqueducts,—we were told that *Peter Baylar*, had raised them all in one night, with the aid of the devil;—that the said devil had laboured for him, on condition that he was to have his soul for his pains; but that Peter Baylar having repented of

his bargain, had repeated "*Peccavi*" so often, and with such a heavy penance of blows on his breast, that our Saviour had pardoned him;—that the devil, however, still kept by him, hoping for an unguarded moment when he might seize his prey; but at length, seeing that Peter Baylar, though absolved, ever continued to cry "*peccavi*," and to beat his breast, he kicked the ground, and disappeared!

The inn is a tolerably good one, as far as eating is concerned, but the bed-rooms were bad, and some panes in the windows broken; this is one of the inconveniencies travellers must expect to meet with throughout Italy, except in the largest towns. But on the whole we were not dissatisfied with our accommodations, especially as the people of the house were obliging and civil.

We set off the next morning at six o'clock. The fiery splendour of the sky on the preceding evening, had been a bad omen, for the morning was rainy; but the weather fortunately cleared up, and enabled us to enjoy, to the greatest advantage, the most

delightful road, as far as *Eboli*, which I ever passed through in any of my travels, From Eboli the road turns towards the sea, across a flat and rather uninteresting tract of land; until it reaches the spot where, in solitary grandeur, stood the objects of our excursion.

Of all the representations of buildings that I ever beheld, none give so faithful and precise an idea of the originals, as the cork models of the antiquities of Pæstum. This is so true, that our whole party felt neither astonishment nor disappointment at the sight of these venerable remains: we saw them exactly as we had conceived them to be,—striking by their general appearance, owing all their attraction to the great number of pillars which supported the roofs, and possessing little beauty in their details. The pillars are of coarse gravel-stone, and of most ungraceful proportion; being so thick below and so thin above, that they look almost like cones. Their height is only six diameters, if so much; and their capitals are extremely inelegant. But, with all

these defects, the temples of Pæstum produce a noble effect at a distance. A small portion of the ancient walls of the city has also survived the general wreck; as well as an entire gate, which I should judge from its appearance to be of more recent date than the walls. There are also some fragments of an aqueduct, which must have been quite indispensable, for there is no fresh water at Pæstum. The inhabitants of the only two or three houses in the neighbourhood looked wretchedly pale and sallow, and seemed in the depth of misery.

Ladies always contrive to make parties comfortable, as well as agreeable. Mrs. F—— had taken care of provisions; and we took a hearty breakfast in one of the temples.

I made some purchases of gold coins from the peasants, but could meet with none of real value. In one of the temples are several tombs, which I presume to have belonged to some of the Lombard princes of the middle ages.

The weather had favoured us during our stay at Pæstum, but it grew so cold

when we left it, that we suffered bitterly from it on our way back, until our arrival at Eboli; from whence the mountains on the right of our road, screened us in some degree from its severity. As we advanced on our journey one of the horses of our calash was found utterly incapable of proceeding, and we were obliged to have him taken off; the other two, however, were fortunately still vigorous and hearty. But shortly afterwards the four horses with which our friends, Mr. and Mrs. F—— had set out, were reduced to two, and those were in such a wretched plight, that we expected to see them drop at every step. It was of course impossible for us to leave our friends behind us in their distress; and these accidents retarded our journey so much, that it was half past six o'clock before we arrived at Salerno.

While we were at dinner, Mrs. F—— having expressed a wish to see the *Tarantella* danced by some of the people of the country, we requested the landlord to endeavour to procure us this amusement. He was unable to meet with any female

amateurs, but he brought us two men, who danced tolerably well; though with the most horrible accompaniment I ever heard in my life. I really cannot believe that more hideous sounds could be heard amongst the most brutal savages going to war. The musician plays on the guitar, and is supposed to sing at the same time a particular poem connected with the dance; his vocal performance however is neither singing nor reciting, but a sort of savage chant, utterly at variance with the musick of his instrument, and relieved at intervals by the most barbarous yells imaginable. I really must believe, that those persons who fancy the Neapolitans to be naturally musical, either never were at Naples, or have ears so framed, as to make it almost a matter of indifference to them, whether they hear the howling of a cur or the song of the nightingale. My readers will not imagine that I form my decision on this single instance only:—I shall enter more fully into the examination of this point in another place. At present my only view is to give an account of our amusement, which its ex-

treme singularity rendered very attractive, especially as we were all in good spirits, and well disposed for laughter.

On Thursday morning, March 20, I rose at the dawn of day, to walk before breakfast up to the castle, which possessed an interest in my mind more than sufficient to conquer my habitual laziness.

The road at first is not easy to find; but after you get out of the town there is no further difficulty, except that of climbing up a very steep hill, covered with loose stones and rubbish from the buildings which anciently occupied the whole of this space. The only door by which I could have gained admittance into the castle was closed, and my guide told me it would be vain to wait for its only inhabitant, who was probably gone to work at a great distance. This disappointment was softened by the certainty of a second visit, in which, as I should not then be pressed for time, I could not fail of success. In the meanwhile, I fully enjoyed the sight of the exterior walls still standing, and the magnificent prospect of the sea and the coun-

try around me. The scene revived the memory of times long gone by. My fancy pictured to itself a Saracen army in the plain below: methought I heard the savage shouts of these barbarians; and their threats of vengeance on the Prince and Nobles, who, with numbers so inferior to those which they had been accustomed to frighten into submission, arrested their victorious career. Methought I saw the glorious Chief of this little band of resolved warriors, lamenting the fall of his friends, and the ever-increasing numbers of the foe, yet fully determined rather to die than to surrender. I saw his noble consort, and his beautiful daughter, carrying to the ramparts the poor remains of their store of provisions, and distributing them to their defenders, with smiles which compensated for the scantiness of the food;—for who durst seem to droop, while ladies showed themselves superior to fear? I saw the young heroes, who aspired to the honour of being distingushed by the noble maiden for their courage, leap on the walls and fiercely dare the most gigantick among

the Saracens to single combat. I saw them entreat, implore permission to rush out of the gates; and on a simple nod of assent, fly to the plain and return victorious; but so much exhausted by these frequent combats, and by the want of wholesome sustenance, that the congratulations on their prowess were mingled with tears of sorrow for their gradual decay. A sudden burst of joy amongst the guards on the top of the castle is the signal of an unexpected turn of fortune! and in a moment every eye is turned towards the sea, where a numerous fleet is discovered,—still at a great distance, but crowding every sail to gain the port. The cheering words—"A fleet! a fleet from Amalfi!" are repeated in every part of the town; and many a noble heart, that had been sinking in silent despair, revives to hope and exultation:—Salerno is saved!

Salerno was saved. The frequent attacks of the Saracens on the only Prince in Italy whom they never could subdue; the defection of his natural allies,—the cowardly plots of the Emperor of the French, who

had inherited the atrocious hatred of Pepin and Charlemagne against that Prince's family, and who was ready to follow their example in employing treachery and assassination against him,—the perfidious manœuvres of the Pope, who while he loaded him with professions of regard and called him *his dearest son*, secretly negotiated a treaty for the usurpation of part of his sovereignty:—all these elements of ruin were dissolved by the heroic courage, and unerring prudence of *Guaiferius*. Providence sided with a Prince whose virtues could only be equalled by his talents; and the very machinations of his enemies served but to augment the splendour of his dynasty. The Emperor had taken three of his sons as hostages for the succour which he promised to send—but which he never sent—to Salerno. These youths were carried to Lombardy, and only recovered their liberty after the Emperor's death: but during their exile two of them formed alliances with the powerful houses of the Duke of Spoleto, and the Marquess of Tuscany*: and from

* Guy, Duke of Spoleto, became afterwards Emperor;

Guaiferius, by one or other of these two sons, all the present Sovereigns of Europe are descended. Each of these branches occupied the throne during four generations; and the three last sovereigns in both lines were two *Guaimars* and a *Gisulfus*. The first Gisulfus died without posterity; the last was dispossessed by the treason of his brother-in-law, the celebrated Robert Guiscard, to whose marriage with his sister he had long refused to consent. The reign of this house in the south of France had likewise lasted four generations. In both countries it had been raised to the throne by a marriage, and in both by the marriage of the grandfather of the first sovereign: in both also it might be considered as a foreign dynasty; for C. Sulpicius Gallus, whose son Guaiferius married the heiress of Aquitaine, was evidently of

and the consort of the then Marquess of Tuscany was Guy's sister.

Trasmond, the grandson of the latter, was Duke of Spoleto and Marquess of Tuscany. Bertha, daughter of Guaifer's eldest son, Guaimar, married Rodolphus II., King of Burgundy, and was mother, by him, of the Empress Adelaide, wife of Otto I., and mother of Otto II.

Roman extraction; and Hunaldus the younger, who married the daughter of Arechis, grand-daughter of King Desiderio, was not a Lombard, though his grandson proved himself well worthy to reign over that nation.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit to the Convent of the Santissima Trinita at La Cava—Notice of the important Archives of the Monastery—Town of Corpo di Cava,

THE weather, which had been so unfavourable during our journey from Pæstum, was beautiful when we quitted Salerno, and the country appeared still more enchanting than when we had traversed it in our journey from Naples. Lofty towers are erected in many parts of this neighbourhood, for the carrier-pigeons, which afford at the proper season a most agreeable amusement to the natives; they speak of it with rapture, and though it was now only the month of May, they were unable to conceive how it was possible that we could leave that part of the country ere the pigeons arrived,—though they are never expected before the month of September.

We stopped at the bridge of *la Cava*, and walked up to the *Convent of the Santissima*

Trinità, which is seated on a hill in the woods, at the distance of a mile and a-half, or two miles, from the town. The ascent is by no means too steep for carriages, which may without difficulty be driven up to the monastery; but as Mrs. F—— was inclined for a walk, and as our misadventures of the preceding day had rendered us peculiarly attentive to our poor horses, we left them at the bottom of the hill. Nor had we any reason to repent of this step, for the road was perfectly delightful, covered with violets, anemones, and other flowers throughout its whole extent. The trees on this hill, which were yet leafless, are exceedingly small; they are almost all chestnuts (chiefly used for the making of hoops,) with here and there are a few pomegranate trees.

This monastery was founded, and very richly endowed, by the Lombard Princes of Salerno, in the beginning of the eleventh century, in favour of its first Abbot, Adelferius, who had built a retreat and laid the foundation of a church in this spot. He had assuredly shewn little regard for his

own health and comfort, for the church itself, and all that part of the buildings which leans against the mountain, are dreadfully damp. As the church has been partly cut out of the rock, this inconvenience cannot now be remedied. Nor is it the only inconvenience. Fragments of rock have frequently endangered, and once or twice severely damaged the monastery. But in those times holy men were not so careful of the comfort or safety of their persons. Adelferius was a near relation of the two last Guaimarii, who gave him full power to do what he pleased. The convent seems to have been originally a grotto, or cave, into which he occasionally retired from the world, and which was called *Arsicza*, a strange name, the meaning or etymology of which I am unable to explain. The foundation charter is still preserved in the archives of the monastery, which are at the same time the archives of the principality; and the remote situation of the monastery, as well as the supposed sanctity of the place, have saved the latter from spoliation to this day. The fraternity

consisted of eighty Benedictine monks and an abbot, with a revenue of thirty-four thousand ducats, nobly employed in charities and in hospitality*. The French invasion put an end to this revenue, and to the seclusion of the monks, who were then scattered abroad; but the last abbot, who is still living, was retained as director of the archives with a salary of about two thousand ducats; the archivist of the convent was also continued in his office, with a moderate pension, for the preservation of this venerable establishment,—in the records of which several of the noblest families of the neighbourhood may trace their descent, by authentic deeds, beyond the epoch of the foundation. Since the return of King Ferdinand he has more than once promised to restore to the convent that

* Hospitality was an indispensable condition of the foundations of the Princes of Salerno of Waifer's dynasty. The celebrated abbey of S. Massimo, which he founded in his capital, was richly gifted by him, but with the positive injunction of constantly exercising hospitality in all its branches; and the reversion of the donations was bequeathed to others, and finally to his own posterity, in the event of the monks failing in the performance of this duty.

portion of the lands and revenues which had not yet been sold, or appropriated to other uses,—which would amount to about one quarter of the former income: but nothing had yet been done at the time of our visit. Fourteen monks then inhabited the place; amongst whom were two gentlemen or noblemen, of the family of *Cavaselice* of Saleruo, which traces its descent from a Salernitan Count, a Great Officer of the principality, in the tenth century. The abbot himself, Father *Carlo Mazzacane*, is of a family of which there are title-deeds as ancient as 1023. If he should have no successor, it would be singular that fate should have selected a Lombard, at a time when Lombards are become so few in number, to close the series of the abbots of this monastery; and that it should have given him two companions whose ancestors were amongst the first benefactors of the monastery, and the nearest relations of its founder. Most of the noble families of the kingdom of Naples take the same pride as the English, in tracing their pedigree to the Norman invaders of their country. But this anti-patriotic

pride is more excusable in England, where William the Conqueror, though a bastard and an usurper, came at least like a sovereign, followed by a numerous body of nobility. Robert Guiscard, his countryman, played a meaner villain's part, in employing, in Italy, seduction, cowardly manœuvres, and the most abominable treason; his followers were courageous but brutal adventurers, tainted with all the most shocking vices, guilty of all sorts of crimes, and from whom assuredly, it can be no honour to trace one's descent.

The Reverend Father *Mazzacane* is an elderly man of very elegant and agreeable manners,—full of genuine piety, without the least shade of superstition or hypocrisy,—charitable, perhaps beyond what his scanty means can properly supply,—as simple in his habits as the first disciples of our Lord,—extremely well informed,—kind to the poor,—affectionate to all; in short, an admirable and refreshing instance of the personified spirit of our holy religion.

He received us with great politeness, and shewed us all the curiosities of the place

with the most unwearied complaisance. The church is handsome, but as I observed before, excessively damp, owing to the rock out of which it is partly cut. The library contains a valuable manuscript of the laws of the Lombards, and a good, though not a very numerous, collection of books. It stands in the most dangerous situation,—constantly threatened with the fall of an enormous impending rock.

The most interesting part of the abbey are the archives, which contain between forty and fifty thousand parchment records, from the time of the first Princes of Salerno in 840, down to the present day. One of them is still more ancient, and is thought by some to belong to the year 792, and by others to 652. It is merely dated in "the fifth year of Grimoald, *Sovereign Duke* of Benevento". The former class of antiquaries say, that this qualification of *sovereign (summus)* indicates Grimoald III., because his father Arechis was the first, who, upon the fall of his father-in-law King Desiderio, declared himself absolutely independent. The latter observe with reason, that when Arechis

did so, he exchanged the title of Duke for that of Prince, which was constantly and exclusively used by his successors. But there is yet a more unanswerable reply,—the Dukes of the Lombards frequently adopted the style of *Summus Dux gentis Langobardorum.* It was used by the Duke Lupo, in a donation of the year 745, and by his predecessor Hilderic Duke of Spoleto, in 739: and it is natural to suppose that the Duke of Benevento was by no means inferior in rank to those sovereigns.

There are a great many deeds of the ninth century, and such as preclude all doubt of their authenticity, for they are not pious donations, but relate chiefly to private transactions; and I suppose there are few archives in the world which offer the same facilities for a precise chronological history of the country in those remote ages. Those of *Monte Casino* and *Farfa* contain a great many deeds of anterior dates, especially of the eighth century, but I doubt whether they form, from the period at which they meet those of la Cava, so complete a body

of diplomatical and genealogical information.

Two individuals have reaped great literary fame from their labours in the office of archivist of la Cava. The first was *Mainier*, with whose erudition and talents Pope Urban VIII. was so much pleased, that he gave, to him and all his successors for ever, the arms of his own house (*Barberini*,) with the title of Apostolical Prothonotary. The other was *Don Salvator Maria de Blasio*, who published, in 1785, a chronological history of the Princes of Salerno, from 840 to 1077, entirely extracted from the authentick documents contained in the archives over which he presided. This work is the best that has been published on the subject; and it was very useful to Father *Alexander di Meo*, for his grand and excellent work of *Annali Critico-diplomatici del Regno di Napoli*, which he published thirteen years later, and which I call excellent, not with regard to the style, but the method. He was much too bitter in his sarcasms and invectives against those who happened to mistake any point of chronology or genea-

logy,—especially when it is considered how much care and discernment are required, to avoid errors in such researches. Men like *Pratillo*, who write for the sake of writing, and try to obtain literary fame by compilations from different works and different sources, without the least spark of analysing talent or critical discernment,—are undoubtedly a real plague to historians, whose materials they encumber with rubbish. But Pratillo was not worthy of the pains which were taken to expose his errors. Don Alexander di Meo might have dismissed him very briefly, by declaring him to have been profoundly ignorant of the matters on which he professed to write; the sentence of such a judge would have been quite sufficient; and he would thus have avoided the endless digressions into which he launches at every turn, to multiply the innumerable proofs of his assertion. As to the method of di Meo's work, it is exactly such as I could wish to have been adopted by every historian up to our days. He advances nothing without quoting authorities for it; and where these authorities differ, he

employs great ingenuity in trying to discover which of them deserves the greater credit; and he abstains from asserting any thing that he cannot prove by authentick deeds. This manner of writing may seem dry, uninteresting, and tiresome to those who look for entertainment in every book; but for my part, I prefer it even to the most agreeable style, because it is the only one in which I can feel perfect confidence. The perfection of di Meo's work, in what concerns Salerno, (of which I think myself a competent judge,) gives me a corresponding high opinion of what he writes respecting other parts of the kingdom. Some few things he was unable to discover, because he wanted a clue which was only to be found in the records of my own family. But he ventured upon no conjectural assertions in those instances, and he made the best use of his materials in all the rest.

To return from this digression; I must say something of the extraordinary town of *Corpo di Cava*, which adjoins, or rather which over-peers the convent. Few travel-

lers are tempted to explore the interior of it; and indeed its picturesque outside is its only recommendation. It contains as much rubbish in its streets as would suffice to build another town of equal size; nor could I conjecture the origin of this prodigious mass of ruins. The houses do not seem to have ever been larger than they are at present; some of them are tolerably good ones for peasants, but by far the greater number hardly deserve the name of houses. The church is much handsomer than one could expect in such a place. The walls of the town, in which there are three gates at considerable distances from each other, were formerly fortified with strong towers, none of which are now standing. Its present population (of which I shall have another opportunity of speaking) may amount to four hundred and fifty souls.

The environs of La Cava are extremely romantick, though they are deficient in one of the very first requisites for beautiful landscapes,—fine trees. One spot in particular deserves the attention of all travellers; it is called *la Pietra Santa*. This *holy*

stone is a small rock, on which Pope Urban II. is said to have rested for some moments. As this Pope is not canonized, I know not how he contrived to give sanctity to this rural seat; but the fact is, that it is considered as a sacred monument, and that a church has been built around it, where divine service is only performed three times a-year; it was consecrated to our Lady of Maiden Mount (*Madonna di Monte Virgine.*) As it is shut up all the year round, and the key is kept at Corpo di Cava by the present proprietor,—an expedient has been adopted for the benefit of travellers who come for a sight of this venerable stone, by cutting a large hole in the church door through which it may easily be seen. It is not, however, this rock, nor its inscription, nor the church (or chapel) in which it stands, that I would chiefly recommend to the attention of my readers; but the small terrace before the church,—from whence the prospect is the most magnificent, and the most delightful that can be conceived. I know nothing in the world that can be compared to it.

We certainly have very grand and sublime scenery in Switzerland, but we have nothing equal to this.

To the left are wooded hills; in front, a multitude of mountains, some of them so steep that you hardly conceive the possibility of climbing to their tops, and yet they are crowned with castles or churches; their declivities, and the valleys between them, being filled with towns, villages, hamlets, towers, churches, and monasteries. To the right is another range of hills; with two principal openings, through one of which the Bay of Salerno and the country of Pæstum are seen; the other discovers the delightful plain of Salerno, where the eye can distinguish every little building;—in the back-ground are snow-topt mountains, which supply the last description of beauty wanting to this incomparable prospect. But it is foolish to attempt a minute sketch of what is so far beyond every power of description. I shall therefore only add a short observation on the different impressions produced by Swiss and Neapolitan scenery. The former is of a calm and sober nature, even in the

wildest spots; it inspires a sort of placid delight, and leads to a train of serious and often salutary reflections.—The scenery of Naples, on the other hand, is so full of life and animation,—it is so like enchantment,—so many different styles of beauty are crowded and mixed in it in the most overpowering confusion,—as to excite a feeling very similar to the delicious intoxication of first love. The soul floats in vague and unsettled delight, amidst a multiplicity of enchanting objects; it seems to have discovered a new world of pleasure, and a new existence, and to have acquired additional senses and faculties of enjoyment. All the varied charms of nature,—the warbling of birds, the taste of fruits, the luxurious warmth of the atmosphere, the perfume of flowers, the very air that is breathed,—overwhelm the mind with a feeling of voluptuousness, and abandon it to sensual pleasure.

We stopped again, on our return, at *Nocera*, which was known to the ancients under the name of *Luceria*, and which is frequently mentioned in the history of Salerno as the property of *Dauferius Mutus*, Prince Gaifer's

step-father. It was a very strong place in his time, but it is a poor town at present. We visited there the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which is extremely ancient, and partly under ground; it was built with the materials of an old Grecian temple, and the pillars must have been originally handsome, but they are quite corroded and spoilt by the dampness of the place. The church it seems has been completely disused as a place of worship, and is only kept up as an object of curiosity for travellers.

Our last pause was at Pompeii, over which we rambled with greater pleasure than on our first visit:—the presence of an accomplished woman lends new charms to every object.

Our whole party returned to Naples by half past six o'clock, chilled with the cold of the evening; and the rain fell in torrents, as N—— and I alighted at our lodgings. We dressed in haste, and went to dine and spend the evening with our amiable travelling companions.

CHAPTER XII.

Neapolitan Rains—The Seraglio—Assassination of M. Capecelatro—Excursion to Puzzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum, Fusaro, and Cumes—Dancing of the Tarantella—Excursion to Mount Vesuvius.

THE weather continued to be exceedingly bad for several days after our excursion to Pæstum. When it rains hard at Naples, the streets are inundated by so broad a torrent, that it is absolutely impossible to cross them on foot; and the only expedient (when a carriage is not to be had), is to trust yourself on the shoulders of a lazzarone,—taking care to shake your clothes after leaving him.—But it seldom, if ever happens, that you cannot secure a hackney-calash. The fare is fixed at five carlini for the first, and three for each ensuing hour; but this only applies to the interior of the town; as soon as you pass into the country the price is arbitrary, and it is always necessary to make an agree-

ment beforehand in order to avoid disputes. It is with a view to this circumstance that I have hitherto mentioned, and shall continue to mention, what we paid for our excursions; we always took calashes calculated to hold four persons, and drawn by a pair of horses; but there are other carriages, like English gigs, or the Parisian *cabriolets*, drawn by one horse, and of course cheaper than the calash and pair.

On *Saturday*, *March* 22, we went to the *Seraglio*, which is not a prison for fair damsels, destined to the amusement of the king, as the name might lead one to suppose, but an establishment for poor children, where they are taught all sorts of trade and handicraft. There were, at the time of our visit, about two thousand children, in the building, which is large enough to contain double that number. They are well dressed, well fed, and seem happy; but cleanliness makes no part of their comforts. The tradesmen's room was infected with such an overpowering stench, that we could hardly stand it for a moment; and not a

window was open to change this loathsome air. The attitude of one of the boys at the furthest end of the room sufficiently explained one, at least, of the causes which combined to produce this effluvium; and the staircases offered numerous proofs of similar neglect on the part of the internal police of this otherwise admirable institution. A great many of these young gentlemen were half undressed, for the more convenient detection of the creeping race, which they were most industriously engaged in destroying.

Sunday, March 23. The conversation of the whole city runs at present on the murder of *Mr. Capecelatro*, a gentleman of one of the most illustrious families of the kingdom, who was assassinated some evenings ago by two police *sbirri*, hired for the deed by his rival in love, a goldsmith of this place. The assassins had first attacked another person, whose vigorous self-defence gave them time to discover their mistake; but this man was so much frightened at the danger which he had escaped, that he made the best of his way home,

without venturing or caring to give information to the police, by whose means the villains might have been prevented from effecting their ulterior purpose. Mr. Capecelatro declared before his death, that he knew the instigator of his assassination; but he declined to name him. The sbirri were, however, discovered to have been the instruments of it; they have since betrayed their employer, and all the three are now securely lodged in the gaol*.

Tuesday, March 25, was again one of our most agreeable days, being devoted to an excursion in company with Mr. and Mrs. F——, to *Puzzuoli*, *Baiæ*, *Misenum*, *Fusaro*, and *Cumes*. There is nothing in Rome, so eminently classical as this tour; historians and poets have illustrated every part of it; and here, at least, there is no doubt as to the identity of the places; though earthquakes have, here and there, considerably

* This was the only story of the kind that I heard during my stay at Naples: and as it was so much talked of, I could not but infer from it, that similar events were not by any means so common as we had been led to believe.

altered the general appearance of the country. The distance was too much for a single day; it was in fact enough for three, or at least for two excursions; but the weather having hitherto been very unfavourable, and the departure of my friend N—— as well as of our amiable companions, being near, we determined to accomplish as much as we possibly could in the shortest time. The variety of objects which claim the traveller's attention, on this side of Naples, is really astonishing. There are a great many ancient temples, some of which are in excellent preservation. The *Piscina*, the *Cento Camerelle*, the *Sibyl's Palace*, are as interesting ruins as any that are to be seen at Rome, perhaps even more so. The latter is a subterraneous building, into which ladies can only penetrate about half way: for the floors of many of the apartments are covered to the depth of two or three feet with water. N—— and I went into them; each on the back of one of our boatmen, preceded by others with lighted torches. But I cannot say that

we saw any thing that was worth the dollars which we paid for the gratification of our curiosity; yet we were glad to be able to judge of the place with our own eyes. The original use of the Cento Camerelle and of the Piscina has not been explained in such a manner as to satisfy all doubts respecting them; but they require no explanation, to strike the spectator with astonishment; they are evidently remains of those almost incredible contrivances of the most extravagant excesses of luxury in the last times of the Roman Republick, or under the first reigns of the Emperors.

The whole of this delightful excursion,—which is made partly in carriages, partly in boats, and for the greater part on foot,—offers the most enchanting prospects at every step; and the ten dollars to which the expenses of it may amount, (including a dollar and a half to the cicerone, two dollars to four boatmen, and four for the carriage), purchase more delight than could any where else be had for the same sum. The weather was not constantly fine, and we had some showers; but there

are so many temples, caves, and grottoes, that a shelter is easily found. In one of these temples to which we thus retired, the name of which I have forgotten, the time which the rain compelled us to lose there, was beguiled by Mrs. F——'s beautiful voice; which was delightfully re-echoed by the building, as she sang "*Ombra adorata!* "*aspetta*,"—to reconcile us to the delay. We were thus obliged to miss some of the curiosities which had been within the scheme of our excursion; but we really had seen quite enough, and perhaps more than enough, for one day; and we were exceedingly tired on our return to town, which we did not reach till considerably after eight o'clock.

We dined at Mr. F—'s; and after dinner we had a ballet, which made us even laugh to tears: for Mrs. F—— being determined to see the *tarantella* danced by Neapolitan women, had desired the servants to get some of their acquaintance to come and dance it. They accordingly brought three women, dressed out in muslin gowns which assuredly had not been made for them, and

which they used for all the purposes of pocket-handkerchiefs during the exertions of the evening. One of them played the tambourine, while the others danced. Never could we have formed the least conception of such extravagance of coarse vulgarity! The attitudes were hideous beyond all power of description. We chose to persuade ourselves that the fault lay in the performers, and that they really did not know the tarantella; for how could we imagine, that so celebrated a dance could be so utterly destitute of all that is agreeable in dancing? Mrs. F—— persisted in believing, that the real tarantella must be quite another thing; but I had afterwards frequent opportunities of convincing myself, that what we saw was the identical dance which we had heard so much of; for I saw it performed more than fifty times in different places in the course of the spring, and always in the same manner. It is unquestionably the most horrible, the most ungraceful, the most disgusting dance that I ever saw in any country. I have indeed seen ladies dance it in a

tolerable, and even a graceful style: but then it was a dance of their own invention;—it was not the tarantella.

Thursday, 27th. We drove to *Puzzuoli*, which we had seen too imperfectly on Tuesday; for that town alone contains curiosities in sufficient number for the occupation of a day. I shall confine myself to a mere enumeration of them. There is a *Piscina;* a place called the *Labyrinth*, which seems to have been a publick bath; a *Temple of Neptune*, of which the walls only remain; the *Pedestal of the Statue of Tiberius*, erected by the fourteen towns which he had restored in Asia Minor; *six pillars* of the temple of Augustus, which are fixed in one of the walls of the cathedral; an *Amphitheatre*, of which little is left but the great passage, and the external form; the *Temple of Serapis*, of which the remains are very grand, and exhibit the exact plan of its original construction. Were I to attempt to give a particular account of all these objects, my work would swell into the size of that of *Lalande*.

Near Puzzuoli is the *Solfatara*, an extinct

volcano; which, however, still emits smoke in several places, and out of which a great quantity of brimstone and alum is collected. The labyrinth is in a garden, where we met with an hospitable reception from the wife of the farmer who occupied it. She gave us excellent white wine, flowers, *&c.*, and really entertained us for some time very agreeably.

But one of the chief curiosities of Puzzuoli is the old cicerone, *Tobia Fraio*, who had already accompanied us to Baiæ. He was then sixty-nine years old, and had attended all the sovereigns and distinguished personages who had visited Puzzuoli and its neighbourhood for the last fifty years. His father and his grandfather had possessed the same dignity before him, and his son had already prepared himself to succeed to his father's honours. The latter is, however, an ambitious youth, and is very likely to lose his hereditary distinction. He gambles away his money as fast as he gets it; and Tobia complains bitterly of his misconduct. Old Tobia is a genuine Neapolitan, with respect to the ac-

curacy and discrimination of his auricular faculties. He calls Agrippina "*Aclapina*," Proserpina "*Propertina*," Flavius "*Clavius*," Pluto "*Proto*," &c.; and it would be utterly fruitless to try to make him sensible of the difference. In like manner I have seen people in England who could not distinguish the tune of *God save the King*, from that of *Rule Britannia*; and the real Neapolitans are exactly like them, though novel-writers have represented them as a nation "born for musick;"—but more of this hereafter, when I come to speak of the Lazzaroni at greater length. Old Tobia assured us, amongst other things, that Diana was a celebrated prostitute among the ancients!—and he entertained us exceedingly with several other perfectly original fragments of heathen mythology.

It rained so hard, in the morning of *Friday*, *March* 28, that we thought we should have been obliged to postpone our visit to Vesuvius,—which had been fixed for that day, in company with Mr. and Mrs. F——; but the latter showed more resolution than either of us, and deter-

mined to go, at least half-way up the mountain, provided there should be an interval of clearer weather,—which fortunately happened about eleven o'clock: and as we were then quite ready to start, we immediately set off.

We left our carriage at *Resina*, where we mounted asses, to carry us to the foot of the cone of the craters. Though we had, now and then, some sleet mixed with snow, the weather was clear enough to enable us to enjoy the beautiful prospect which expanded before us as we ascended.

What is called the mountain of ashes, is the steepest hill that I remember to have climbed, as steep in fact as the ashes with which it is covered will lie. The looseness of these substances greatly increases the fatigue of ascending, and one frequently slides back several paces down the hill in the midst of a moving mass of cinders. A crust of lava here and there facilitates the work of ascent; but it is hardly possible to reach the summit without stopping several times to take breath. Our

lady, who was very delicate, was obliged to make several pauses; but she was, on the whole, less tired than she had expected to be. She had the assistance of two guides; almost every body taking at least one assistant of this sort, who is furnished with a leathern girdle round his waist, to which the person who employs him clings for support. I preferred walking alone with the sole help of a stick, and reached the top a full quarter of an hour before the rest of the party.

There, we found ourselves in a region which might really convey some notion of the borders of hell: lava, coals, brimstone, and other productions of the volcano cover the whole ground. We rested, for a while in a grotto formed by the lava, where the ground emitted so much smoke and vapour, that Mrs. F——'s hair was uncurled in an instant. (This grotto fell down a short time afterwards.) Soon after, we resumed our walk over these ruins and wrecks of fire, to approach the brink of the craters: the smoke issued from all the clefts under our feet, and the soil was

quite hot. On a sudden, we heard a noise exactly like the crash of a house falling; and a clustered flight of stones was immediately darted to an immense height, from the aperture of the volcano. Our guide having warned us that it would be dangerous to venture further at that time, we thought it best to follow his advice; the rather as an English clergyman, Mr. Pettyward, and the youngest son of Lord Carnarvon, had been struck a few days before, in this very place, by red-hot stones,—and the former severely wounded in the head. The scene is here tremendously sublime: it looks like a tempestuous sea, that has been suddenly petrified in the midst of a storm: the rocks formed by the lava are like so many waves, which indeed they once were, —waves of liquid fire. The ground was in several places of a burning heat; and the smoke which it emitted through every cleft, seemed to proceed immediately from actual flame. We heard three violent explosions, each of them preceded by a loud internal rumbling of stones; be-

side which we frequently heard sounds like the reports of cannon under ground, and sometimes like the sharp hissing of a winter storm. The whole formed a scene of such appalling effect, as no words can describe; and yet so irresistibly attractive,—so fascinating (in the most powerful sense of that word),—that I could have remained there for hours, without a thought of returning. I can even now hardly say how we left the spot; for I was so engrossed with what I had seen and heard, that I walked on unconsciously, till we came again to the declivity of the mountain of ashes. I disliked the descent much more than the climbing up, and my companions had all reached the bottom long before me.

We rested at the hermitage, where we tasted the hermit's celebrated *Lachryma Christi*, which we found much inferior to its reputation. It is in fact a very indifferent wine.

At seven o'clock we arrived at Naples, having been only eight hours absent on this excursion: the whole expense of

which, for N—— and myself, amounted only to four ducats and five carlini. It is true that we went in Mr. F——'s carriage: our own carriage would have cost us one and a half or two piastres more *.

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* See another excursion on Mount Vesuvius, on the 5th of June.

CHAPTER XIII.

Naples; Ice and Maccaroni Shops—Santa Lucia —Departure of Mr. and Mrs. F——.—Industry of certain Female Tourists—Neapolitan Fishermen —Departure of N——.—General Character and Anecdotes of the Neapolitan Lazzaroni—Peculiar Depravity of the Class immediately above them; who represent the highest Classes to be still worse than themselves—Moral Effects upon the Inhabitants of Naples, of the tremendous Spectacle afforded by Vesuvius.

AFTER dinner we drove to the *Carità*, in the upper part of the *Toledo*, which is the principal street of Naples, to eat some ice at the establishment of the best maker of that article; but we took it, as usual, in the carriage; for the shop itself is by no means an inviting place. The proprietor having made an immense fortune by his trade, is determined, either from superstition or gratitude, to make no alteration in the place where he acquired it. His numerous customers, there-

fore, seldom alight from their carriages; and a long line of carriages may often be seen drawn up opposite his shop.

We stopped, afterwards, before *Michele's* famous maccaroni shop, for the purpose of seeing the natives eat their favourite food, in the true Neapolitan style. The cook who distributes the maccaroni, takes it with his fingers out of an immense kettle, and *spins* it out upon the plate, raising his arm as high as he can, to show its great length, after which he takes a handful of grated cheese, with which he powders the maccaroni. The plate is then given to the purchaser, without knife or fork; he holds it with one hand, and with the other introduces one end of the maccaroni into his mouth, and draws it in by degrees till he has swallowed the whole; after which he licks the plate clean, and returns it to be soused in hot water. These maccaroni-eaters were not Lazzaroni, but tolerably well dressed people.

From thence we proceeded to St. Lucia, where Mount Vesuvius presented a noble spectacle; it threw up many fine

jets, and three grand columns of fire, as a farewell compliment to Mr. and Mrs. F——, who were on the eve of their departure.

It was with much regret that we took leave of these excellent friends, for they had been all kindness to us, and we could not possibly have met with more agreeable society than theirs. Mr. F—— is one of the best-informed men of Geneva; his lady is clever and lively; both of them are extremely cheerful, good-natured, and social; and their union affords an enchanting pattern to all husbands and wives. To this character of them let me add one further trait, which was by no means indifferent to me: they exhibited no *books of notes* in our excursions. Surely there is not a greater plague for a traveller, than to have his lot cast among people who walk pen in hand, and cannot move three steps without stopping to scribble down every circumstance, however trifling, which is mentioned by their *cicerone!* I had rather see every thing in perfect solitude, than in company with such minutely

accurate tourists. I have met with very handsome young ladies, who would not for the world have omitted to take a note of a single relick in the cathedrals they visited; in whose book of notes every lamp and candlestick, with the price of each, is recorded,—the height and diameter of every pillar,—the number and size of the panes in every window! Beauty itself loses its attraction when accompanied by such indiscriminate, voracious inquisitiveness.

Saturday, March 24, we determined should be a day of rest; for we were really fatigued with our recent excursions.

I amused myself on the sea-shore, under the Villa Reale, with taking sketches of the strange figures of the Lazzaroni, who were dragging their fishing-nets. They generally assemble in gangs of fifteen or twenty to each net,—that is, as many as the space will admit of: half the number would in truth be amply sufficient, but then the other half would starve, and they are contented to divide their slender profits with as many as can live on them. Sometimes they get as much as eight *grani* a-head

(three-pence halfpenny or four-pence) which is accounted an extraordinary piece of luck; but sometimes also they get nothing at all. On this day, they only gained one *grano* by the first drag of the net, and the second produced only two very small fishes,—so small, as to be together hardly worth one *grano*. One of the men began to cry bitterly and loudly at this ill success; for they are not paid by the hour, or by the day, but only according to what their occasional employer may earn by their labour; and when he gets nothing, they can expect nothing. They eat alive some of the animals which they cannot sell, and among others a sort of sea-spider, something like a small crab, but transparent. It made me almost sick to see the legs of this creature moving between the teeth of persons who were feeding on it! but after all, it may, when one is used to it, be as pleasant to eat as an oyster, which is also devoured alive by all the world without disgust or compunction.

Sunday, 30th March.—We took a drive on the *Strada Nuova*, as far as the hills

above *Nisida*, which we had already visited, but which are too attractive not to claim as frequent visits as other occupations leave leisure for. There is one hillock in the garden, from whence the prospect is incomparably finer than from any other part; if I lived at Naples, I believe I should visit it almost every day.

On our return we saw a singular manner of selling wine. Two men were sitting astride a cask, and playing on the fife and the drum, while another sang aloud the praises of his wine, helping the amateurs to small glasses of it, as samples, out of two bottles which he brandished in the air during every interval. The men on the cask bore some resemblance to Silenus; but there was nothing in the appearance or language of their partner which could remind one of Anacreon.

Monday, March 31*st*.—My good friend and travelling companion, N———, left me on his return to England. I was exceedingly sorry that his affairs did not allow him to prolong his stay in Italy, and still more so to see him set off for Rome at that

moment; for the highwaymen were said to have very lately robbed a Dr. Wooledge, and half-killed a Sicilian Prince who offered some resistance. But, on the other hand, events of this kind make the police on the road, both civil and military, more vigilant for a time; and it may, probably be safer to set out on the very day on which the news of a robbery upon the road you are to travel, is first brought to town.

N——'s departure put an end for a while to my excursions; they would have seemed very tedious to me, if I had continued them alone: besides, we had seen together almost every thing that was really curious; and I had not yet been able to pay much attention to the Neapolitan language, which it was an object with me to learn. I resolved to set about it without further loss of time, and with earnest zeal.

Thursday, April 3d.—I accompanied a party of fishermen who were going to throw their nets in the sea; both with the view of familiarizing myself with the dialect, and at the same time of observing the manners, of the common people. Some travellers,

who have heard or read strange and frightful accounts of the depravity of the lower classes, or *Lazzaroni*,—might be shocked at the idea of trusting themselves with such men at sea; but, I confess, I had no such apprehensions. It would be absurd to deny that individuals may be found amongst them, as well as amongst the rabble of every other country, capable of committing crimes and murders for money: but I have not so vile an opinion of mankind in general as to think any set of men capable of forming and carrying into effect a sudden conspiracy against the life of a fellow-creature who has confided himself to their good-nature. Besides, I have always been much in the habit of judging of people by their countenances; and I would rather rely on my own first impressions of individuals, than on any general character which the class to which they belong may have acquired. There is so much real happiness in my system, that I should think it a great misfortune to be convinced of its fallacy, and to be obliged to live in constant distrust of my own feelings.

These poor men's calling is a very hard one, for they are never certain of gaining even one grano, and they seldom get more than four or five, for their day's work ; but they think themselves happy in having at least a chance of earning enough to preserve them from starving, in a country where the poorest class is so much more numerous than all the others. This sort of employment is most agreeable to their tastes, because the exertions which it requires, though laborious when the party is few in number, are comparatively light when divided among so many ; and because the labour is not regular and constant, but intermittent and varied, which suits with their inclination and habits. All the Neapolitan fishermen, without exception, engrave figures on their arms and legs, by a process similar to that of *tatooing*.

The Neapolitans are accused of being the laziest people in the world. It is quite natural that men who live in such a climate, —whose wants are so few,—whose enjoyments cost so little,—who grow up without the slightest moral instruction,—and who

are left, in almost every respect, entirely to themselves, should not be fond of regular labour, or of submitting themselves to a course of life which would deprive them of that perfect independence which is their dearest and only real political blessing. Independence such as theirs would not indeed deserve that name in northern countries, where the length of the winter nights, and the inclemency of the days, render close habitations, warm food, warm covering, fire, and light, absolutely indispensable. But at Naples, where the winter is short, and comparatively mild (for the cold under which a stranger suffers is rather within doors than in the open air); where sunshine in winter and shade in summer, are in themselves sources of positive pleasure; where clothing is considered, during the greatest part of the year, as an irksome incumbrance; where every diver (and there are few boys who cannot dive,) may easily find on the coast of the sea, and among the cliffs, abundance of wholesome and agreeable food, sufficient for the sustenance of a family, and acquired by a kind of sport,

which the climate makes delightful to them; —at Naples, where mere existence is sweet, even when unconnected with any social blessing,—it would be absurd to expect foresight and prudence. Nor is it an easy matter in such a country, to inculcate religious principles, and to enforce a moral education. Fathers and mothers who have grown up without any fostering care bestowed upon themselves, and who have enjoyed life without taking the least trouble for futurity, cannot readily be made sensible of the necessity of the moral improvement of their offspring. The only misfortune which they fear is hunger; and when they have taught their children to provide, by any means in their power, against that single evil, they think they have acquitted themselves of every parental duty. Their own parents did no more; and yet here are the descendants of those parents, healthy and cheerful! Besides, such being the beauty and mildness of the climate, that the youngest children may be left in the open air from morning to night during the greatest part of the year, their parents cannot feel for

them that affection which, in northern countries, is in a great measure the effect of the unceasing care required by helpless infancy. Nor can they be made aware of the growing vices or bad habits of these little creatures, whom they never see but for a few minutes every day when hunger drives them home; and if they were even sensible of their faults they would not know how to correct them. The children are thus left to grow up, in the same freedom from control as their parents. When they are big enough they are made to beg, or to dive for shell-fish, or to run errands, or, in short, to procure their food in any way they choose, provided only it cost their parents nothing. As to clothing, very few give themselves any concern about it: they pick up such rags as they can find about the streets, and patch them up into an apology for nakedness: and when they have succeeded in procuring a few *grani*, though it were but to the value of a penny or two-pence, they exchange their rags for others that are not quite so bad in appearance, though perhaps no better in real worth. I

have seen barters of this kind carried on in the streets of Naples in broad day-light, when the purchaser has stripped himself stark naked to put on his new acquisition. This may seem rather extraordinary to other nations, but here nobody minds it. I have seen old men and women pull off their last piece of rag, that which was meant to represent a shirt or a shift, in the middle of the *Largo di Castello* (Castle-square,) close to the Royal Palace and the theatre of *San Carlo*, —on the Mole, and in various other publick places,—for the more convenient destruction of their vermin; and this I saw, not merely once or twice, but more than twenty times during my stay at Naples. I may observe, by the way, that they were always old people who shewed this beastly disregard of decency. Decency is a natural instinct, to which youth readily yields; but which age easily discards among a people who acknowledge no motive of action, but their own individual gratification. Fathers, mothers, and children of both sexes, frequently sleep in the same bed, till the latter are full grown; and the number of

incests which ensue is so great and notorious, as to have attracted the serious attention of the present administration. Missionaries have been sent into the villages, for the purpose of trying to stop this dreadful evil by their publick preachings and their private admonitions,—but missionaries with empty pockets can do no good. The only way to ensure even a partial degree of success (which is all that could be looked for) would be to furnish them with the means of bettering the condition of the wretches they are sent to reclaim, whose errors are as much the result of excessive poverty, as of ignorance and vice.

One of the distinguishing peculiarities of the lower classes at Naples is their taciturnity, and their substitution of signs and gestures for words. I have frequently bought oranges, without hearing the sound of the voice of the women who sold them. Their practice is to hold up one finger for each *grano* of the price of their fruit. If I said I wanted seven or eight, for five or six *grani*, they either gave them without pronouncing a syllable, or they held up as many fingers

as they consented to give oranges for my money. It is true that when they *do* speak, which happens mostly when they are angry, it is impossible to conceive any thing so rapid as their elocution. I shall never forget the extraordinary scene which I saw one day, when one of these women was scolding a young girl; her hands were raised and rapidly shaken on each side of the poor victim's face, as if ready to grasp and crush it between them; she did not strike the child, but kept gesticulating and chattering and scolding at such a rate, that I stood by quite astonished at a volubility of which I could have formed no conception: the speech had lasted more than a quarter of an hour, without a pause of the value of even a comma, and it was not yet at an end; but some person who was passing by, having accidentally pushed the speaker, she turned her head to see who it was, when the girl, whom I had thought petrified with fear, seized the instant to fly like a hare, and she was out of sight ere I perceived that she was gone. Her antagonist neither attempted to run after her, nor did she even shew any

disappointment at her escape; but immediately turning to me, she began to detail the whole history of her provocation with the like storm of words as before,—not one of which formed an intelligible sound to my ear, though I was then already a tolerable adept in the Neapolitan dialect.

An English gentleman took a fancy, while I was at Naples, to draw a young Lazzarone out of the habitual wretchedness in which he lived; he gave him clothes and money, and would probably have made him his footman; but the money and clothes were almost immediately converted into *maccaroni*, and the youth as quickly resumed his rags and former habits. I had the story from the individual himself, who was one of the fishermen with whom I went in the boat; nor could I draw from him any other reason for having so ill repaid the stranger's beneficence, but that the produce of the clothes enabled him to feast on maccaroni to his heart's content. He had not the least idea of having done wrong; he took it for granted that his benefactor only wished to do him pleasure, in giving

him good clothes ; and that as soon as the latter had become his property, he had a perfect right to dispose of them in any way he pleased.

There is a candour even in the roguery of this people, that forces you to smile in spite of your vexation at being cheated. A young pedlar one morning besieged my door with such obstinacy, that I at length consented to buy something which I really did not want, merely to get rid of him. The little knave contrived to cheat me out of three carlini in giving me change ; but so cleverly, that I did not discover it till after he was gone. I thought that he would at least take good care to keep out of my way hereafter ; and I was not a little surprised to see him accost me again in the course of a very few days. I asked him how he could be so impudent as to show himself, or think me so stupid as to allow myself to be deceived a second time. He replied, with the utmost candour and coolness, that " the first time, " he wanted money for the Easter holi- " days ; otherwise, he would not have

" cheated me; but now, he could assure " me, I should have no reason to complain " of him." Of course I did not put him to the trial; but it was not without difficulty that I convinced him I was firmly resolved never to trust him again; and when he left me he complained very feelingly of my severity in refusing to confide in him, merely for having committed *one single fraud!*

One day, on returning from a drive with a friend, I observed, when we were alighted and while I was engaged in speaking to him, that the coachman attempted to steal my handkerchief, and I caught his hand ere he had quite pulled it out of my pocket. But this did not in the least dismay him; he affected to laugh as if he had meant it for a joke; and though I told him I did not take it as such, and should henceforth beware of him, he continued boldly to offer his services as before, whenever I called for a coach;—his stand being opposite to my lodging in the Largo di Castello.

But these are trifling sins, compared with

the atrocious depravity of that class which forms the link between the Lazzaroni and the better sort of tradesmen, such as servants, valets-de-place, *&c.* I was frequently followed, after dark, by a man who entreated permission to introduce me to a female, whose charms he vaunted in the most inviting terms; and though I constantly told him I would have nothing to do either with her or with him, he continued to wait for me, evening after evening, at the door of a coffee-house where I occasionally closed the day with taking some refreshments,—and pursued me to the door of my lodgings. And, at length, finding other enticements fail, he thought to conquer all my scruples at once by informing me, that the fair one whose charms he offered for sale, *was his sister!* I expressed my horror and detestation so forcibly, though in few words, that he never plagued me afterwards. But when I mentioned the circumstance to one of the elderly waiters at the tavern,—a sensible fellow, whom I frequently questioned on local subjects,—he told me a number of

the most abominable stories I ever heard, to prove to me that nothing was more common at Naples, than the species of traffick which had struck me as so horrible.

As to the highest classes, whom I would not condemn solely upon the authority of the scandalous accounts so generally given of them by visitors and strangers,—the circumstance which principally tended to give me a very bad opinion of them was this; that almost every individual of that intermediate class of which I have just spoken, represented them as the most abandoned beings in the creation. This I fear must be received as strong evidence of their depravity. It is not my intention to repeat any of the stories which I heard of various persons, many of which would need better proof than I had of them; but some of them were so singularly atrocious in their circumstances, that it was hardly possible that they could have been invented.

A great proportion of this dreadful evil may unquestionably be ascribed to the influence of the climate; for though Naples

has been governed at different times by dynasties from different parts of Europe, as well as by princes of their own choice under the title of Dukes; yet history does not give at any period, a favourable account of the morals of the people. There is thus very little hope of any really important amendment to be effected by human means.

It is my deliberate and firm persuasion, that over and above the influence of this luxurious climate, the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius has a pernicious effect on the minds of the Neapolitans. It presents undoubtedly the most sublime spectacle in nature. Whoever has seen it in the night-time, during an eruption, has seen a picture of hell infinitely more tremendous than the liveliest imagination could conceive. But can it be so frequently seen, and more frequently thought of, without corrupting the mind? I do not believe that it can. One of the most distinguished ornaments of this enlightened age, *Dr. Rossi*, has indicated the numerous traces of volcanic eruptions in Italy, as one of the chief

causes of that serious religious spirit which formed a characteristic feature of ancient Etruria, previous to the foundation of Rome*; and in this opinion I conceive him to be perfectly right. But there is a vast difference between the meditations of the inhabitants of a mountainous country and a temperate climate, upon the *vestiges* of the great convulsions of nature spread over the land,—and the impression made on the minds of the most sensual beings in the world, by the immediate contemplation of the most irresistible and destructive power in the creation *in full activity* before their eyes. The mere idea, constantly present to their minds, of such a power ever threatening to put an end to their being, would alone lead such a people to deeper corruption;—how much more the actual display itself? I think it sufficient, in this place, merely to have hinted at this view of the subject, without further developing the arguments which I might advance in support of my opinion.

* In a series of lectures on jurisprudence, delivered at Geneva.

CHAPTER XIV.

Further Account of the Lazzaroni, and of their Amusements —Publick Readers — Mountebanks and Puppet-shows—Gaming—The Neapolitans not a musical People—Instances of their want of Ear in the Discrimination of Sounds—Dialect.

THOUGH the Lazzaroni of Naples are not to be trusted with any thing worth stealing, by persons who have not acquired the art of managing and influencing them,—they are in general a good-natured people, and much less mischievous than the same ranks of society in most other countries. I never saw a single battle amongst them, nor did I ever see any one of them guilty of a single malicious trick to another. They have at times, it is true, very foolish and rather awkward amusements, such as forming two parties, one at each end of a street, and flinging large stones at one another; but they have no other view in this than that of exerting their skill, either in throwing or parrying; for they do not shew the least

animosity during the play; and as soon as either party is tired of it, it is immediately relinquished by all.

While it lasts, however, strangers must take care not to cross the streets, for they have no respect for persons, and the police never meddles with them, or their *harmless* pastimes! Of course they do not choose *Toledo*, or *Chiaia*, or such populous streets, for their arena,—but those places which are least frequented.

The Lazzaroni are represented, in some books, with such extravagant exaggerations, that the authors really seem to have tortured their imagination, to invent incredible instances of their stupidity, and even brutal ignorance. Who or what could have persuaded the author of *Corinna*, that some of them did not know even their own names? As they are extremely averse from talking in general, and from replying to idle questions in particular, they might very probably return no answer to a stranger who should go up to them without any pretence, and plumply ask them "What is your name?" But it would really

be very rash to conclude from their silence that they were unable to answer the question. An English sailor would say in such a case, "What is that to you?"—and a Dutch boor would whiff the smoke of his pipe into the inquirer's face, and pass on without a single syllable. A Neapolitan stares, and turns the other way, if he is out of temper at the time: and though he should happen to be in a more communicative mood, he might very probably not understand a question put to him in Tuscan Italian;—or he might fancy that he had misunderstood the question, froni not conceiving what a stranger could have to do with his name. But the lowest class is not more stupid nor more ignorant in Naples, than in almost any other country. Their inferiority in some respects is compensated by superiority in others: they may be very unskilful in the management of an argument; but their fancy is infinitely livelier, and the general flow of their ideas much quicker than those of other nations. Nor are they so destitute of curiosity concerning the customs and

manners of foreign countries, as one might be led to suppose from the consideration of their uncivilized state.

One of their most favourite amusements is to listen to publick readers, of whom there were generally two or three on the mole; and it is really a very curious thing to see an audience of individuals covered with dirty rags, listening to poetry with the same attention as the Greeks might have paid to Homer. They sit on the ground, or on the wall, or on the logs of wood that are occasionally deposited on the mole, while the readers stand in the middle of the throng,—or rather at one extremity of it,—with a small vacant space before them, as their stage or arena. The readers take care to oblige the *non-paying* amateurs to yield up their places to those from whom they have reason to expect contributions. Such preferences in a publick place, where in strictness all rights are equal, would not be tolerated in many of the capitals of Europe; but a strong and lively sense of equity pervades the whole of this class at Naples,—to such

a degree, that I never saw either disturbance or discontent occasioned by these interferences. The ragged listeners, who were thus arbitrarily displaced, for persons who did not even thank them for it, rose from their seats with perfect coolness and equanimity, and sought other places in more distant parts of the circle. I was frequently induced to stop at these groups to examine the features, attitudes, and expression of the individuals who composed them; but I could never bear to listen above a few minutes to the reader; who stops at every line in poetry, and at every comma in prose, to explain by his gestures, or by other words, the sense of what he has just recited. But his ill-timed emphasis and ridiculous grimaces, which made his exhibition intolerable to my taste, formed, perhaps, an essential part of the entertainment of his native audience; for as the books which I heard read, were always written in pure Tuscan Italian, it is probable that without the grimaces and interpretations of the reader, few of his hearers would understand his meaning. I was also

surprised to find that the readings were usually in some romance of chivalry, a style of subject which does not seem to have many points in unison with their feelings: and I was the more astonished at this, because there is abundance of pretty poetry, and of very entertaining fairy tales in the Neapolitan dialect. Howbeit, "*Sentir storie*" is so favourite an amusement, that it always attracts a crowd on the mole, even when contending with the rivalship of an exhibition of puppets. At one time there were no fewer than six *spectacles* for the mob, exhibiting there every day:—a reader of poetry, a declaimer in prose, a singer, a tooth-drawer and mountebank, a pulcinello with a dog, and puppets that performed plays. Each of these was very numerously attended. But there is on the mole a seventh spectacle, which I could never sufficiently admire, though I saw it every day; I mean the magnificent view of a great part of the town, of the sea, and the bay of Portici, Torre dell' Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Castellamare, Sorrento, Caprea, and above all, Mount Vesuvius.

A foreigner who had seen the audience around the mountebank pulling off their hats twenty times or more in the space of a quarter of an hour, would probably have taken him for an itinerant preacher, instead of a quack who was extolling a remedy for the itch. The fact is, that he never uttered two sentences without appealing to God, or thanking him for this important discovery! and these Lazzaroni, who are supposed not to know their own names, never hear that of the Almighty without uncovering themselves and bowing.

Another favourite, but a much less innocent amusement of this class, is playing at cards: I have seen many a ragged fellow without shoes or stockings, playing for stakes of two carlini and upwards. A boy of ten years old, without breeches, was playing with such eager interest, that the repeated kicks and blows of two spectators, who tried to make him quit the game, were as useless as their previous admonitions had been, and had not even the effect of making him turn round to look

at his tormentors. One of them, at length, interrupted the sport by tossing all the cards together; whereupon the boy bursting into tears, hastily seized a stone to strike the interrupter! I have watched these gambling parties more than fifty times, without seeing a single quarrel amongst the parties themselves; but I frequently observed cheats, to whom my presence, as it prevented them from exerting their talent, was evidently displeasing: though it did not provoke them to the least impertinence towards me. Their usual game, —the only one in fact which I observed,— is played with three cards: the dealer shows one of them, and then shuffles it and the other two for a while together: and if the player guesses which it is, he wins; if not, he loses. They may be seen playing every where; on the mole, on the cliffs, on the pavement in the streets, on the sea-shore; in short, wherever a man with cards in his pocket, meets with one who chooses to use them. These, with bathing, diving, and walking, form nearly the whole of the amusements of the

lowest—and the next to the lowest—classes at Naples.

Those who remember to have read, that "there is a species of melody in the very shouts of the Neapolitans, which shows them to be born for musick," (or some such stuff, the precise words of which I do not perhaps correctly quote) may be disposed to think me guilty of an important omission under this head; but I can confidently assure them, that there never existed a more unmusical nation than the Neapolitans. The names of *Cimarosa*, *Paësiello*, and other justly celebrated composers, prove nothing against my assertion: they were not Lazzaroni, but gentlemen; and there can be no doubt that gentlemen, who receive a liberal education; who travel about Italy, and form their taste and ear in the best schools, may reach a high degree of perfection in this, as well as in any other art: they are exceptions to the rule, not proofs that no such rule exists. With as much reason might *Filangieri's* celebrated work be held out as a proof of the perfection of Neapolitan jurispru-

dence,—or the Archbishop of Tarento's, of the liberal principles of the Neapolitan clergy! The fact is, that, whenever the lively and brilliant imagination of a Neapolitan can be fixed to one particular course of study, either in the sciences or the fine arts, it can hardly fail of producing excellence in that particular line. But the prodigious variety of lively impressions to which the Neapolitans owe their sensual happiness, almost precludes the possibility of any peculiar and *uncultivated* nicety in their observations on whatever affects the senses, and particularly on sounds. There are many reasons why the inhabitants of the north must have a more acute faculty of discriminating sounds,—in other words, a more accurate ear—than those of Naples. Paradoxical as it may appear, frequent and long silence is necessary to give any eminent degree of justness and delicacy to the sense of hearing. The very rarity of sound renders it often a pleasure and even a blessing to the inhabitants of a desert. The inhabitants of Moscow will tell you at once how many horses

are dragging the carriage, whose passage under your window makes, to less discerning ears, nothing but a confused clatter of wheels and horses' feet. This single hint will save me the trouble of a long discussion on the subject, which has indeed but a very remote connexion with the present work: and I am persuaded, that people who are accustomed to reflect, will anticipate all that I might further say in support of my position. But I shall add an irrefragable proof of the absolute want of accuracy in the sense of hearing among the inhabitants of Naples and its vicinity, in the brief account which I am to give of their dialect; and which may perhaps be introduced here with greater propriety than in any other place.

The Neapolitan dialect (or dialects,—for there is some difference in every parish, and perhaps even in every family) is much more disagreeable to the eye, than to the ear; its chief characteristick is the arbitrary transposition of the letters which compose a word, and their frequent transmutation into others. The *r*,

in particular, is almost always excluded from the place which the other Italians have allotted to it; and is intruded where they have omitted it; *a* and *u* are frequently substituted for *o*; *e* and *u* for *i*; *b* and *g* for *v*; and *v* and *p* for *b*:—*d* is exchanged for *t*, *c* for *g*, *p* for *ch*, almost universally. All this is puzzling and vexatious to the reader, but it does not produce a bad effect to the ear. *Chiu*, *chiatto*, *chiazza*, *chiegare*, *chiovere*,—sound nearly as well as *più*, *piatto*, *piazza*, *piegare*, *piovere*. *Cravonaro* is not much more disagreeable than *carbonajo*, or *crelo* than *clero*; *quanno* is easier to pronounce than *quando*, and *pecchè* than *perchè*. The *i*, which is frequently placed before an *e* (as in the ancient Latin, according to the testimony of Cicero) is an embellishment taken from the Russian language, and gives a graceful softness to a great number of words; but the Neapolitan abbreviations, which are exceedingly numerous, produce some harshness, and now and then sounds which you would suppose to belong to the vocabularies of American savages. What I have said is,

I think, quite sufficient to shew, that the dialect has had two powerful auxiliaries, —*laziness*, and *want of ear*; the former cuts off a great many syllables (saying *'no* for *uno*, *'n* or *'m* for *in* or *im*, &c.,) and the latter produces the most extraordinary confusion of syllables and letters.

During my stay at Salerno, I asked the waiter at the inn what his name was, and he said, "*Rabiero.*" "Rabiero!" said I; "what a strange name!" "It is nevertheless a very common one throughout the kingdom," said he.—"What! Rabiero!"—"Yes, Sir, yes; Rabiero, Rabiero; have you never heard of the Archangel Rabiero,—or Grabiero, if you like that better?" "Not I, indeed; I have heard of an Archangel *Gabriele*, but——." "Well! and what did I say? *Grabiero* or Rabiero is the same thing." I never could succeed in making him sensible of the least difference between my "*Gabriele*," and his "*Grabiero*," or "*Rabiero*;" he did not once pronounce the name like me, nor could he be made to perceive that I did not pronounce it like him.

I mentioned before, a similar instance of

dulness of ear in our old Cicerone at Baiæ, *Tobia Fraio;* and I have only to add, that I repeated the experiment in a great many instances with the same results. One of these experiments I shall mention in this place, as a suitable conclusion of what I have to say on the musical disposition of the inhabitants of this part of Italy.

There were at this time three strolling musicians at Naples, (the only performers of the sort whom I saw there,) a father and his two sons: the former played on the violin, the two latter on the harp. They had learnt in all four tunes—two waltzes, one march, and a country-dance; and whenever they were desired to play some favourite tune, they immediately replied, "Yes,"— and played one of those four, which to their ear comprised every possible variety of musical combination. I made them bring their instruments to my lodgings, and attempted to teach them *God save the King*, beginning first with the father, on the violin, and afterwards trying the two sons separately on the harp; but though I purposely omitted all *accords*, in order to make the

melody plainer to their ear, I never could succeed in making either of them catch even the first two bars. When I had played them five or six times, with short intervals, I asked them if they distinctly heard them: they assured me they did; and as soon as I desired them to play them in their turn, they invariably began one of their own four tunes. I made fresh attempts, on both instruments, in different keys, during more than three quarters of an hour; but without the least success: and I gave it up at last, in utter astonishment at the patience which could have made them masters of four tunes in the space of three years!

Such are the taste and ear of that nation, "*which seems born for musick!*" I shall speak of their national songs in another place; let it suffice at present to say, that they are the most horrible, the most savage-like, the most tiresome, that I have heard in any country. But the people, very fortunately, never sing except on grand occasions, or when they accompany the *Tarentella*: and this is another proof that, so far

from being naturally musical, they are directly the reverse. A Russian, a German, a Swiss, a French peasant is always singing, whether he is at his work or returning from his work,—a Neapolitan never.

I may be thought to have been too diffuse in this part of my observations, but I was desirous to demonstrate the absurdity of the common saying, that Naples is the land of musick. The opera, it is true, is almost always excellent; and so it must be, or nobody could be tempted to go to the theatre; but the opera, either at Naples or elsewhere, is certainly not a proper criterion of the publick, national taste.

As to the occupations of the Lazzaroni, I might assert, without risk of contradiction even from some travellers, who have spent months at Naples, that they consist exclusively in sleeping, basking in the sun, begging, eating, and killing vermin. But God forbid that I should indulge in such misrepresentations of a whole race of men! These are undoubtedly their occupations,—when they cannot get any other employment; which must necessarily be the

lot of many, in so numerous a population. But let no man of sense yield to the temptation of judging of them by the specimens which he sees in *Chiaia*, *Toledo*, or the other principal streets of Naples, where he can only meet with beggars and pick-pockets; let him visit the interior parts of the city, and more particularly the streets behind the row of houses from the Mole to the road of Portici: the industry in that part of the town, far surpasses any thing that I could have imagined, and its aspect cured me at once of the unfavourable prejudices which I had previously contracted. It is the most accurate representation of a busy *ant-hill* that I ever saw; and I now wondered—not at the laziness of a part of the population, but at the immense number of hands who were employed in every variety of trade. Nor should I even at this moment have been able to conceive where they found consumers for all the work they executed, if I had not bought some of that work myself. It is so execrably bad, that a very few days' wear sees the end of it,—and thus furnishes a new job to the workman. I

found this to be the case with respect to shoes, hats, braces, and several other things, and I dare say it is the same with all ; they are like the wares of Peter Pindar's razor-merchant,—which were not made to shave, but to sell. The artisans are too anxious to realize the produce of their work, to be very nice about its quality ; and the tradesmen are no better than the poor fellows whom they employ ; they are in one respect even worse, being exceedingly insolent, and ready to abuse any customer who presumes to make the slightest observation on the defects of their wares.

CHAPTER XV.

Books in the Neapolitan Dialect—Personal Appearance of the Neapolitans—Celebration of Easter—Convent of St. Anthony of Tarsia—Incivility of the Shopkeepers at Naples—Trick of a Lazzarone Beggar—Severity of the Climate in the Month of May.

I HAVE already alluded to some specimens of poetry and prose in the Neapolitan dialect. Of these I obtained a collection, in twenty-eight volumes, consisting of poems and tales, most of which are rather gross, but extremely entertaining. The plays of *Cerlone*, which are in prose, make no part of this collection. They are full of wit and genius, but exceedingly coarse in some parts, and deformed by very notable faults. Whole scenes are copied, with trifling alterations, out of one play into another; the subject as well as the characters being nearly the same in all. The lover is rather brutal than lively, and yet he *cries* on every trifling occasion; and

Pulcinello, who is always introduced in the deepest dramas and tragedies, even when the action is in India (where his dialect is as well understood as at Naples, and where he never fails to meet with a country-woman of his own rank,) is frequently worse than indelicate; he is absolutely filthy. I shall not attempt to give a general analysis of these plays; but I must say something of one piece, which may enable the reader to judge of the rest, as to plot and management. In *Zaïda at Naples*, one man's head is cut off by mistake, another is burnt alive, and a third is sentenced to the galleys: yet the whole is a comedy! and there is a great deal of *fun* in it! This may, at first sight, seem merely absurd, but it ought to be considered as a tolerably just specimen of the barbarous manners which prevailed here five-and-twenty years ago. The head is cut off by a Turk, who brings it on the stage, wrapped up in a napkin, and as the murdered person is but a steward, no steps whatsoever are taken or talked of for pursuing the assassin. The mistake is considered as an accident that might have hap-

pened to any one, and which does not deserve any particular notice.

The personal appearance of the Neapolitan nation is on the whole not prepossessing; one sees occasionally some handsome faces, and a great many very lively ones, but extremely few that can be called interesting. The number of individuals who have lost the sight of at least one of their eyes, is quite extraordinary. I never saw thirty persons together, of whom one or two did not want an eye; nor did I ever go into a tavern, or a coffee-house, without seeing one or two of the waiters with the same defect. I had long wished to learn the cause of this striking circumstance; but I had abstained from making the inquiry for fear of doing it in the presence of people who might (though unperceived by me,) have the same misfortune. At length, being with two gentlemen who seemed to have the use of both their eyes, I ventured upon the question; which I had no sooner pronounced, than both of them, to my utter dismay, began their answers with, "As far as respects my own case——!" One of them told me,

that the sight of his eye had been destroyed by the measles, which often produced that effect in this country; the other said, he had always had one eye smaller and much weaker than the other, and that he could now hardly distinguish any object with it; but he did not know the cause of his blindness. To the small-pox I have no doubt that much of this calamity may be ascribed, especially as inoculation was not generally practised before Murat's reign.

I am not presumptuous enough to offer the foregoing as a complete account of the manners, morals, and dialect of the Neapolitans; such pretensions would be absurd in any one, after a residence of only four months in the country; for this single subject would require a volume or two, instead of a few pages. But I will venture to affirm, that what I have said is more correct than what has been published by a number of superficial travellers, and other writers, who did not give themselves the trouble to examine the truth of what they had read in the works of their predecessors, but perpetuated the errors of others by repeating

them. Justice and equity are duties towards nations, no less than towards the individuals who compose them; and calumny is hardly less unpardonable when applied to a whole race of men, than to one man in particular.

I shall conclude this chapter with a few extracts from my Journal.

The circulation of carriages in the streets of Naples, is suspended from the Thursday in Passion-week, till Easter-Sunday. On Thursday, the King went to church on foot, with a numerous suite of attendants. I thought him infinitely less unsightly in appearance than Canova's statue represents him. He is undoubtedly not distinguished by any beauty of face or figure, nor by the dignity and intelligence of his countenance, but he is not *so ugly* as the Roman artist has made him.

On Good-Friday, the principal street, *Toledo*, was crowded with ladies promenading in gala dresses, with bonnets covered with flowers or feathers. It was a very gay and agreeable sight, notwithstanding the great lack of personal beauty,—which is

to be sought for amongst the lower, rather than the higher classes.

The increasing agitation on Saturday, (Easter-Eve,) was extremely amusing; the natural vivacity of the inhabitants, especially of the lower classes, seemed doubled; although it appeared before hardly capable of increase. I never saw any thing that could be compared to the bustle which animated every part of this populous city.

On Easter-Sunday, my servant presented to me in the morning a basket full of oranges, and of the most beautiful flowers, carnations, roses, hyacinths, *&c.* This day is considered as the festival in which every Christian has a particular and personal interest; and the same sort of compliments and congratulations take place as on a birth-day.

Monday and Tuesday are still holy-days, and the last was extremely cheerful. It is more particularly on such days as these that care is necessary to escape being hit by bowls or stones, in passing through any but the principal streets of the city.

On Thursday, 17th April, I went to the Convent of *St. Anthony of Tarsia*, in quest of Father *de Meo*, nephew and heir to the historian whom I have mentioned. A boy who performed, or rather who ought to have performed, the functions of porter to the monastery, told me that I had only to ascend the first flight of steps, and that I could not possibly miss the Father's cell. But his direction was so far from being accurate, that I had to enter five or six before I could find the right one. In each of these, I found a monk either in or on his bed, not one of whom would take the trouble either to shew me the way, or to explain to me where their brother's cell was situated. At length, by taking them all in succession, I came to him in his turn; and found him also in bed, like all the rest. Nor did he get up after my arrival; but he inquired who I was, from whence I came, and in what town I was born, ere he thought of asking—or gave me time to tell—what I wanted. He informed me afterwards that no more than five hundred copies of his uncle's work had been printed, and that

having been robbed of a great many, he had not one left.

Upon leaving the convent, I went to more than twenty booksellers' shops, without meeting a single creature who knew even the name of the best diplomatical work on the history of their country, (for such this really was),—a work in eleven quarto volumes, printed only two-and-twenty years ago! I really was more vexed at their ignorance than at the dry, careless, uncivil answers which I received from them all. But the latter were provoking enough; and had I felt myself warranted in stigmatizing a whole class of men, on a single day's trial, I should have set down the Neapolitan tradesmen as the most stupid, and ill-bred, in the world. This however would not have been just: I might with as much reason have accused the monks of St. Antonio di Tarsia of shameful laziness, because I happened, inadvertently, to go to the convent at the hour generally devoted to the *Siesta*, or afternoon's rest; an indulgence which the climate has rendered, if not necessary, at

least so habitual to them, that it would be very unfair to abuse them for continuing the custom. I must, however, declare, that there is no city in Europe, as far as my experience goes, in which a stranger will find it so difficult as at Naples to obtain directions from the natives, if he should be at a loss for his way. Their common practice is merely to point with their fingers to that side of the street on which you ought to go, without uttering a single syllable; or they will tell you abruptly, "*Straight on,*" so that you are obliged to make a fresh inquiry at every turn. Yet even this, though very unpleasant, ought to be judged with some degree of indulgence. I have already observed that the Neapolitans are extremely averse from talking, and that they like to spare words more than either time or money; it is a feature of their national character, and in most circumstances rather a good one; and it may well be suffered to pass with the rest.

As I was returning from this fruitless expedition, I saw a young Lazzarone extended on the pavement, and crying, "*Io*

moro di fame!" (I am dying of hunger) with a convulsive hiccough, as if ready to expire. I gave him some small money, but as I saw clearly enough that he was not so near breathing his last as he pretended to be, I retired under an archway, from whence I could observe him without being seen, and from whence I might easily run back to his assistance, if I saw that I had been mistaken. He remained on the ground with the same signs of inanition, for a good while, and I was ready to condemn myself for my want of humanity and uncharitable suspicions, when two or three women went up to him, and they also gave him money. After they were gone the youth began to rise, with all the signs of extreme weakness, leaning on the wall, and tottering to the next turning. I followed him at a distance, and my doubts were soon confirmed by seeing him pass before several fruit-shops, without appearing to remember his hunger. By and by I heard him sing, though cautiously in a low voice,—and I was now tolerably sure that he had no need of my assistance; still, however, I followed him

through two or three windings; till, finding a convenient spot, he flung himself again on the ground before a milliner's shop, where he performed the same scene as in the other street. The young women immediately ran out, and very charitably assisted him. My first impulse naturally was to undeceive them, but why harden a heart which pity softened? and perhaps deprive many an innocent sufferer of the consolation and help to which this *one* impostor had no right? These good girls, I am sure, felt much more delight in imagining that they relieved the agony of a fellow-creature, than they could feel satisfaction at discovering a cheat. God forbid that I should ever anticipate the work of age and experience, in withering and drying up the generous feelings of youth!

On Tuesday, April 29th, the whole of the upper part of *Vesuvius*, from the foot of Mount *Somma* upwards, was so completely covered with snow, that there was not a single black spot to be seen upon it. The next day it had almost entirely disappeared; but on the 1st of May the whole

country was again white with the frost. The season was indeed cruelly severe; and the blossoms of all the orange and lemon trees, and other flowering shrubs, had been cut off by the cold, the rain, and the wind.

CHAPTER XVI.

Second Visit to La Cava for genealogical Researches—Fondness of the Author for this Pursuit —Particulars of the Journey from Naples— Lodgings and Mode of Living at Corpo di Cava —Description of the Archives—Elucidation of an obscure Point in the Succession of the Princes of Salerno.

ON the 30th of April I left Naples for *La Cava*, where I intended to spend some time in genealogical researches, concerning my own family. It may seem strange to some of my readers, that a citizen of Geneva should be so much attached to his pedigree, as to think it worth his while to shut himself up in a monastery during the finest days of spring, in the most delightful country in Europe. But it is nevertheless true. I spent a whole month at *Corpo di Cava*, in a room where one of the windows had not even a frame for glass, and the other had only half a one. My

dinners were proportionably bad; my furniture far from comfortable. The goats' milk for my tea or coffee in the morning, (for cows' milk was not to be had) was brought from the town of la Cava, two miles off. I had no other ink than shoe-blacking, until I got some from Naples; not to mention many other inconveniencies, which might, under other circumstances, have deterred me from so long a stay. But having undertaken this journey in a great measure for a specifick purpose, I would have borne much greater hardships, if necessary, to obtain the satisfaction I sought for. Till I gained my point, I laboured twelve hours every day in the archives of the convent, and four hours at home, making in all sixteen hours of fatigue out of the twenty-four;—my only recreation being, now and then, some conversation with the truly respectable abbot and the archivist. Of the former I have spoken in another place. The latter, *Don Luigi Marincola*, was at first so much afraid of me, or rather, as he told me afterwards, of my ardour and perseverance at

work, that he kept out of my way as long as he could, so that during the first days I was constantly alone; but after he had met me at the abbot's, who had invited me to dinner with him and two other gentlemen, we became very good friends; and it was a gratification to him to see me take so much trouble in deciphering the venerable manuscripts placed under his care. Some persons tried to make him believe, that it might be dangerous to leave this important repository at the discretion of a person who had an interest in some of the parchments which it contained: he told me of the groundless suspicion; and I suggested to him, as the best answer to such objectors, that the deeds derived their authenticity and value peculiarly from the place where they were kept, and where they had been registered for ages; and that an official copy of them was much more useful for personal objects, than the originals themselves; for what would be the value of an unauthenticated original in private hands?

Had I been a member of some reigning dynasty, my views in seeking for the

proofs that my ancestors had been sovereigns in this part of the kingdom of Naples, might perhaps have justified a certain degree of distrust and reserve; but in the case of a citizen of one of the smallest Republicks in the world, it would have been absurd to entertain any suspicions, or to oppose any obstacles to the gratification of a very innocent vanity. Besides I had set out by informing the abbot of the precise facts which I meant to ascertain and verify; and they were hardly less interesting to the history of the middle age (at least as far as Benevento and Salerno were concerned) than to that of my own family. In fact, my complete success enabled me to clear up some important historical points, for which there had hitherto been no other vouchers than our family records;—an authority which however sacred in my own eyes, could have had but little weight with others.

I shall not enter into a defence of my warm attachment to what many readers may possibly deem foolish, old-fashioned, unphilosophical prejudices. Let every man entertain his own opinion on this subject

without quarrelling with me for mine. It would be easy to show that the pride of ancestry is not only perfectly consistent with good sense and sound philosophy, but the parent of generous feelings and noble actions; while a contempt for such distinctions will generally be found to have its root in ignorance, or in some of the anti-social passions

But enough of this.—What I shall have further to say of the archives of La Cava, will have no reference to myself; but to the study of the antiquities of the middle ages.

I had started from Naples rather late, and only drove as far as *Torre del Greco* on the first day of my journey to La Cava. There I found as good a room as I could expect, and a landlady willing to promise every article of food upon which I could set my fancy, but unable when put to the test, to perform any part of her liberal promises. Instead of the fish, roast veal, and salad, to which I had, with great moderation as I thought, confined my selection from her unlimited bill of fare,—I was

obliged to content myself with an omelet, some cheese, a fennel root, and a couple of oranges; the account of which, with bread, salt, pepper, and butter to fry the omelet, she contrived to run up to five carlini and a half. On sitting down to supper, I observed to my hostess, that she had forgotten to give me a knife. "Oh! as to "*the* knife," said she, "I am sorry you "must do without it; my daughter has it "in her pocket, and has taken it to church "with her."

I had intended to set off at four o'clock next morning; but the ass, and the guide whom I had engaged on the eve, not only came much later, but came at last without a saddle; and the man had to run over the whole town to procure one. When at length he had got one, there were found to be no stirrups to it; but as it was now six o'clock, I would wait no longer, and set off with this imperfect equipment. I soon found it so fatiguing to ride without stirrups, that I preferred going on foot; and the guide not being able to succeed in fastening my travelling bag on the beast, was at length compelled to

carry it all the way on his own shoulders, so that the donkey was the only one of the party who enjoyed the journey quite coolly and at his ease. I completed my journey of fifteen miles without stopping; and being extremely hot and fatigued when I reached the monastery, I did not stay a moment with the abbot, but requested him immediately to send one of his servants to direct me to the lodging which he had been kind enough to engage for me beforehand, in the *best house* of Corpo di Cava. The landlord, *Domenico Scapolatello*, had formerly been a servant of the monastery, and was now retired with a family of sons and daughters; the latter were very good looking, and the wife of one of the sons was a perfect beauty. I found the whole family very civil and attentive.

My dinners were as uniform as possible. During the first days they consisted of soup, four small pieces of fried veal, a salad, two fennel roots, cheese of buffalo milk, and two oranges. Afterwards, the fried veal, which I did not like, was exchanged for fried brains, but there was no other

variation during the remainder of my stay. The wine, which was exceedingly bad at first, was tolerable afterwards. The buffalo cheese, which I tasted for the first time, pleased me well enough: it is rich, and very like our best cheeses of goats' milk; its usual shape is that of a long cucumber, with two very thin ends. I had some idea of trying the meat of the buffaloes, which is eaten here; but understanding that it was both very fat and very hard, I relinquished my intention, notwithstanding the sameness of my meals. But as I breakfasted before six o'clock in the morning, and only dined at six or seven in the evening,—on my return from the archives, after twelve or thirteen hours of hard work,—I did not much care what I got to eat. My dinner was despatched in less than ten minutes, and I should have grudged a longer meal, even of more inviting food.

The archives, owing to the admirable order in which they are kept, occupy but one room of the monastery, and that not a very large one. There are, in all, be-

tween forty and fifty thousand deeds, the greater part of which are on parchment; they are not rolled up, as is usually the case, but neatly folded in long squares, like a merchant's letters; each being docketed on the back, with a number belonging to the document, another indicating the drawer to which it belongs, and a short compendium of its contents. They are tied together in parcels of twenty, the numbers of which are also noted on the back; the first parcel of each drawer is numbered 1 to 20, the second 21 to 40, and so on, up to 300, which is the number contained in almost every full drawer. There are 120 drawers, (called *arcæ*, in de Blasi's and de Meo's works,) and two closets. By these means, the parchments are preserved from dust, and kept in the best possible state. There is an inventory of the contents of the first sixty-four drawers, but not of the rest. The order observed in their classification is not chronological, but refers to the district to which every paper relates. For instance, in the same bundle of deeds, relating to

houses and other property in the city of Salerno, there are some documents of the year 800, and others as late as 1350.

Property appears to have changed hands more frequently under the Lombard Princes, than in other states, owing chiefly to the custom of the husband always giving, on the day after his marriage, one quarter of his whole fortune to his wife, which quarter was generally disposed of in favour of persons of *her* own family, or even of mere friends. One of the most remarkable deeds, written in Amalfitan characters, is a donation by *Rigalis*, Duchess of Amalfi, (great grand-daughter of Prince Gaifer of Salerno, and wife of John Duke of Amalfi) to the Protospatharius Nicetus, her god-father. I call it remarkable, not on account of this circumstance, which is common to many others, but on account of the characters in which it is written, which are very different from those used at Salerno. They are not, however, so much unlike the usual characters of the age to which they belong, but that I succeeded

in deciphering them after a few hours' study.

Manso, Duke of Amalfi, father of this John, with whom he had already shared his Dukedom, seized upon the Principality of Salerno, for his son and his daughter-in-law Rigalis, on the failure of the elder branch of Gaifer's dynasty; but he was soon obliged to retire, and make room for John II., son of Lambert the Tuscan, who was uncle of Rigalis, and grandson in the male line of Prince Gaifer. (This Lambert was surnamed the Tuscan, on account of his mother Bertha, daughter of Adelbert, Marquess of Tuscany: he was son of Arechis, one of those sons of Gaifer, whom the Emperor Louis had taken as hostages, and sent into Lombardy.) The historians of Salerno had not hitherto been able to account for the appearance of these two Johns, I. and II., on the throne of Salerno, because they were ignorant of their connexion with the dynasty of the Gaifers: but the ancient genealogy of our family had made me aware of these circumstances, and I communicated them to the abbot and archivist of La Cava, as two of the points

which it was my object to verify. They had little expectation that I should succeed in a few days in what *Maynier*, *de Blasi*, *de Meo*, and others who had spent several years in the study of these archives, had failed of accomplishing: but those antiquaries, not having any reason to suppose that such proofs existed, did not look for them with sufficient accuracy. In fact, the old chronicles and annals, some of which are supposed to have been written very near the times of which they treat, contained nothing that could lead moderns to suspect a connexion between these two princes (who were considered as intruders) and the family whose possessions they held.

This may seem a matter of little moment to those who look contemptuously on the history of a small country; but the mode of succession adopted by the Lombards cannot be indifferent to those who look for something more than battles and slaughter, in the annals of great nations. *Arechis* was also father of *Azzo*, whose son *Trasmond* became Duke of Spoleto, and Marquess of Camerino, in 983,

and was already Marquess of Tuscany in 981. This Trasmond, (the fourth of the name,) is recorded in his proper place in Father *Don Giancolombino Fatteschi's Diplomatical History of the Dukes of Spoleto*, but without the explanation which I have been enabled to give of the reason for his occupying that station. I am inclined to believe, that the line of succession was not absolutely invariable among the Lombards; but they never chose their princes except from among the lineal descendants of one who had reigned, taking the female lines in default of the male. With that pretended *lex Salica**, which the French authors have invented, and to which they falsely attribute so high a degree of antiquity, the Lombards were wholly unacquainted. It is highly probable that all the Dukes of Spoleto and Princes of Benevento, who do not seem to be connected

* It will be evident that I am not speaking in this place of the real old Salic law, (which ought more properly to be called the Salic Constitution,) but of that supposed part of it, which excluded women from the succession to the great feuds; the falsehood of which is proved by numberless examples.

by any common link, were really allied to each other by blood; and I dare say that the proofs of it are still extant somewhere, though hitherto they either have not been discovered, or have not been properly understood. I had intended to visit the archives of Farfa and Monte Casino, which offer a rich harvest to the amateurs of Lombard antiquities; but want of time obliged me to limit myself to those of la Cava. I trust, however, that I shall yet be able to explore the former, and to extract ample materials for a correct history of that generous nation, which has been so infamously misrepresented and calumniated by the satellites of Popes and usurpers.

One thing sometimes occurs which greatly enhances the ordinary difficulties of researches of this kind. I allude to the practice, not uncommon amongst the Lombards of those times, of changing their names. In doing so, they at first merely superadded the adopted name, as, for example, *John called Peter*; but after a while they dropped the ancient name altogether; and you can hardly guess that the *Peter* whom

you have before your eyes, is the *John*, for whom you are looking. I knew this to have been the case in one particular instance, where a Prince adopted the name of his stepfather; but I had no suspicion that three brothers should each have adopted three different names, at the same moment, which I afterwards discovered to have been the case.

What I could add on this subject, may be interesting to lawyers, or well placed in a history of the jurisprudence of the Lombards, if such a work be undertaken, which I trust it will, by some person competent to execute it. It is high time to renounce the stupid admiration, which so many generations have thought themselves bound to profess for the Roman law. Common sense ought to have sufficed to point out the absolute impossibility of perfection or harmony in such a prodigious multitude of laws framed under a variety of governments, whose basis and principles were diametrically opposite to each other;—under a limited monarchy, under an oligarchy, under a republick, (first

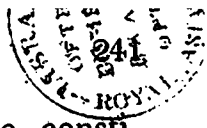
aristocratic, then democratic;)—in times of complete anarchy, and of the most outrageous despotism;—laws framed to suit a small colony in its cradle,—a powerful republic in the zenith of its glory,—an empire in the abyss of slavery and corruption!

It would require deep juridical learning to draw and illustrate a just parallel between the Roman and the Lombard systems of laws, with all their necessary consequences on the morals and on the happiness of mankind. My information on the subject is much too superficial to allow me to think of attempting the task; but I may perhaps induce some lawyer to undertake this arduous, but glorious work. One remarkable circumstance which has never been sufficiently attended to, is this; that though every person was allowed, by the constitution of the Lombards, to choose the law under which he desired to live and to be judged, the instances of people choosing the Roman law were very few, and of those who chose the Salic Constitution still fewer. Charlemagne, who cer-

tainly was neither liberal, nor mild, nor good, durst not introduce it into Italy, after the success of his infamous invasion; though it seemed to be his interest, no less than his wish, to extirpate the very name of Lombardy and of the Lombards; and though the vile Bishop of Rome, who consecrated all his usurpations, would probably have been ready to favour him in this also, from the hatred, which animated him and his predecessors against a nation which was too generous and too high-spirited to submit to the government of priests and monks. It may be proper to observe, in this place, that so far from usurping any part of the church lands, the Lombard Princes and their subjects carried their prodigality towards monasteries to an extravagant pitch, and thereby contributed to their own fall. I admit that a great number of the donations still extant, were probably fabrications of the monks at a later period; for they bear evident marks of falsehood, which it does not require the sagacity of a *Mabillon* to detect; but enough remain unquestion-

able, to prove the truth of my assertion, and the unpardonable falsification of history on this point, by the interested testimony of reigning impostors.

To return to the Lombard laws; I must close the subject with a single observation on their general tendency, which has been either ill understood, or wilfully misrepresented. They were the most moral that I can conceive; for they left no room for those family feuds, and hereditary vows of eternal hatred and vengeance, which other systems gave birth to and encouraged. Fiscal punishments are as effectual as punishments ought to be; for while they inflict severe pain, in depriving the convicted person of many, and sometimes of all those enjoyments and comforts which constitute the happiness of life, they leave untouched his innocent relations and friends. But capital, and more particularly infamous punishments, never can be justified, because their effects are indiscriminate and irretrievable; and a legislator ought to beware of laws which tend to fix the stain of infamy on persons whose spirit of honour



and integrity might perhaps have constituted the ornament of their age. No man I trust will be found in our times, whose heart could incline him to the horrible system which prevailed in France, and in a great part of Europe, before the Revolution.

CHAPTER XVII.

Excursions in the Neighbourhood of Corpo di Cava, Vietri, Raita, Marino, Citarra—Arrival of the Prince and Princess Yablonofsky and their Party—Further Excursions—Santa Quaranta—Salerno—Its Castle and Cathedral—Church and Monastery of San Lorenzo—Curious Funeral Solemnity.

I HAVE already endeavoured to give some idea of the enchanting scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of *Corpo di Cava*, particularly from the spot called *Pietra Santa*. I shall now add a few observations on the principal places and villages near it.

La Cava, as I said before, is at the distance of two short miles, on the way to Naples; *Vietri* is not quite so far off, on the road to Salerno; and the distance of the latter town is only an hour's comfortable walk. La Cava and Salerno are about the same distance from each other, and the

road between them is, in my opinion, the most beautiful spot of ground in Europe. As far as Vietri the scenery is entirely rural; but there the view opens at once on the magnificent Bay of Salerno, and upon the town, which is the most picturesque object I ever saw.

Vegetation is not, however, so fine in this part as I had expected to find it; for I had imagined a country embellished with lofty palm-trees, of which I saw no more than four or five on the whole way from Naples to Pæstum. Orange trees are not to be seen except in gardens, until you reach Salerno, where they are planted in groves. There are some fine Pomegranates, and a great number of Carob trees, the fruit of which (the locust-bean) is very nutritious, and is of great use to the poorer classes. But on the whole, our trees in Switzerland are much finer and more picturesque than those of the south of Italy. It is not therefore in the vigour of vegetation and the shape of the trees, that the beauty of the country consists, but in the prodigious variety of the undulations of the soil.

Just below Vietri is the pretty village of *Marino*, which is chiefly inhabited by fishermen. A little to the right, on the face of the steep cliff, stands the singular town of *Raita*, which struck me no less by its extreme neatness and its comfortable and even wealthy appearance, than by the inconveniency of the streets, or rather terraces, on which the houses are built, one above another, so as to be almost inaccessible to weak and delicate persons. The inhabitants of *Raita* were grown wealthy by commerce. War had, however, greatly diminished their prosperity, which I trust will return with the other blessings of peace.

It is a curious circumstance, that the very next town to this flourishing place should be the poorest in the district. I mean *Citarra*, where I was told that no less than four hundred persons had been starved to death that winter, making more than 13 *per cent.* on the whole population of three thousand souls! The government was at length terrified at such an horrible excess of mortality, and bestowed an aid of three *grani* a-day to the poor, while the famine

lasted. Only five or six died at Corpo di Cava, out of a population of four hundred and fifty; I mean *died of hunger*, for here too it was felt, in spite of the abbot's charitable cares. He formerly kept a table for one hundred paupers every day; but that noble institution fell, of course, with the income by which (in conformity to the foundation-statutes, which enjoin hospitality to all strangers without exception) it had been supported. The abbot has another cure, which is much more miserable than this; and it was probably during one of his excursions to the latter that the few deaths occurred at Corpo di Cava.

I had intended to pay a visit to *Amalfi*, during my stay at La Cava, but the path which leads thither over the mountain was represented to me as exceedingly dangerous, besides being infested by robbers; and the weather was so stormy as to preclude my going by sea.

Three robbers had assaulted two women in the immediate vicinity of the abbey, on the 11th of May, and I was strongly advised not to venture on the roads, nor even

out of doors, after sun-set; but though I frequently walked alone at later hours, I never met with any accident. The only disagreeable objects that I encountered were the tremendous toads of the country; one of them which I killed was at least eight inches long, and five broad, and its back was so hard and so tough as almost to resist the heaviest stones; whence comes the proverbial expression of *un ruspole sassato* (a stoned toad,) for a man on whom it is impossible to make any impression. There are also large snakes, and some vipers. The bite of the latter is still considered mortal here, probably because the remedy is not applied in time; but it may be that this climate gives a greater activity to the venom than in our more northern latitude. A stout young fellow had died of it within twenty-four hours after the bite, in the very house where I was lodged, a short time before my arrival.

The report of epidemical fevers at Vietri and at Salerno, and in other places, was a much more effectual bar to my wish of exploring the country, though I made due al-

lowance for the usual exaggerations in such cases.

My studies were interrupted in the most delightful manner on the 12th May, by the unexpected arrival of Prince *Yablonofsky*, with his mother, his beautiful wife, his brother-in-law, Prince *Lubomirsky*, and Lieutenant-General *Tchaplitz*, who were come to see the monastery and its curiosities. The ladies had been sadly frightened by the following occurrence on their journey. Their coachman, when they came to the foot of the hill, told them the road was impassable for a carriage, and that they must walk to the abbey. A man, who heard this assertion, assured them that it was false, that the road was perfectly good, and that there was not the least occasion to alight. The coachman replied rather impertinently,—the stranger gave him a box on the ear,—and the Princesses were remarking with surprise how coolly the fellow seemed to submit to the affront, when a loud scream made them aware of the reason of it. A person who was passing, perceived him softly pulling

out a long knife, with which he was on the point of stabbing his adversary, when the former rushed upon him, and seized his arm. There ensued a long and loud interchange of threats and abuse; but the coachman was neither arrested, nor even disarmed! It is easy to conceive that ladies could not be very much at their ease with such a conductor, though they had three gentlemen with them; but he was not to accompany them farther than Salerno.

The same party had been witnesses of another attempt at assassination; their *laquais de place* having tried to stab one of their servants on Mount Vesuvius, and having been prevented only just at the moment of perpetrating his crime. These instances might have excused the travellers for inferring (as others have inferred without equal reason,) that the Neapolitans were a nation of murderers.

When I saw them again, on the 14th, they spoke with such raptures of a walk which they had taken from the Grotto of La Cava to Vietri, and recommended it to me as so beautiful, that I went there imme-

diately after leaving them. Expecting to have found a walk of a mile or two at the utmost, I was not a little surprised to find the distance at least six miles, owing to the numberless turnings of the path, which, leading through Tarboneia and Raita, commands the most picturesque scenery that can be conceived. The grotto of La Cava, the mill below it, and the opening on the bay of Salerno, are three points of exquisite beauty, on this excursion.

On Sunday, the 18th, I crossed the high road, and ascended the hills to the left to the village of *Santa Quaranta*, which is poor without having a wretched appearance. I procured some bread and wine at what was pointed out to me as the inn; where a dozen peasants were assembled under an open shed before the house, one of whom immediately offered me some nuts, another some walnuts, a third ran for a chair, a fourth insisted upon my taking his place; in short, all were eagerly and officiously civil. They were playing (but not for money) at their favourite game of *la Morta*, which consists in one of the players guessing the number

of fingers which the other is going to show, at the very instant that he opens his hand. Their quickness, and the frequency of their right guesses, are truly surprising.

On Thursday, May 22d, I went to Salerno, and visited the castle, which I had the good fortune to find open. Two of the apartments in it are still very habitable, the walls of them having been repaired; but the rest is a mere heap of ruins. I discovered, however, on the wall of what was probably one of the grand rooms of the castle, the traces of a *fresco* painting; the colours of which were almost entirely lost; but the outline of a warrior's figure, which was in a very good state of preservation, was remarkably correct and noble, and proved the whole performance to have deserved a better fate. It was probably the work of one of the numerous Grecian artists whom the liberality of the Lombard Princes brought to Salerno. Had it been discovered at Pompeii, or in one of the old monuments of Rome, all Europe would have heard of its beauty, and drawings of it would have found their way into every

collection: but what antiquary would venture to approve any work of those "barbarians," the Lombards!

These ruins were then merely used as a fold for cattle, whose proprietor sleeps at Salerno; the gate was opened for us by a little boy of seven years old, with a key nearly as tall as himself.

On Friday, I called on *Don Nicola Marone*, Prebendary of the Cathedral, to whom I had been introduced, by the Abbot Mazzacane, as the lineal descendant of the former Sovereigns of the country. He received me very politely, and shewed me the archives of the archbishoprick, where I found some ancient diplomas, and amongst them one to which I could trace the origin of the armorial bearings of my family; but, on the whole, there was very little worthy of particular attention. *Don Egidio Marone*, brother of Don Nicola, also prebendary of Salerno, and secretary to the archbishop, gave me all the assistance in his power; he is a very well informed, clever young man, an ardent lover of history, and particularly of that of his country. From him I derived

a good deal of information respecting the antiquities of the town. The name of *Carnale* is still attached to the field of battle in which Gaifer is said to have destroyed fifteen thousand Saracens. He told me also that the ancient palace of the Lombard princes had stood on the spot now occupied by the church and monastery of *San Lorenzo*,—on the hill above the town, but rather lower than the ruins of the castle. Thither accordingly I went, in hopes of discovering some remains of antiquity; but the poor reformed Franciscan monks who occupied the monastery, knew nothing of former times.

My walk was not, however, wholly uninteresting; for I saw a funeral ceremony, which is worth describing. The corpse of a woman was brought to the church, laid not *in*, but upon a coffin, covered with fine cloth, with gold fringe and tassels. The body was very decently attired, and showed the deceased to have been a person in a respectable station of life; but the only attendants were, a young man who preceded it with a torch, four penitents in

their white gowns and masks who carried the bier, and a woman who followed. As soon as they came into the church, a monk began to sing the Office for the dead, to which one of the penitents chanted, or rather yelled, the responses. The latter had very comfortably seated himself in a chair, with his greasy cap on his head; and during all the time that he was thus joining in the service, he was busily occupied in packing up the mortuary cloth, the gowns, and other paraphernalia, which had been hired for the ceremony. He mingled the two occupations with the utmost composure and impartiality; sometimes singing with one end of the packing strings in his mouth: and the whole proceeding was the oddest burlesque of devotion,—the most comical solemnity I ever beheld. As soon as the singing was concluded, they placed the body in a vessel like a kneading-trough on the floor, and the woman took away the pillows which had supported her departed friend's (or mistress's) head, together with the white shoes from her feet, thereby exposing a pair of ragged stockings. A

trap-door, formed of two square stones, was then raised, and one of the men taking the body in his arms, carried it down a flight of steps into a spacious vault below, where he placed it in an arm-chair, in a numerous circle of dead gentlemen and ladies, who were all in like manner gravely seated round the vault, waiting till the places should be entirely occupied. When the circle is complete, all the corpses are then taken together and thrown without further ceremony into another and a deeper vault. When I observed to one of the attendants, that the stench of all these bodies must be dreadful, and might even be pestilential in summer, the man replied—" What shall I say to you? " it is our profession." (" *E nostra arte.*") Just as if his health and that of his brother " artists" were all that I could be solicitous about.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Theatre of Salerno—Criticism of Monti's Aristodemo —Excursion on the Eboli Road—Minor Lottery— Salernitan Women—Return to Corpo di Cava— Festivities on St. Urban's Day—Dancing and Singing: the Tarantella and the "Nightingale" —Departure from Corpo di Cava, and Return to Naples—Inclemency of the Season.

IN the evening I went to the theatre, which is very pretty, and may contain about a thousand spectators; *viz.*, two hundred, or two hundred and fifty, in the wooden arm-chairs in the pit, and the rest in four rows of boxes, each row containing thirteen large ones, separated by ornaments which have the appearance of white earthenware, and rather spoil the general appearance of the house. The other ornaments are in very light and elegant gilt foliage.

The performance was *Monti's* celebrated tragedy of *Aristodemo*, which on the stage I thought rather less disgusting, though

more defective in its construction, than it had appeared to me in the perusal. It is unquestionably one of the most abominable productions that a man of genius could create. A king who has killed his daughter with his own hands, and who returns to the corpse a few instants afterwards to tear open the bosom and examine the entrails, would be an object of horror even to cannibals! And this is the hero whom Monti has not blushed to represent as an object of sympathy! The highest poetical beauties could not possibly render it fit to be tolerated; but even in point of poetry the play has very little merit. There is indeed one fine scene between Aristodemus and Lisander; and the piece contains many noble lines; but so many of the latter are plagiarisms from the French poets, that it is difficult to know which are Monti's and which are theirs. The scene of the *avowal* is almost literally translated from Racine's *Phédre;* but Phædra is deeply tragical when she confesses a passion which she has so long resisted at the peril of her life; Aristodemus is merely nauseous, when he relates

the perpetration of the most unnatural of crimes, with circumstances too horrible even to think of. His situation is also a bad imitation of that of Semiramis,—itself a bad model. His death is so tediously slow, that one longs to see him done with; and yet during all that wearisome agony, his daughter and friends are standing by like simpletons, without any attempt to save him, or to render him the least assistance. In short, the success and reputation of this tragedy would be sufficient to alarm all the real friends of Italian literature, at the lamentable depravation of good taste in that country which once was its cradle and its home.

The play was not ill performed; the dresses were indeed far from classical, but that was a circumstance of little moment: the actors recited well; but their action had a little too much of pantomimic exaggeration, of which it is hardly possible for the natives of this country to divest themselves.

Early in the morning I had taken a walk out of town on the Eboli road, and had gone

up to a small fort erected on the sea-coast, at about a mile's distance from Salerno. It was mounted with two or three pieces of ordnance, and had a provision of cannon-balls, but no soldiers to guard them: its only garrison consisted of a peasant, his wife, and her sister. The women were alone, and received me with the greatest cordiality: they told me they were only arrived there a fortnight ago; and that they had been so cruelly alarmed by the tempest of the preceding night, that they had expected every moment to be their last. A grazier came shortly afterwards, with two cows and seven heifers which he was driving northwards, and he hired for two carlini (about eightpence halfpenny) the barren rock on which the fort stands, for the use of his cattle, though I should not have thought that even so many goats could have picked up a breakfast upon it. The women were quite delighted to have struck so good a bargain, and told me with an air of joy that they would *eat meat* the next day.

The rain grew so violent on my return,

that I was oblged to give up my intention of going to Amalfi; and after my visit to the archbishoprick and to San Lorenzo, I waited quietly at the inn for the hour of the play. Gazing out of the window, I saw three men pass along the street with a sheep which they seemed to lead like priests to a sacrifice; one of them had a roll of paper in his hand, and the other a basket full of sausages, buffalo-cheese, bacon, ham, and other dainties of the kind. I was soon informed that this procession belonged to a minor lottery, to be drawn with the state lottery; and that these were the prizes. The tickets are ninety in number, at five *grani* each, and the holder of the lucky ticket gains both the sheep and the basket. The adventurers pay their five *grani* (about twopence) inscribe their names and numbers on the roll, and rely on the men's promise to inform them in due time of their good luck, if they win the prize. I could not help admiring so remarkable a proof of confidence and good faith; but "*Ra-*" "*biero,*" who was my informant, seemed

rather surprised that I could see any thing extraordinary in it.

The head-dress of the Salernitan women is more peculiar than any other part of their costume: the hair at the back of the head is powdered and pomatumed, then plaited, and fastened up with a comb; but in front, it is left to its natural colour, and ornamented with a small knot of ribbons placed on the top of the head.

On my return from Salerno, I stopped at Messrs. *Avallon's*, at Vietri, on whom I had a letter of credit from Messrs. Falconnet and Co. of Naples. They are three brothers, very agreeable gentlemen, and the two elder talk French remarkably well.

I was exceedingly vexed not to have been able to go to Amalfi, but the sea was much too high for boats. It was but a poor consolation to me, to be assured that there was nothing to be seen worth the voyage by sea, or the danger of the path by land.

On Sunday, May 25, the whole town of Corpo di Cava celebrated St. Urban's day; and we had a grand evening party

at my landlord's. All the mandolines, guitars, and violins in the place were assembled on the terrace of the house; and there was more dancing and singing than there had been for years past,—in order to do honour to their guest. The *tarantella* being performed by our three young women, who were very pretty and in their gala dresses, I might on this occasion have looked on the dance with pleasure, even for a longer time than the ball lasted, which was between two and three hours; but even these performers failed to reconcile me to this ungraceful dance, which, besides being exceedingly monotonous, contains some hideous attitudes, one of which consists in opening the legs wide asunder, like extended compasses, and then jumping round in this posture!—and this by women! —I therefore begged to hear a song; and the concert began. My landlord immediately sent for the *nightingale* of the country, (as he called him); and a poor boy, the most ragged in the whole place, soon made his appearance. He gave us all the most celebrated songs known fifty miles around.

la Capuana, la Cavaiole, la Nucerese, l' Aivolese, la Celentana, l' Apugliosa, la Tarantella and God knows how many more, the names of which I have forgotten; but which were all, without exception, as dismal as the howling of a dog in a winter's night. I noted down one of these songs (the best to my taste), together with the words. Each verse, in the singing, is divided from that which follows it, by a flourish, longer than the tune; and as the boy could not play on the mandoline, he was at first obliged to hum the flourish himself, which he did with the most curious motion of the jaws that I ever saw, as if he meant to represent the tremulous sound of the instrument, or the movement of the hand of the performer. But an amateur was afterwards kind enough to accompany him on the mandoline; and while he played the flourish in one key, the boy sung in the next key, and yet without singing out of tune, which few persons could have managed. Though he yelled to the utmost stretch of his lungs, yet the audience constantly cried out—" *Strilla più forte,*"

(" scream louder")—and the expression was certainly suited to the sound.

But I would have borne with worse musick even than this (if worse were possible), for the opportunity it afforded me to give a trifle to this poor wretch,—when I learnt that he went every day to *La Cava*, for the bread of the whole town, and brought back four hundred ounces, a mile and a half up hill, for one *grano* less than two farthings!

On Tuesday, May 27th, I took the most delightful walk that I had yet discovered. I had been to pay a last visit to the Pietra Santa, from whence I crossed the woods and thickets below it, to go to La Cava, and returning from thence I passed through *Pasciano*, over the mountain behind Corpo di Cava and the Abbey. The profusion and variety of picturesque points of view which this route presents, surpass all conception. I met some soldiers on this excursion, from the garrison of La Cava, from whom I learnt that they were only four hundred in number, without magazines of any sort, and even without cartridges; so that they

would hardly be able to repel the attacks of a well-armed banditti.

My landlord informed me this morning that he had bought a cloak for the image of the Virgin in his chapel, which had already performed a variety of miracles. He assured me that if it were only spread upon the bed of a sick person it had power to cure him of the most violent disorder in an instant. He quoted four examples of its wonderful efficacy, the last of which was the restoration to life of a servant at the abbey; and I have no doubt but he sincerely believed his own stories. Whatever virtues his miraculous mantle might possess, it at least had not imparted to him the virtue of disinterestedness; for he would have stripped me to the very skin by his exorbitant charges, if my good friend the archivist had not undertaken to check and settle his account. I paid, in the end, a dollar a-day for board and lodging; which would have been cheap in any other country, or in any other place; but it was dear at Corpo di Cava, considering the way in which I lived, and the utter absence of demand for

lodgings. Mutton costs here 8½*d.* sterling a pound; beef, 9¼*d.*; veal, 1*s.* 5*d.*; buffalo, only 5*d.*; a pint of wine, 1½*d.*; and oranges one grano a-piece, (less than ½*d.*)

I had intended to set off very early the next morning, May 28th, on my return to Naples; but the storm of wind and rain, which had kept me awake for the best part of the night in my ill-protected room, not being abated, I was detained till half-past ten o'clock. My two larger bags had been sent before me to La Cava; and my landlord, who accompanied me thither, carried the smaller one. I soon found a *facchino* who agreed to take the whole of this luggage on his shoulders as far as Nocera, the coldness of the weather having determined me to walk. The man entertained me the whole way with wonderful stories of hidden treasures, which no mortal hand could touch, in most of the deserted convents and ruined castles which crowned the hills on both sides of our road, the most remarkable of which are those of *San Severino*, *San Martino*, and *Nocera*.

I ought not to dismiss the mention of La

Cava, uninteresting as the town is in itself, without informing my readers that it is the patrimony of the justly celebrated *Gaetano Filangieri*, whose widow and sons still live there in summer. Don Gaetano was of an ancient and illustrious family, which traces its origin, in the most authentic manner, to the Norman invaders in the eleventh century; but his genius gave him a much more honourable title to respect in the eyes of his countrymen and of all thinking men.

At *Nocera* I took another porter who was to carry my luggage as far as *Torre dell' Annunziata*; but he proved unequal to the task which he had undertaken. He soon grew tired, and lagged behind; and I had to wait for him for several minutes at every half mile, which fatigued me almost as much as him. At *Schifata*, three and a-half or four miles from the end of his labours, he offered eight *grani* to a man whom we met travelling the other way with his wife and child, if he would turn back and carry my luggage for the remainder of the distance;—to which the poor fellow imme-

diately agreed. Eight *grani* (three-pence halfpenny,) for travelling eight miles,—four of them with two very heavy bags on his shoulders, was a hard bargain !—but it was undertaken so cheerfully that I could not resist the temptation of completing his temporary happiness by adding to his hire a few *carlini* out of my own pocket, for which he thanked me with the liveliest expressions of gratitude and joy. This poor fellow, to whom the eight grani so hardly earned had appeared such a blessing, did not complain of his lot; he was much happier, he told me, than many others, since his wife and child had not been starved, nor himself reduced to beg: that all he prayed God for was, to enable him to earn a subsistence for them in any manner, and with any exertions in his power, provided only he could earn it honestly! And this is a specimen of the nation of whose lower classes so many persons affect to speak with reprobation or contempt!

This short journey was far from agreeable; in the course of it I met with a number of wretches who were literally perishing

from want, and many more who looked more like ghosts than living creatures. I had intended to walk all the way to Naples, but being annoyed by the dust (which, in spite of all the rain which had lately fallen, grew very unpleasant,) and not being in a state of mind to enjoy my own reflections, I took a place in a *corribolo* (a sort of gig,) at Torre dell' Annunziata. The coachman offered to drive me alone for eight carlini; but as I should thus have been obliged to sit side by side all the way with a dirty disagreeable fellow, I directed him to look out for a second passenger. None, however, appeared; there was no other vehicle to be had; and I was obliged to set off with him, having agreed to pay him six *carlini* (about two shillings and a penny) for the journey of eleven miles. We had not gone far before we overtook a priest, who, to my great relief and satisfaction, took the seat by me; he made his bargain for 15 *grani* (little more than sixpence;) and another passenger who sat behind paid no more than eight *grani*. I found my new companion extremely well-informed and agreeable, and his conversation by degrees

restored me to better spirits. But, though it was now the 28th of May, I suffered severely from the cold. The whole season had, indeed, been unusually inclement; and vegetation was less advanced than it is at the same period in ordinary years at Geneva. To this cause may be attributed much of the excessive misery which then prevailed. The poor and houseless may struggle through a short winter, without any very acute sufferings; but if the cold season be unusually prolonged, they despond and pine, and in that frame of mind they feel the pangs of hunger with aggravated severity.

The mulberry-trees were covered with women, stripping the young branches for the silk-worms, and leaving the trees entirely bare. At Naples strawberries and cherries were just beginning to be sold. I had seen none at La Cava, but I had, on the 14th May, obtained there for the Princess Yablonofsky a basket of very good figs, of which there were none at Naples. The strawberries have a taste of honey which, to me, is rather unpleasant; the cherries, which were of a bad sort, were not per-

fectly ripe till about the middle of June, when we had them tolerably good, but by no means better than in Switzerland; the apricots were indifferent; the white mulberries very bad. These, I think, are all the fruits which I saw during my stay at Naples,—except oranges, which are by no means of a fine flavour.

CHAPTER XIX.

Visits to the Marchioness of B——e at Capo di Monte—Projected Philological Work of Don Luigi Marincola, Archivist of La Cava—Instance of shocking Insensibility in Neapolitan Females—Grand Religious Procession—Interesting Night Excursion to Mount Vesuvius.

ON Thursday, 29th May, I went to the *Villa Gallo*, on *Capo di Monte*, which the Marchioness of B——e had taken for the season. There can hardly be a more delightful residence than this in the whole world. The park is very extensive and picturesque, the gardens fine, the house good, and the situation commands one of the most magnificent prospects of this enchanting country. Judging of it from its elevated and retired situation, I concluded that it must be one of the healthiest spots in Europe; and I was no less surprised than grieved to find the whole family indisposed. The Marchioness, who so seldom enjoys a few days of respite from her

habitual sufferings, was at that time the only one who felt comparatively well.

On Friday, I had a visit from *Don Luigi Marincola*, (the archivist of La Cava) who brought me a most kind letter from the abbot; the latter having been absent when I left Corpo di Cava. Don Luigi informed me of his intention to publish a supplement to Du Cange's celebrated Glossary; and I strongly encouraged him to the work, for I perceived that it was the only description of study connected with his profession, to which he felt strongly inclined. Whenever I shewed him a deed, for the purpose of pointing out to him some remarkable passage in illustration of the history or manners of the Lombards, his attention was exclusively caught by such words as had not hitherto been properly explained. A man's own hobby-horse will always carry him further than another's into the land of science: besides I am every day more and more convinced of the intimate connexion of the study of languages with history; and I consider whatever may tend to facilitate this branch of learning as of the highest importance.

On *Sunday, June* 1, I went to spend the evening at Capo di Monte, where I had the satisfaction of finding my friends in much better health. Lady B—— held out a powerful temptation to me to prolong my stay at Naples, by offering to take me as cicerone in an excursion of a week to Sorrento, Amalfi, Salerno, La Cava, *&c.*; but I had just been witness to a scene which had struck me with so much horror, that I felt as if I could not quit the country soon enough. A poor woman had expired of hunger in the middle of Toledo; and I had seen several persons of her own sex, some of them very well dressed and evidently above the vulgar, pass by the corpse as coolly and as unmoved as if it had been that of a dead dog! I cannot express how it cut me to the heart, to see so much insensibility in that part of the human creation, whose softness and sympathy is our only consolation under so many afflictions! I really believe that I should have been less shocked to see *men* savagely tearing each other to pieces!

On *Wednesday, June* 4, I again spent the

evening at the Marchioness of B——'s, who had taken advantage of a short interval of health to assemble a few friends, including the families of the Earl of B——, and of Lady P——, together with General R——, and a young countryman of mine, Mr. C——. The weather was delightful, and we fully enjoyed it on the terrace, where the two Miss W—gf—ds sung some beautiful *notturni*, accompanied by the guitar. Vesuvius was magnificent; and as it threw up more fire than it had done for some time past, Mr. C—— and I agreed to ascend it on the following night.

On *Thursday*, *June* 5, there was a grand religious procession, which the Countess of B—— had invited us to see from the *Palazzo Sangro*. No place could be more favourable; we saw the whole of it perfectly; and those who had witnessed the same ceremony at Rome the year before, thought this a much finer exhibition. The King walked in it on foot, with all his principal officers. But there was a want of dignity, and even of decorum, in the procession, for which nothing could make amends. The

people shewed too evidently that they walked in it for their amusement, not with any religious feeling; few of them seemed to attend to what they were about, and the general effect of the ceremony was rather ludicrous than imposing. Every person in the procession carried a lighted wax taper of large dimensions; and all of them, except the King and his immediate suite, were lackeyed by a ragged Lazzarone, catching in a sort of paper *save-all* the melted wax, as it dropped down from the tapers. The musick too, was so noisy and of such a lively character, that it seemed better suited for a wedding than for a ceremony in honour of the Almighty. The only striking circumstance was the immediate passage of the King and his Court through two rows of soldiers, three deep, and all kneeling,—the holy sacrament being carried before him under a canopy of white satin.

C—— and I dined at the *Villa di Sienna*, with our mutual friend W—— who had consented to make one of our party to Vesuvius; and we set off upon this excursion about six in the evening.

It was about half past ten when we reached the foot of the craters, which were both tremendously agitated. The larger mouth *(la bocca grande)* threw up, at irregular intervals, immense columns of fire, shrouded in the blackest smoke, mixed with sand, which as it fell covered our hats and clothes, and filled our eyes and our ears. Every explosion of fire was preceded by a bellowing of thunder in the mountain. The other mouth, which is called the smaller one, was much more active; the explosions followed so quick on one another, that we could not count three seconds between them; and as the stones which were emitted were fourteen seconds in falling back to the crater, there were always five or six explosions, (and sometimes more than twenty) in the air at once: the stones were not thrown up perpendicularly in the shape of a pillar of fire, as from the other crater, but in that of a wide-spreading sheaf, which produced the most magnificent effect that can be imagined. We observed that one stone was always thrown very much higher than the rest,—I should think as

high again. The smallest of these stones were of the size of cannon-balls, the greater number like the largest bomb-shells, others were rocks of four, five, or six cubic feet, and some of enormous irregular dimensions. The latter generally fall on the ridge of the crater, and roll down its side, splitting into fragments as they strike against the hard and cutting masses of cold lava. Some of these stones, even while on fire, are extremely hard, and cannot easily be cleft even with an iron wedge; but the larger ones are like a paste of fire, and while they are of a red heat are easily divided into smaller pieces. We went to one of these burning masses at the distance of a gun-shot, broke it into three pieces, and brought them back to our stand ere they were extinguished; for they retain their redness much longer than iron on a smith's anvil. The sides of the crater, spangled with these ardent stones, look like a starry sky, thickly interspersed with moons. The smoke emitted by this crater is white, and its whole play is inconceivably brilliant. But the other, though less active, is much more

terrible,—principally because its detonations are irregular and uncertain, while the thick blackness of its volumes of smoke partly hides the fire which it vomits. Both craters occasionally burst at the same instant with the most tremendous fury; and sometimes mingle their stones,—but their smoke never. One would expect that the matters thus thrown up, their substance being a paste of fire, should make little noise in their fall; but this is not the case; they resound like the rolling of the hardest rocks from the summit of a mountain; and the hail of smaller stones produces the same effect on the ear as the clatter of the falling roof of a house on fire; sometimes it is very like the crack of thunder when the bolt has struck some object close at hand.

Any person who could accurately fancy the effect of five hundred thousand sky rockets, darting up at once to a height of three or four thousand feet, and then falling back in the shape of red balls, shells, and large rocks on fire, might have an idea of a single explosion; but I doubt whether any imagination could be suffi-

ciently exalted to conceive the effect of one hundred explosions in the space of five minutes, or twelve hundred or more in the space of an hour,—as we saw them.

And yet this was but a part of the sublime spectacle which we had to admire; for we had not yet seen the rivers of lava, which rolled their waves of liquid fire on the other side of the mountain. What we had seen was a splendid fire-work, such as supernatural beings might have prepared for some heavenly celebration; what remained behind was a terrifick revelation of the mysteries of hell; and Dante himself would have blenched at the idea of describing it. Scenes of such tremendous sublimity are only debased and disfigured, by the efforts of poetical description; and simplicity of language affords the only escape from affectation and bombast: but it is not easy to find plain words for the description of things, the mere remembrance of which entirely overpowers the mind and confounds all our ideas.

The place from whence we had hitherto observed the double eruption, was the sea

of petrified lava, which I mentioned in my first excursion. The larger crater was on our left; the smaller and most active, immediately before us; the sea on our right. Salvator, our guide, made us now turn to the opposite side, and wind round the great crater, to the side opposite Mount *Somma*, along the ridge of a hill entirely formed of volcanic eruptions, and in such a state of fermentation, that Salvator boiled some eggs in one of the crevices under our feet, by means only of the heat and steam of the soil. The larger crater now concealed the other from our view; and we were left in utter darkness,—with the exception of the feeble light of our torches, and the occasional flashes which pierced the clouds of black smoke on our right; but when we had advanced a little further, we found the whole scene illuminated by the river of lava, which gushed out of the valley formed by the craters and the hill we stood on: it was narrow at its source,—apparently not more than eighteen inches in breadth; but it quickly widened in its progress, and soon divided in two branches, one of which

was at least forty feet broad, the other less; between them they formed an island, below which they re-united into one broad current, which at length was lost to the sight in the deep windings and ravines of the mountain. These rivers of fire, upon which we looked down from the top of an immense precipice; the black rocks on the other side of the abyss, whose dark fronts were just visible in the gleam; the fantastic shapes which this dubious light shewed in every direction, at longer or shorter distances; the horrible gloom of night in every part that was not illuminated by the glow of the lava; the tremendous detonations which we could now more distinctly hear,—never, never, can I forget my sensations at that moment! Never can the awful impression of all these elements of terror be effaced from my mind!

After remaining for some time speechless with wonder and awe, on the ridge of the precipice, we descended into the gulf to examine the source of the lava, in which we plunged our sticks, and took some impressions of coins,—standing on a bridge formed

over it by a former emission now petrified, through the cracks of which we could see it roll under our feet. This was a dangerous spot, for the crust which formed the vault was but thin, and likely soon to crumble into the torrent: but a sense of danger forms an essential part of the terrible attractiveness of the spectacle we had come to see. That feeling was soon increased by a shower of red stones which now fell around us, and some even at a considerable distance beyond us. Salvator enjoined us immediately to retire, but at the same time warned us not to run, but to keep looking up as the only way to evade the stones, against which the most rapid flight was no security. They are visible at so great a height that one has always time to move out of the direction of their fall; and they are too large to threaten you with more than one or two at a time. In short, we escaped from every danger; and the only circumstance that was particularly disagreeable to us, was the sand which filled our eyes at every explosion from the higher crater.

I could not possibly have guessed how

long we had remained there: time and measure cease to exist in these dreadful regions. On our way back our torches went out, and we were for some time left in utter darkness. Matches introduced into the crevices of the path immediately caught fire, but the wind blew them out ere they could be communicated to our torches. A party of English servants, men and women, who were coming up at that moment, relieved us from this embarrassment; and soon after, the glimmer of their torches, as they moved on in the darkness, added something to the picturesque effect of the scene, to which our looks were frequently turned back. It is very dangerous to venture on this road without lights; the ridge along which it runs being narrow and exceedingly rugged.

One caution ought not to be omitted. The vapour of brimstone, as we stood on the brink of the current of lava, was so strong that even our guide was almost overpowered with it. He assured us that this sulphurous smell was very wholesome. This may, or it may not, be true, if but a

slight portion of the vapour be inhaled; but I am confident that, in the powerful degree in which we experienced it, it might quickly prove fatal to persons of delicate organs. We certainly were not the worse for it, though we staid there long enough to take impressions of six pieces of coin one after another, in liquid lava, and to allow it to cool and harden.

We returned from thence to our former station at the foot of the smaller crater, and remained there till two o'clock in the morning; nor should we even then have thought of retiring, if our friend W—— had not been too much fatigued to bear up any longer. The moon had risen, but it proved of little use to us; for there was a dense fog on the mountain, which thickened as we descended. Although we had used the precaution of sending one of our guides before us to order coffee at the hermitage, we had ourselves arrived there and had waited nearly half an hour, and still there was none ready: we therefore preferred going on to Portici without stopping for it*.

* We paid for this excursion eight ducats and four car-

Every traveller complains of the indolence and brutal incivility of the "Hermit!"

I cannot take my leave of Vesuvius without adding a few lines to my former remarks upon it. I said that the spectacle of the volcano in full activity could produce only immoral effects; and this I repeat. The impression is deeply poetical, but such as to awaken all the worst feelings of the human heart. The boundless and irresistible power of destruction, which is here seen at work, conveys no lesson of instruction to mankind. It can do nothing but terrify: and terror is one of those ignoble, worthless emotions, which tend to debase the soul. The idea of God does not naturally associate itself with this tremendous spectacle; for God is good, mild, just, and unalterable: while the power which is here displayed seems wicked, cruel, malignant, and full of caprice;—subject to numberless unexpected changes, which preclude all possibility of calculating its effects.

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lini in all (1*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*), or twenty-eight carlini for each person; being less than the price of an Opera ticket in London.

CHAPTER XX.

Naples: Reasons for visiting it in the Summer—Works of Art in the Palace of the Prince of San Severo—Opera of the "Orazi e Curiazi"—Remarks on the Musical Composers of Italy, France, and Germany—Vindication of Neapolitan Genius—Excursion to Sorrento—Officious Priest, and knavish Innkeeper.

ONE of my chief enjoyments at Naples, was the beauty and abundance of the flowers. A very large nosegay, composed of roses, carnations, and orange-bloom, cost only five *grani* (about two-pence); the carnations in particular are the most beautiful that I remember to have seen any where.

Summer is, on the whole, the right season for enjoying Naples. I never thought the weather oppressive, nor do I know from experience what the bad effects of the *Sirocco* can be. The climate, of the month of June at least, was the most delightful that I had experienced in any part of Europe.

I seldom spent a single hour of the day within doors, for it was to me a real enjoyment merely to breathe the open air. Another of my indulgencies was to linger at night on one of the stone-benches on the Mole (sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning,) gazing at the intermittent flame of Vesuvius, listening to the bells of the ships in the bay, and musing on things that were past and on things to come; nor did I ever meet with the least accident or annoyance, even at these unseasonable hours.

Another advantage in visiting Naples during the summer is, that the poverty of the lower classes is much less perceptible at that season than in the winter; because the land and the sea then afford them abundance of food, in fruit, vegetables, and shell-fish. It was a frequent amusement to me to watch the young Lazzaroni dive for the latter: at times more than a dozen pairs of feet might be seen above the water, and not a single head. The most productive species of shell-fish is that which they call *Voncole*, of which excellent soups are made; and the boys who dive for them will

sometimes earn the value of four or five carlini a-day.

The beauty of the sky also contributes to render the people much more cheerful in summer. I heard a young Lazzarone one evening ask his companion how long he meant to stay where he was? His friend answered, "till that star shall be there;" pointing successively to different parts of the firmament; and this was not the only opportunity I had of observing that the contemplation of the heavens, on a fine starry night, was one of their pleasures.

It was such a climate as this which alone could have given birth and life to such a genius as that of the celebrated Prince of *San Severo*, of the *Sangro* family; one of the most extraordinary men ever known, for the prodigious variety and depth of his knowledge in every thing that related to the arts and sciences. His individual acquirements in a multitude of different branches, would equal those of a whole catalogue of distinguished artists and learned men.

The mention of this eminent person fortunately reminds me of a chapel in

his Palace, which contains some very curious statues. The most extraordinary of them is a female figure (*Chastity*, I believe, or *Modesty*,) covered from head to foot with a veil, through which she is seen, as through a thin gauze. It is almost impossible to conceive the excellence of this piece without seeing it; and even after seeing it, one is tempted to distrust one's own recollection of so wonderful a production of the art. The sculptor's name was *Corradini*, an artist every way worthy of the protector he met in this illustrious Prince. One of his disciples, *San Martino*, executed another statue of the same kind in this chapel, —a dead *Christ* in his sepulchre, covered with a sheet: but the conception of the latter belongs exclusively to Corradini, and was probably even sketched and begun by his hand. There is another statue of the same class, which attracts much attention; it represents a man entangled in a net, which entirely covers him, though it touches his face and body only in a very few places; the net is worked out of the same block of marble as the statue, and must have re-

quired prodigious patience, and some skill in the artist: but there is nothing in the beauty of the invention which can be compared with that of the first-mentioned statues. Nor could I consider this work as very marvellous, after having seen the Emperor Peter I.'s collection of works in ivory, —in which there are a great many pieces in the same style, laboured with unequalled skill.

Thursday, June 12, I went to *San Carlo*, to see the "*Orazi e Curiazi*," which was represented for the benefit of Signora *Chabran*. The house was quite full,—an honour which was due to Cimarosa, whose musick has not yet been equalled by any of his numerous competitors. I must say, however, that the character of this musick might have better suited another subject. The French composers,—whatever may be said of them by people who are more fond of quoting dead authorities, than capable of forming a judgment of their own,—are the only ones who contrive to make the musick so strictly adapted to the poem, that you frequently forget the former in the in-

terest which it lends to the story. *Gretry*, *d'Alayrac*, and *Mehul* have accomplished great things in this school. The *Blue-beard* of the former is a perfect masterpiece; and it required more stupidity and more want of taste than seem compatible with the least degree of talent, to presume to substitute for it such wretched stuff as Mr. Kelly introduced on the English stage,—where the title and the overture alone were left untouched by his debasing hand. *Dussek* and *Steibelt* attempted in vain to compose new musick for *d'Alayrac's Camilla*; and the former told me himself that it was a foolish endeavour, but that the managers (I forget whether of Drury-lane or Covent-garden,) insisted upon their making the trial. *Mehul's Stratonice*, *Melidor and Phrosine*, and other operas, are full of admirable scenes; his *Duo* of *Jealousy*, in *Euphrosine*, was considered by *Haydn*, and will ever be accounted by all persons of taste, one of the most glorious monuments of the art. *Cherubini* (who belongs to the same nation and school, notwithstanding the Italian termination of his name,) has risen to the ex-

treme verge of sublimity in his *Medea;* and he alone could have composed musick in strict accordance with the horrible poem of the "*Orazi e Curiazi.*"

The mind of a Neapolitan is too delicately framed, too sensual to form a correct idea of a barbarian, who tramples under foot the sacred ties of friendship, love, and nature, for the senseless word of *patria*,—(senseless, I mean, in the mouth of the subject of an absolute king.) Abstract *love of country*, divested of all idea of filial piety, fraternal affection, conjugal love, and friendship, is to my conception utterly unintelligible! Cats are the only animals that I know of, that are capable of it;—cats, and the Frenchmen of the first years of the Republick, who broke all ties and violated all the most sacred duties for a mere word! Orazio, who first kills his best friend, the brother of his wife, and the bridegroom of his sister,—and then his sister herself, because she mourns the loss of her lover;—Orazio, who declares himself ready to murder his own father for the interest of Rome,—is a brute worthy to have

had a seat on the benches of the revolutionary tribunals at Paris, Lyons, or Nantes! What I have said of the government of Rome under its kings, will, I trust, show that this opera is not less absurd than it is atrocious. I had often seen, or rather heard it before; and I had tolerated the words (which indeed I did not much attend to), for the sake of *Cimarosa's* delightful musick; but this time, as ill-luck would have it, I heard every syllable, of the impious and ferocious expressions which it contains, and I could hardly keep my seat, for indignation. The singer who performed the part of Orazio was a tall, clumsy, and ugly fellow,—more like a bull than a man,—quite a proper figure for such a character. *Signora Fabré* could not be compared to Catalani,—still less *Signora Chabran* to Grassini; yet the execution on the whole was very good, and the singers were listened to with more attention than on any other night; which must doubtless be attributed to the masterly talent of the composer whose musick they were singing.

I spent one of my mornings in this week in selecting a thousand, or twelve hundred pieces of Roman and Grecian coins from a full chest, which a goldsmith had sent me. I was much interested with the boy who brought it. He was not more than eleven or twelve years old, but extremely clever and well-informed for his age; and some of his questions, as well as many of his observations, were such as would have done honour to an Etonian. Yet he was but an ordinary apprentice, and probably had not received a much better education than other youths of his rank and his age. But writers, in general, have been too lavish of abuse towards the Neapolitans of every class. The Italians of the North are, in this respect, particularly illiberal. It is quite natural that cooler climates and less delightful countries should produce a greater number of studious and learned men; but I do believe that when a Neapolitan seriously applies himself to the arts or sciences, (which is not so very rarely as their detractors would make us believe), he generally at-

tains a much higher degree of perfection than any other Italian. Under the denomination of Neapolitans I include, of course, the natives of other towns of the kingdom. Salerno, for instance, has given birth to a great number of celebrated men, and its school of medicine is too famous to require my praise. Amalfi, which is now reduced to a few houses and its archbishop's palace, was the native place of *Flavio Gioia*, the inventor of the compass,—or at least of the manner of using it *. But why should I ransack antiquity, while the ashes of *San Severo*, *de la Torre*, *Galliani*, *Filangieri*, and so many more are yet hardly cold? I must observe, that a great many of the most laborious authors were men of

* Much has been said and written, for and against the opinion which attributes this invention to Flavio Gioia, (whom some authors have named Giovanni Gioia, or Gira); but I have as yet seen nothing that amounted to a satisfactory argument on the side of his antagonists. As the Amalfitans were considered as the most renowned merchants and the greatest travellers of the middle age, that circumstance alone adds great weight to the belief that they were the first Europeans who used the compass.

the first families of the kingdom; a circumstance which does the highest honour to the Italian nobility. I think I have already mentioned the Archbishop of Tarento's book on the pretended rights of the Pope over the kingdom of Naples: he has not put his name to it, but I believe he does not deny the authorship.

Wednesday, June 18.—I set out upon an excursion to the southern, or south-eastern coast of the bay of Naples, and (as I then intended) to the corresponding coast of the bay of Salerno, particularly to Amalfi; which, however, fate would not permit me to see. It is really inconceivable that such a town should have been chosen for the council of 1059, if the roads were not *much* better and more practicable then, than they are at present. How could the Pope, and so many bishops endure the trouble and fatigue of climbing these horrid rocks, which would frighten any but the inhabitants of the most mountainous countries? It must be supposed that they all went by sea; but in that case they might have been kept prisoners there for

weeks by the weather. Or perhaps when Amalfi was a Republick, or while it flourished under its own Dukes and the Lombard Princes of Salerno, there might have existed a road which time has since destroyed. Murat had begun to make one, but the work has been discontinued; and this once celebrated place is now almost inaccessible.

I left Naples at half past three in the afternoon, accompanied by a lad of that country,—*Salvator Caffire* of Meta, near Sorrento,—who proved the best little servant I ever had: he had frequently rowed me to my usual bathing-place in the sea, and was glad of an opportunity of visiting his native village. I took seats in open calashes as far as Torre dell' Annunziata; or rather as far as the place where the road branches off to Nocera and Castellamare, close to Pompeii: there we alighted, and walked to Castellamare through a fertile and agreeable plain, but over a very dusty road, on which there is no side-path for pedestrians. One of my companions in the last calash, was a young surgeon, of

good information and extremely gentleman-like manners, who was called to La Cava for the amputation of a leg,—for which, if he saved the patient's life, he was to receive eighty ducats—but sixty only if he failed. He had studied at the expense of the province (Salerno), and was, on that account, obliged to attend every person within its limits, who chose to call and pay for his assistance. I observed to him that his profession, though a noble, was a cruel one.—"Yes," said he, "we make our way* at the expense of other people!"

The inn at Castellamare is a very good one for this part of the country; the beds were clean, and the dinners well dressed: it was called the *Trattoria della Sorte*, (the Inn of Fate), and was kept by Giuseppe Moscatello. Its situation on the shore (strada marina) gave me the prospect of Mount Vesuvius with its torrent of lava, which produced a grand effect at night.

* The expression of "*si cammina*," which I have not been able to translate more accurately, will be better understood by those who know the Italian language. It may mean either, "we travel," or "we advance in the world."

I thought Sorrento much nearer than it really is; and as I am not fond of boats, I resolved to perform the rest of the journey on foot: there is, indeed, no other choice; for the path lies over very steep rocks, which in many places form a sort of ladder or stairs, every step of which is much too high to make it practicable for mules or asses, with any degree of comfort. But walking among these rocks is a fatigue, which the beauty of the various prospects does not sufficiently compensate. I had already had more than enough of it at *Vico*, which is only half way,—about six miles from both places; and I determined to embark there for Sorrento. Happening to inquire of a priest whom we met, where I could find a boat, he began by asking me a hundred impertinent questions; such as who I was, what I was, whence I came, whither I was going, where I had been, *&c.*; and then interrupting himself, and bidding me wait a little, he turned to a youth who was with him, and said to him—"I would "cover thee with infamy; *infamiâ afficerem*; "—I would beat thee; *verberarem*,"—with

many similar expressions. The threatening commencement of this address had alarmed me for the boy; but I soon perceived, that he was only learning a lesson in his walk, and he had not learned it well, for he could not say a single word of it. After repeating it once or twice, the priest turned to me again, chucked me under the chin as if I had been a child, and then began a long speech to his disciple, as to what he was to do to get me a boat, what he was to say to the boatmen, how he was to bargain with them, and particularly that he was to make me go into a house to put on a change of linen, ere I embarked, after being so heated with my walk! But I was in a hurry, and preferred leaving out the latter part of his instructions. We had hardly taken our seats in the boat, when I saw him come down to the sea-side after us, probably to add some information to his former speech: but he was so angry when he learnt that I had not changed my linen, that I almost expected to see him put in practice the Latin lesson which he had been teaching

his young companion. I assured him that I was going to follow his advice immediately,—and I did so as soon as we had got clear out of the port.

There are some very noble rocks along the coast; but I was, on the whole, much disappointed with the scenery which it offers. Neither is *Sorrento* very remarkable for the beauty of its buildings; but it has one great advantage over most other towns on this coast, which is that its streets are on a level.

The inn at *Sorrento* is detestable, and the master of it a downright thief. As soon as I arrived, his wife came to me, accompanied by all her children, whom she sent away a moment after on pretence that she wished to speak to me in private. She then showed me her book of strangers, and begged me to read it, and to tear out a page on which she suspected that a traveller had written something to the discredit of her house. She gave me a reason for this proposition, which decency does not allow me to repeat, but which was far from showing her in a favourable light. When,

therefore, I did find the sad complaints which one of my precursors had noted down in German, asserting that he had been most shamefully cheated by the landlord,—I deferred complying with her request till I should be able to judge of the truth by my own experience, though she came back five or six times to know if I had found the passage and torn it out. Her husband's countenance displeased me exceedingly; and a puff written in very large characters, and stuck up in his shop, vaunting his unshaken fidelity to King Ferdinand, and stating as the only proof of his loyalty, that he had constantly retained the King's portrait, *at the peril of his life*,—gave me a still worse opinion of him. He came to ask me for money to buy provisions for my dinner, and I gave him six carlini, which were more than sufficient to pay for the fish, maccaroni, and a piece of roast meat which I ordered. After this I went out with his son, to see the *magnificencies* (as they called them) of the city of Sorrento. They consist of three or four ruined monuments at the Bishop's

Palace,—a bust of Torquato Tasso, the head of which had been cut off by the French,—and the prospect of Santa Agatha, which did not repay me for the fatigue of climbing up a steep mountain, by a very rough and disagreeable path. It is true, that I was grown extremely difficult to please in respect of scenery. Howbeit, my greatest disappointment in arriving at the top was to find that I could not possibly see Amalfi, which the guide had assured me was distinctly discernible from thence. He now informed me that I might see it, but imperfectly, if I went a great deal farther; "but," said he, "if you wish to see *Caprea*, you shall "see it as plain as if you had it in your "hand, by going to that spot, (pointing to "the summit of another hill) about a mile, "or a mile and a half from us." Though I had had such recent proofs that his veracity was not to be depended upon, yet I went to the spot which he indicated, and even two or three miles further; and at length I did see the island, as well as the place where the town was said to stand, but it

was utterly impossible to distinguish the least part of it. My shameless liar told me, that it was indeed impossible to distinguish any thing "with the naked eye,"—but that there was a house at some distance further, where we might find a perspective glass. I now began to perceive that he was merely endeavouring to make me lose time, and to walk till it should be too late to leave Sorrento that evening; and, I insisted upon his taking me home immediately: but he contrived to lead me through so many out-of-the-way places, that it was half-past six ere we reached the inn again.

My dinner had been ordered to be ready at four o'clock, but it was not yet even preparing, and I had to wait for it till after seven. It did not comprise a single thing of what I had ordered; but consisted of the worst sorts of shell-fish, a piece of very bad beef, and fritters which, however hungry, I could not have eaten.

I observed to the people, that I had ordered nothing of what they had prepared; and I desired to have my bill imme-

diately. The landlady busied herself,—not in bringing the bill, but in preparing a bed, assuring me that it was too late to set off, and that I should pay nothing for my accommodations but what I thought reasonable. I said I would assuredly not stay if I were not satisfied with the bill, and that I wanted it in order to make up my mind; but in spite of all my earnestness about it, I could not get it before eight o'clock. The charge was *fourteen carlini*,—thrice as much, at the very least, as it ought to have been. I ought to have refused it altogether; for, having given six carlini beforehand for the provisions, I could not have been obliged to pay more; but I had completely forgotten these six carlini; and I paid the whole sum demanded, declaring, at the same time, that I would not sleep in the house. The hostess begged, entreated, conjured me not to go; she said her husband was a fool, and would ruin her; that he was always acting thus; that I should pay nothing for the bed; and she almost knelt to induce me to stay. But I was resolved, and went to the sea-side for a boat:

there was none, and it grew very dark, but I determined to persevere. It was then that I remembered the money which I had paid in anticipation, upon my arrival; and I sent Salvator back to the inn to demand the restitution of it,—which was refused on pretence that it could not be paid into any other hands than mine. I grew completely angry with the rascal; and returning towards the inn, I was joined by many of the inhabitants of the town, all of whom concurred in abusing the man, and in informing me that he was known for a thief throughout the whole country. The presence of his neighbours put it out of the fellow's power to refuse the restitution which I came for: but not daring to come out of his house, he sent his wife with the money; and she renewed all her entreaties to make me stay for the night. But no consideration would now have induced me to remain: though the fatigue of a walk of more than four-and-twenty miles over the most rugged paths,—a sudden wetting from a very heavy shower,—and a broiling sun which succeeded the rain,—

had together produced a pretty smart attack of fever. The night was now set in, and very dark; but finding two men ready to row me to Castellamare, I embarked with them immediately.

I have anticipated a little upon my narrative, in order to do justice to a thief. I must now return to Sorrento, and finish what I have to say of it.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sorrento—Gardens—Wretchedness of the People —Return to Naples—Review of Austrian Troops —Comparative Attachment of the Neapolitans to the Intrusive and the Restored Dynasties—Remarks on the Feelings and Condition of the Lazzaroni—Preparations to leave Naples—Trouble of Passports—Curious Instances of trading Rivalry—Bardarelli the Bandit.

ON my return from the mountain, I stopped at a village called *Massa* for a glass of milk, but two peasants, each of whom had a cow, were together unable to furnish me with more than half a glass, which seemed a little extraordinary; but the men were so civil, and so eager to succeed in procuring me the refreshment I asked for, that I was extremely glad to have met with them. I cannot speak in the same terms of the gardeners of Sorrento. I knocked at the doors of three of them, who would not admit me, "because they had nothing to sell," (that was their answer,) though it rained

very hard at the time. A fourth was more civil, and let us in. The fifth seemed to wish to make me forget the rusticity of his neighbours, for he not only admitted me into his garden, but did every thing in his power to shew his civility in other points. The garden was full of orange and lemon-trees, whose fruits made all their branches bow almost to the ground. I never saw any thing so beautiful. They are all planted in an irregular and very picturesque manner, and the oranges appeared to me infinitely better than any I had ever eaten; the peel was certainly much more aromatic. Such orange-groves would be perfectly delightful, if the earth under the trees were covered with grass, as in our orchards; but it is always carefully dug up, —which, though it may be very good for the trees, is a great drawback upon the beauty of the plantations. Such as they are, however, they are very attractive to an inhabitant of the north; I may even add, that they are the only objects worthy of notice at Sorrento.

The misery which reigned there was

dreadful. On going out of the town, we saw a poor little boy stretched out under a hedge, and so very weak already that he had not even strength to thank us for our assistance. On returning from the mountain, I saw another object of misery, a young man of eighteen or twenty, so horribly thin that his bones really seemed to pierce his skin. He lay stretched on a rock, at the distance of a mile from the town, and far from the public road. I thought at first that he had been sleeping, as he did not beg; and he saluted us as we passed by him, in a tone of voice, whose feeble indistinctness I attributed rather to drowziness, than hunger. Yet there was something in his ghastly paleness, and in the languishing manner in which he had opened his eyes and closed them again, that struck me to the heart. "This lad " has chosen a strange place to sleep in on " a rainy day," said I to our guide. " Oh! " it is not to sleep that he is come there," replied he, " it is to die; he is starving." —" Starving! Good God! but he did not " ask for any thing."—"They won't ask when " they are so far gone; they prefer to die."

I made Salvator run back to him immediately, and followed him as quickly as I could. I had one orange left, the juice of which by degrees so far revived him as to enable him to return to town, and take more substantial food. The fervour with which he blessed me for having restored him to life, proved that hope had been lingering with him to the last extremity. The circumstance of his choosing to die out of town, with his eyes turned up to that sky which was the only blessing left him by nature, made me so melancholy,—and the abominable unfeelingness of the guide, who passed by one of his townsmen in such a situation without offering him the least assistance, though he had money in his pocket, made me so indignant,—that I was but ill disposed to enjoy any thing at Sorrento. If I could have thought that there was so much wretchedness, I should have made my arrangements so as to be able to spend a few days there; but as I had but little money beyond what was indispensable for my journey back to Naples, I really felt very un-

happy even during the short time that I remained.

The ancient walls of the town, in which there are five gates, shew *Sorrento* to have been once a very considerable place; but the present population is not sufficient to occupy one-third of its former extent.

I landed at *Castellamare*, at eleven o'clock in the night, and was glad to find my room unoccupied. It rained very hard all night and for the best part of the following morning. My shoes had been cut to pieces by the sharp-edged rocks over which I had been rambling the day before, and I had not provided myself against such an accident. Salvator found out a cobbler, who stitched them as well as he was able; but they could not have carried me back to Naples. I was therefore very glad to find a *corribolo* (the sort of cabriolet which I have already mentioned,) though I was never in so detestable a vehicle before, except in the interior of Russia. But it went very quick, and I returned in good time to Naples*.

* The whole expense of this excursion only amounted to 7 ducats, 7 cents, (1*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*)

On Wednesday, June 20th, there was a grand review of the Austrians, who were to leave the country a short time after. I did not see it, as I wished to spend that afternoon and evening at Capo di Monte, previous to my own departure; but I heard a great many persons of all ranks speak of it with signs of such interest, that I might have concluded there was some great political event likely to take place in the country ere long,—the rather as Murat's death was disbelieved by a great majority of the lower classes, by whom the French, who had fed and paid their vices, seemed to be generally regretted. Yet King Ferdinand is liked; the Lazzaroni talk of him with affection, while they speak of Murat with evident marks of contempt. But novelty is every thing to people who have little to do, and nothing to lose; it breaks through the uniformity of their life, and animates them with the prospect of amusement, if not of happiness.

Nor, indeed, could any change affect the Lazzaroni in an unfortunate manner. Many of them feel that they are too com-

pletely abandoned to themselves, and that a better regulated liberty might raise them to a higher degree of real worth and manly dignity. It is true that they love their swinish habits, and would probably regret,—perhaps even defend them, if the government were to attempt to control them by a rational police. But there is an internal feeling in men which tells them, in spite of their vicious inclinations, that they are born for something better than feeding, sleeping, and indulging their brutal appetites with the same unreservedness and want of shame as beasts. This is not liberty,—it is nauseous license ; and however an enthusiast for freedom may at first be captivated by the idea of a numerous class left entirely to themselves, without the least restraint or interference of rulers, he will soon put the question to himself, whether it be not better to *force* these individuals to assume the appearance, at least, of rational and (in some degree) of civilized beings, than to leave them, as now, to themselves, to rot on the dunghills which they frequently rake up for nourishment. If they

must, however, be left to perish for want, it is certainly better to leave them as free as possible, than to make such a wretched and precarious existence still more miserable by tyrannical coercion,—as is the case at Rome. A blessing which nature has given, must neither be taken away, nor diminished, except that it may be replaced by a greater and nobler blessing, conferred —if not on the individual,—on the society of which he forms a part.

Although I enjoyed the climate and the beautiful scenery of Naples with all the warmth of enthusiasm; although I had friends there, whose society I preferred to almost any I had ever enjoyed; and though I felt that my health was much better than in any other country which I had inhabited (and I had resided in no less than *seven*, in the course of the last twenty years,) I longed to leave a city where mankind wore such an ignoble aspect, and offered at every step some argument against its presumed rank in the creation.

I accordingly engaged a place in a coach which was to set off for Rome on the 24th of

June: and the preparations for my departure made me aware of a very troublesome circumstance. I allude to the absurd multiplication of passports, or of countersigning of passports, that were necessary in passing over the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples into the territories of the Pope. I had first to apply to our Helvetian Consul, *Mr. Bourguignon*, who instead of simply adding a sheet to my former passport, as is usual, insisted upon giving me a new one,—for which he got a dollar; from thence I had to send it to the police-office, and to pay fifty-two *grani*; from thence to the *Marchese di Circello*, minister for Foreign Affairs, who took another dollar; from thence to the Roman Consul, *Mr. Albertazzi*, who contented himself with half a dollar; then to *Mr. Cordiglia*, the Sardinian Consul, (and I never could make out what good *his* signature was to do me,) and he took half a dollar also; finally, to the Health Department, where I paid *(ad libitum)* thirty-eight *grani*, for a certificate that there was no epidemical disorder at Naples. The whole of these fees amounted only to four

ducats, fifty cents (seventeen shillings;) it was not therefore the sum that I regretted, —but the time which I lost, and the trouble which I incurred. A government whose subjects are starving by hundreds, ought, one would think, to do every thing in its power to draw foreigners to their assistance; instead of which this Government seems to multiply the difficulties of travelling in its territories, as if to prevent the visits of strangers. On my return to Castellamare, I was detained for more than a quarter of an hour at the barrier of Naples, because I had no *card of residence*, without which, I was told, I ought not to have ventured out of the city. This seemed peculiarly ridiculous at a time when Europe enjoyed a more profound, and to all appearance, a more durable peace than for ages past.

Vexed as I was with all the trouble which I was obliged to take, in order to enable myself to leave Naples, I could not but be highly amused by a contest between the keepers of two rival coffee-houses near the post-office; the one at the house No. 14, and the other at No. 15. The former sold his ice-

cream at six *grani* (which was four *grani* cheaper than at any other shop,) the latter sold it at five *grani* (2½*d.*); the latter, one would have thought, ought to have triumphed; but his competitor had a much more powerful voice, and was exerting it to the utmost stretch of his lungs in appeals to all the passengers, holding up his ice-cakes between his middle-finger and thumb, to shew how hard and good, and of what a beautiful colour they were. Whenever a person seemed on the point of entering into either of the shops, the waiters of the next rushed upon him, took him by the arm, and tried to drag him into theirs; their antagonists pulled on the other side: and the poor customers ran great risk of being torn asunder between them. The ice-cream though so unusually cheap, was fully as good as at the greater coffee-houses, but the spoons were of pewter, instead of silver. I was surprised, amidst so much noise, to see no blows ensue; but extremities of that sort are seldom had recourse to at Naples.

There was another contention between two orange-merchants on the Mole, which

afforded me no less amusement. The first began by offering his oranges for one *grano*, the second then offered his for half the price; the first then gave three for a *grano*, upon which the second, not content with lowering his price accordingly, was led on by the heat of competition to stuff his fruit into the pockets of the by-standers, whether they chose to have it or not. In this manner three young sailors got most of the oranges for nothing; and if the baskets had not by this process been quickly emptied, the amateurs would at last probably have even been paid for accepting the fruit.

An event took place just at the time of my departure from Naples, which I could not have believed merely upon publick rumour, but which I was assured by several persons who were likely to be correctly informed, had really happened. The Government was stated to have made a treaty with *Bardarelli*, a famous chief of banditti, to whom they allowed rank in the Royal Army, and a pension of eighty ducats a month, with a certain sum for every indi-

vidual in his company; he engaging in return to clear the roads of three provinces of robbers. It is also said that the robber-chief insisted upon the treaty being signed by an Austrian officer! Bardarelli was not looked upon in the light of an ordinary highwayman by the people of Naples; he never attacked private persons, but only publick couriers, and convoys sent by the government with money to distant provinces: he was even said to make frequent donations to poor merchants and other men in distress who fell into his power, out of his levies on the royal treasury. The innkeepers know him well, and there is not one of them who would betray him; one of them, in fact, told me that Bardarelli frequented his house, and that he paid for every thing nobly. I think it due in fairness to the Neapolitan Government, to observe that they do not merit all the obloquy to which they are subjected by the avowed impossibility of subduing these banditti. There are so many parts of the mountains in which a small and determined band may find an asylum inacces-

sible to regular troops, that it would be absurd to expect the same result here as in France or in England, from the same measures adopted for their suppression; or to attribute entirely to the weakness of the administration, what is mainly the effect of the natural features of the country. A considerable body of Austrian troops, whose courage could not be questioned, gave some degree of security to the roads,—on which they had stationed picquets at the distance of only half a mile from each other: but even in these short unoccupied intervals several robberies were committed, some of them even accompanied with great noise from the clash of arms; and I never heard, that these Austrians had succeeded in capturing any of the robbers who thus braved their vigilance.

CHAPTER XXII.

Departure from Naples for Rome, by a Vetturino—Travelling Companions—Capua—Insolent Waiter at Sta. Agatha—Custom House at Fondi—Outrages of the Banditti; and Reflections on the Means of their Suppression—Portello—Terracina—Night Adventure at the Inn—Pontine Marshes—Velletri—Genzano—Albano—Arrival at Rome.

THE *Vetturino*, with whom I had taken my place to Rome, having requested and obtained from us a delay of twenty-four hours, we did not set off until *Wednesday morning*, *June* 25th. The coach was large, and tolerably comfortable. My travelling companions were—the Swedish Count Ar—— de P——,—the widow of a Neapolitan officer, on her way to rejoin her own family at Rimini,—and a sort of mountebank or quack, who was going to Rome to make Champagne, and to find purchasers for many wonderful secrets,—

amongst which were several valuable astrological calculations. The entry of *Donna Carolina*, the widow, seemed to promise us some amusement, as all the luggage which she appeared to have with her was an umbrella, a foot-stove, and a looking-glass; but we learnt too soon that she had but too many things for our comfort and despatch. The Vetturino had assured me that he would charge me the same price as the Count, who, he said, was to pay him thirteen ducats,—but I learnt from the latter that he paid only twelve: Donna Carolina paid eight; and the astrologer probably less than either of us. The *buona mano* (the gratuity to the driver,) was left to our discretion at the end of the journey.

We stopped for some time at *Capua*,—long enough, in fact, to have visited the ruins of the ancient town; but as the coachman had represented his probable stay there as much too short for the excursion, I did not choose to incur the risk either of losing my place and my luggage, or of detaining my fellow-travellers.

We slept that night at *Sta. Agatha*, where

we found the most impudent and insolent waiter that probably ever existed. The supper was the worst that I had ever seen on a table, even in the wilds of Westphalia; —it was literally impossible either to eat a morsel of any thing, or to swallow a drop of the wine. When we retired to the only room which the Count and I had been able to obtain for our joint lodging, I found that there was no cover to the dirty pillow on my bed; and having called up the waiter to supply this omission, the insufferable insolence of the man enraged me to such a degree, that our altercation ended by my literally kicking him out of the room. I soon perceived that this step was as imprudent as it was unworthy of me; for the fellow put his hands to all his pockets for a knife, with such fury, that had he found one I might have paid dearly for my fit of anger. Very fortunately he had none about him, and I succeeded in bolting him out of the room; after which we heard no more of him, nor did we see him in the morning, the account having been settled over night by the coachman.

I afterwards learnt from several other travellers, that this man was so well known on the road, that all those who had once slept at Sta. Agatha made it a condition *sine quâ non* with the Vetturini, to extend or to shorten the day's journey so as not to stop there; a precaution which I particularly recommend to the observance of any of my readers who may happen to travel this road with a Vetturino. But this mode of travelling is extremely tiresome; and I would not advise any body to adopt it, unless for some very special reason,—such as the company of friends whom it suits better than posting; and even in this case, every exertion should be made, and some sacrifice both of time and money incurred, to obtain a *Milanese* Vetturino, in preference to any other Italian.

But, of all roads, the road from Naples to Terracina is that on which the slowness of this mode of travelling can best be tolerated: for the scenery is quite delightful;—more particularly that of the tract from Capua to Sta. Agatha, which is adorned with a number of beautiful chestnut-trees, and

with hedges of myrtle, which were then in bloom. The harvest was but just begun, and by no means general,—so backward had the season been. The only unpleasant circumstance on this road, is the prodigious multitude of *cigales;* a sort of overgrown grasshopper, that sits on trees, and chirps from morning to night with a most monotonous and tiresome note.

We had nearly met with a fatal accident from the fright which some buffaloes caused to our mules,—which ran away with our carriage, dragged it down from the road into the fields, and were with great difficulty stopped in time to save us from being overturned into a brook. We were not a little surprised at this shyness on the part of our mules towards an old acquaintance like the buffalo,—which is extremely common in this part of the world: it is, however, so wild and savage-looking an animal, that it might well startle a mule who had never seen one before.

We stopped for breakfast at *Fondi*, where our trunks were to undergo a first examination: Count de P——'s and mine gave

us no trouble whatsoever,—which we had been careful to prevent by the ordinary precautions. Half a dollar is so small a sum, in comparison of the vexation of seeing all your things turned topsy-turvy, that it is absurd to grudge this trifling return for the complaisance of the custom-house officers. A German traveller, who belonged to another caravan, thought it necessary to declare that he possessed one *lava*-box, which was immediately registered: I had five, and said nothing of them;—reconciling myself to the omission by reflections on the obvious absurdity of considering *lava*, and particularly *worked* lava, as a fit object for a tax on exportation. Poor *Donna Carolina* had in her trunk, two or three new gowns, and four pounds of *mustaccioni*, or other sweets, for which she had been advised to take a letter of recommendation from Naples, to the custom-house officers at Fondi. All that we could say to induce her to make no use of her letter,—but to allow us to settle the affair for her by adding a trifle to our gratuity to the officer and having her luggage passed with ours,—was una-

vailing; she had been *fidgetting* about these things the whole of the way, and thought she should be lost if she did not make use of this letter; besides, she fancied it would exalt her importance in the opinion of all, to certify her connexion with some of the custom-house officers at Naples. For all these reasons she delivered her letter;—her trunk was opened,—every thing was carefully examined and noted down,—and a bill of charges was made out which nearly equalled the aggregate amount of all that the rest of us had paid to escape this vexatious trouble.

I had no reason, however, to regret the delay which this examination occasioned; for one of the principal inhabitants of the town, an acquaintance of Donna Carolina, spent a great part of the time in conversation with us, and gave us a shocking but interesting account of the cruel situation in which they were kept by the banditti in their neighbourhood. Nobody durst venture to any considerable distance from the gates, for fear of being taken and dragged into the mountains,

where such prisoners are kept until their friends send a sufficient ransom,—which is demanded of them in threatening letters, appointing the time and place where the money is to be deposited. These ransoms are regulated according to the fortune which the family of the prisoner is supposed to possess, and they vary from five hundred to four thousand ducats. A man had very lately been taken, whose son was thus enjoined to send one thousand ducats immediately, if he wished to save his father's life. He immediately sent all the money which he could scrape together; but as it was far short of the sum required, he received in return a packet enclosing *one of his father's ears*, and threatening that the next packet should contain his father's head, unless the remainder of the sum was sent without further delay. This horrible threat had not yet been executed, but the prisoner had not returned and there had been no further correspondence.

The proprietors of large farms on the mountains frequently receive similar demands for their cattle and corn, or other

provisions; which are all destroyed if they are not punctual in the payment of this tribute.

The first thought that occurs at the recital of these atrocious proceedings, is one of reprobation of the government for suffering their existence: but reflection, and the fresh remembrance of the historical details contained in *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, and other admirable works of the same author, are calculated to soften the expressions of indignation and contempt which were ready to escape us. Let us hope that the evil will ere long be extirpated here as it has been in Scotland.

We had to undergo another visit at the custom-house of *Portello*, and there was reason to apprehend that this would be a long and a severe one, because Count de P—— had seriously offended one of the officers; but we fortunately succeeded in making peace, and parted good friends.

No other accident or remarkable event interrupted our journey as far as *Terracina*, where we found a good supper and very good beds. But it was not a night of equal

repose for the whole party. One of the *camerieri* (waiters) had taken a fancy to Donna Carolina, and had given her a room separated by a long gallery from the other apartments. This, and the circumstance of his taking away the key with him, on pretence of giving it to the maid who was to call her up and to light her lamp in the morning, luckily put her on her guard, and made her lie down in her clothes. In the middle of the night the fellow came, "*with Tarquin's ravishing strides*," into her room. She had heard steps in the passage, and was prepared,—better prepared than the wretch, who being surprised to find her awake, stammered some excuse of his having come for the lamp. She bid him go for a light, he obeyed, and she immediately formed a barricade with all the furniture of the room; but it may be supposed that she could not close an eye for the remainder of the night. The next morning she complained of the circumstance to our Vetturino, but he paid not the slightest attention to her complaint.

The road across the *Pontine Marshes* is far

from producing the disagreeable effects which I had been taught to expect. It is much more picturesque than the Dutch roads, which it a little resembles, as well in respect of its flatness, as of the canal along which it lies; and a bad smell is certainly perceptible in some parts of the road; but we all slept in defiance of the common saying, that sleep is fatal here, and none of us felt the least inconvenience from it; though there were nine or ten of us in two coaches, all of different ages, different constitutions, and different habits of body. The air seems not to affect the health of the birds, for they are numerous, and their voices sounded to me more brilliant than any I had heard. But it certainly does affect, in a very sensible manner, those men who *reside* in this district; for every face was thin and pale at *Torre tre Ponti*, where we had to stop for the refreshment of the mules. This was formerly a convent; it had afterwards been turned into barracks; but now it contained neither monks nor soldiers, being inhabited merely by a few persons for the service of the post-house and the inn. The only curiosity of

the place was a woman, who had a beard much stronger and thicker than those of any of the men of our party.

We slept at *Velletri*, where a Milanese gentleman who travelled in company with us, though with another *Vetturino*, had met with a strange adventure on his way to Naples. A Roman lady of rank had eloped during her husband's absence, and was come thus far; but here she repented of her folly, in which it was evident there had been no premeditation, for she had brought no money with her, and only a part of her clothes in a trunk. The inn-keeper, however, would not suffer her to return without paying him; and our travelling companion relieved her from her embarrassment, by lending her about the value of two pounds, for which she insisted upon leaving her trunk in pledge in the hands of the landlord, till the money should have been reimbursed. She then returned to her house, and he proceeded to Naples. The trunk in the mean time remained at Velletri, where the governor of the town took possession of it,—though without re-

paying the money for which it had been pledged. I did not learn that our friend had been reimbursed at Rome, by the lady or her friends.

I had promised myself much pleasure from the beauty of the country through which we travelled on Saturday; it is quite enchanting, particularly from *Genzano* to *Albano*; but a violent rain pursued us all the way, throwing a gloom over every scene.

We arrived at Rome before noon. The gowns and sweetmeats of Donna Carolina cost us a great deal of time at the custom-house, her trunk being the first that occurred; *ours* were not searched, but merely opened for form's sake, and immediately closed again. My bags had been completely wetted, owing to the carelessness of the coachman, and sevreal things in them were spoilt by the rain and the friction; and this termination of my first experiment of a journey with a Vetturino, did not contribute to reconcile me to this mode of travelling.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rome—Illumination of St. Peter's—Fireworks on the Castle of St. Angelo—Excursions to the Environs of Rome—Tivoli—Villa of Mecænas—Villa d'Este—Adrian's Villa—Frascati—Lake of Albano — Castel Gandolfo — Albano—Reputed Tombs of Ascanius, and of the Horatii and Curiatii—The Fochetti at Rome—Unwholesome influence of the Summer Air—Concluding Remarks on the Romans.

ON the night of my return to Rome, I went to see the illumination of the Cathedral, and the fire-works of Castel St. Angelo,—for it was the eve of St. Peter's day. After the splendid illuminations which I had seen at *Peterhoff*, these could hardly appear otherwise than insignificant. I thought the illumination of the church very indifferent, and that of the porticoes absolutely mean; still, they may appear splendid to those persons who have not seen the like exhibitions in Russia. To me the first aspect of them was particularly disappoint-

ing; for the illumination consists entirely of small paper lanterns, of which there are not above eleven hundred in all,—which is at the most but a fifth part of the number that would be requisite to produce a grand effect; but the instant the clock strikes nine, a multitude of torches are seen to dart out of all the windows of the cupola, with such astonishing rapidity, that this second illumination, which is completed in a few seconds, has quite the effect of enchantment. The cupola, thus illuminated, forms, of course, a noble object from every part of the city. But after the first glance, this second illumination produces even a poorer effect than the first, for there are not above eight hundred torches in all, a number though quite sufficient to overpower the feebler blaze of the lamps, yet not enough to form a perfect and brilliant illumination of themselves.

But if my expectations were disappointed in the illumination, the fire-works far surpassed every thing that I had ever seen or imagined. The signal for their commencement is given by a cannon

shot, a little after ten; which is instantly followed by the simultaneous explosion of three thousand sky-rockets, expanding in their flight in the form of a sheaf of corn. I had seen an explosion of fifteen thousand at once in the gardens of *Peterhoff*; but they did not produce the twentieth part of the effect of this one-fifth of their number, thus skilfully managed, and shooting upwards from the summit of the grand Castle of St. Angelo. It is as much like an explosion of Mount Vesuvius as any thing artificial can be;—for even upon us who had so lately seen the volcano in all its fierceness, it really produced for an instant a strong illusion. A beautiful cross fire of all sorts of fire-works ensues, and the scene terminates with another flight of three thousand sky-rockets, similar to that with which it commenced. This certainly is the grandest exhibition of the kind that I have ever seen.

The windows facing the castle, on the other side of the Tiber, are in great request on these occasions, and let at high prices. But a gentleman may enjoy the

spectacle to fully as much advantage from the bridge, or the place beyond it. Ladies however ought not to remain in the streets; where a brutal, rather than a strict police, is maintained by the Pope's guards. I saw them repeatedly push back very decent, well-dressed women with the butt-ends of their guns. Their insolence and rudeness spares neither sex nor age, and forms the most disgusting feature of this administration.

On Sunday, I went to St. Peter's, where the brazen statue of the apostle, dressed in a long robe of gold tissue, and crowned with a tiara ornamented with a great number of precious stones, looked like an Emperor of Abyssinia, receiving the homages of his subjects on his throne.

In the evening the illumination was repeated. The first part of it, in lamps, was more successful, but that in torches much worse, than the night before. The sight of the cupola, which I viewed from several different parts of the town, was, however, very grand.

I now commenced my excursions to the

remarkable places without the walls of Rome.

Tivoli was the first place that I visited. The road to it passes through one of the most desolate tracts of land in the deserted Campagna; but it is remarkable for one interesting natural curiosity,—the *Solfatara*, or *Aqua Zola*, which forms a small lake of the most surprising transparency, the bottom being as distinctly visible as the surface at the depth of twenty-five or thirty feet. When a stone is thrown into the water, it produces, as soon as it touches the bottom, (which is almost all brimstone) a quantity of bubbles, just as if the water were boiling. Many small islands are seen floating on the surface of the lake, formed by the fragments which have detached themselves from its banks, or have risen from the bottom. The ground in its neighbourhood seems to be quite hollow, and ready to fall in; and the strong sulphureous smell which it exhales is extremely unpleasant.

Close to Tivoli, our carriage-wheels passed over a large viper, and we alighted for the purpose of despatching it, to the

great terror of our coachman, who immediately told us the names and histories of a number of persons who had died of its bite; but as the animal had been nearly cut in two, there was no risk of its leaping at us, and therefore no danger in approaching it. We afterwards saw another and a larger serpent, running by our side along the breast-work of the bridge at Tivoli; but it lost itself in the foliage, without attempting to dart at us. Our guide assured us that a woman of the place had died of the bite of one of these reptiles, about six weeks before.

Tivoli did not realize my expectations. The *Cascatelle*, and in general all the waterfalls to be seen there, are defective in one point which I think essential to the perfection of that sort of scenery. The landscape around them is mean; and the moment you raise your eyes from the cascades they fall from very picturesque, upon very unattractive objects. In one single spot only are about a dozen of fine chestnut-trees, the rest of the environs is occupied by the useful but inelegant and monoto-

nous olive. But the cascades themselves are very beautiful, and there are some caverns that richly deserve to be examined and admired. That which is called the Grotto of Neptune is very fine, and immediately put me in mind of the second fall of the Reichenbach in Switzerland: the other, called the Siren's Grotto, is really sublime, the torrent rushing into it with the most tremendous impetuosity, and with a deafening noise. As it is situated in the almost perpendicular face of the rock, it is impossible to inspect the whole of its interior; and our guide was extremely afraid lest we should fall in our endeavours to view it. He first tried to persuade us that it was best seen from a distance; and when we insisted upon going down and looking into it from the edge of the precipice, he held us by our clothes and arms with all his strength, and turned quite pale with terror. I certainly could not have ventured to look into this abyss, without being held by my companion or our guide; but their assistance removed all danger from the interesting spectacle, without divesting it of that

gloomy attraction which results from the mingled sensations of terror and delight.

The *Temple of the Sibyl* is exactly over these caverns, and gives a charming finish to the prospect. It stands within the precincts of the best inn of the place, which we found both good and reasonable. Our coachman pretended not to know even that such an inn existed; his object being to take us to another, where he probably expected to be paid for bringing customers: but my friend L——, who was my companion on this excursion, had been cautioned by some of his more experienced acquaintance against a similar imposition, and we compelled the fellow to find out the place we wanted.

The *Villa of Mecænas* contains very curious water-works, and deserves to be examined. The best way of visiting it is to hire asses at Tivoli, to go down on the other side of the great falls, to pass by some remains of ancient villas, one of which is called *Horace's Villa*, (but not with sufficient certainty to lend much interest to it,) and to return to Tivoli by the Cascatelle

and Mecænas's Villa, which makes a very agreeable ride.

The *Villa d'Este* is more remarkable as a monument of the taste which reigned in Italy during the sixteenth century, than for any well-grounded pretensions to elegance and beauty. It exhibits an immense number of singular contrivances to vary the form and effect of fountains.

The celebrated *Villa of the Emperor Adrian*, which we visited on our way to Tivoli, is extremely curious, as well for the prodigious extent of its ruins, as for the excellent preservation of several of its parts, and the satisfactory idea which it conveys of the magnificence of the buildings of the Roman Emperors. A multitude of the most admirable works of art were found within its precincts, and many probably remain still undiscovered.

Tivoli is much more ancient than Rome, according to the testimony of all the Roman authors and poets. They seem to agree in ascribing its foundation to a Grecian colony; but I should doubt the fact of the Greeks having sent any colony to this

part of Italy in such remote times. It was, more probably, one of the first towns built by the earliest inhabitants of Italy; for the beauty of the situation, the salubrity of the air, and the great abundance and excellence of the water, would point it out as one of the most desirable residences that could be chosen. The Romans would certainly not have established themselves on Mount Palatine, if the hill on which Tivoli stands had been at their disposal*.

My next excursion was to *Frascati*, and it afforded me infinitely more pleasure than my visit to Tivoli. The tract of land through which the road passes is even more desolate than that in the direction of Tivoli, but the mountain of Frascati is much better wooded, and the scenery on this account much more picturesque. The finest trees that I have seen in any part of Europe, flourished there; and I regretted that want of time did not

* The distance from Rome to Tivoli is sixteen miles; the carriage cost us five scudi and a-half, and my share of the whole expense only amounted to forty-six *paoli*,—about one guinea.

allow me to spend several days in this charming spot. I could only give it one day, and was therefore much fatigued on my return; three or four days, at least, must be requisite to see every thing completely and comfortably.

Frascati was probably built by the Tuscans, much about the same time as Tivoli. Its ancient name of Tusculum seems to indicate this origin, though the word has been said to be of Greek derivation, by those who wished to people ancient Latium with Grecian colonies; but these absurd tales, invented by the Grecian philosophers of the degenerate epoch of their servitude, hardly deserve the honour of refutation. The ancient town was on the top of the mountain; and if the excavations, begun by Prince Canino (Lucien Buonaparte,) to whom the spot belongs, be carried on with spirit and liberality, they will ere long offer greater interest and attraction than those of Pompeii. The modern town of Frascati is a good deal lower down, on the declivity of the hill, in a very agreeable situation.

We had hired asses, and went first to

Grotta Ferrata, an abbey which is much visited for the sake of some celebrated *fresco* paintings by *Domenichino*; but if I had not believed them to be much better than they proved to be, I should have been glad to save time by leaving them out of our list of *videnda*. The ruins of some ancient fortifications, which were probably erected by the Goths, are remarkable and picturesque.

We went next to the *Lake of Albano*, which is one of the most curious and interesting spots in all Italy. It is entirely surrounded with hills, and seems to have been formerly the crater of a volcano. Its banks are crowded with beautiful wild fig-trees. This lake having originally no outlet, and having risen to such a height as to threaten to inundate the whole plain beneath, if ever it should unfortunately burst its bounds,—the Romans constructed a canal, or conduit, across the mountain, two miles in length, six feet deep, and about four feet wide, through which the water was let off on the side farthest from Rome. I say the Romans,—for such is the tradition; but I

do not vouch for its correctness; it may have been the work of the first inhabitants of Albano. Of one thing I am certain, that it cannot have been done by the Romans in the days of the Republick; if by the Romans at all, it must be referred, like the Cloaca Maxima, and the Curia Hostilia, to the ages of the early monarchy, or oligarchy; for all these works belong to the same school and style of architecture, and all bear the stamp of heroick times. This noble monument is called *l'Emissario*, from the use to which it was destined; and it is believed that it has undergone no repairs since its first construction.

Castel Gandolfo, where stands a palace of the Popes not remarkable for its beauty, is just above the lake. From thence we went to Albano, along a beautiful road, amidst such stately trees and luxuriant vegetation as would alone entitle this district to be visited, even if this were its single attraction. *Albano* is a very neat little town, possessing some fine remains of ancient monuments. One of the latter bears the name of the *Tomb of Ascanius*, and another

that of the *Horatii and Curiatii*, both no doubt with equally valid titles to these attractive designations; the latter is also called the *Tomb of Pompey*,—a more probable conjecture, though hardly less difficult of proof than the former. This difference of opinion merely proves the difficulty of assigning the right names to such monuments as have no inscriptions upon them, and the absurdity of pretensions to accuracy in this respect. Those by whom these names were bestowed in former times were real quacks in history: the antiquaries who at later periods have suggested other names, may perhaps be entitled to more attention; but they have not in general sufficiently attended to the history and progress of art, which is frequently the only means of ascertaining the age of an ancient monument.

On our way back to Frascati*, we went

* The distance from Rome to Frascati is twelve miles. The carriage, which we kept from six in one evening till the end of the next day, cost us four *scudi* and a half, the asses three *paoli* a head, the guide eight *paoli*; so that my share of the whole expense only amounted to three *scudi*.

to examine the very interesting excavations of ancient Tusculum, which we found sadly neglected. From thence we descended through the gardens of Prince Canino. It was very late when we returned to Rome; having been lighted on our way by the phosphoric twinkling of the *Lucioli* (called, I believe, in English the *Lantern-fly*,) which produces a beautiful effect in the twilight. This insect differs from the glow-worm, not merely by its power of flying, but by a constant intermitting motion of its light, which appears and disappears perhaps fifty times in a minute. As they always congregate in numbers, the clusters of sparks with which they fill the air on a fine night, have a magical effect which cannot easily be described.

The country girls of the mountains of both Tivoli and Frascati are remarkable for their very handsome faces, and fine figures.

On Sunday, July 6th, I went to see the *fochetti*, or fire-works, which I had heard several persons number amongst the chief curiosities of Rome; but I found them ex-

ceedingly mean and miserable. The theatre is however a charming place. It is built within the circular walls of the *Mausoleum of Augustus*, and is of course itself circular. The stage, or arena, is in the middle, around which are several circular rows of seats rising one above the other, with a range of sixty boxes at the top. The general effect of this is beautiful.

I next called upon Captain *Pfyffer*, who discharges the functions of a Swiss Minister at the Pope's court, as well as that of commander of the Pope's Swiss guards. The proverb "*point d'argent, point de Suisse*," cannot be applied to this gentleman; for he takes no fee for the signature of passports; though he might make such a charge with greater propriety than any other minister, since he receives no pay from his government for diplomatick services. He had the goodness to promise to make some researches for me in the Roman archives, as soon as they should be put in order:—for they had been carried away by the French, and a great part of them had not even yet been returned! I can hardly imagine a

more striking instance of the atrocious system pursued by that nation, during its too long career of prosperous war, than this infamous custom of plundering its victims even of their historical monuments!

On *Monday, July* 7, I had intended to go to the play, but I lost all desire to go, upon reading the title of the piece announced for representation. It was "*L' amore irritato da una fatale difficoltà.*" What could be expected from an author, whose good taste had abandoned him even before the first page of his work?

I already began to feel the influence of the unwholesome summer air, though it is not usually perceptible sooner than the end of July. Its effect upon me was an overpowering lassitude, and a constant lowness of spirits, which made me incapable of any enjoyment. I walked about indeed, paid visits, and examined curiosities as usual; but all this I did as in a sort of slumber; and when I tried, in the evening, to review and digest what I had seen and heard in the course of the day, I had only

that confused recollection of circumstances which one experiences on awaking, and trying to put together the uncertain fragments of a dream. At Naples, I felt life animating me so forcibly, that it seemed to act as a substantive and separate power: at Rome, I almost forgot that I existed; and every motion seemed rather the effect of a mechanical impulse, than an effort of my will. Had I remained longer in Rome, I really believe that this state of mind would have brought on a deep decline, and death; and its growing influence might perhaps have even prevented me from taking any steps for my departure, if my preparations had not happily been made during the first days after my arrival there.

Yet Rome was very different in its aspect from the idea which I had received of it from books: its population seemed now greater than it had done in the winter, because it showed itself more out of doors; and the flush of heat spread the false semblance of health, over the livid paleness of the inhabitants,—like the fit of a fever,

which gives the appearance of increasing strength at the very instant that it consumes and destroys it.

The Roman beggars, who seem so ragged and so dirty to those who arrive there from the north, appear on the contrary impudently elegant to those who return from Naples; and their sullen insolence forms a striking contrast with the vivacious rudeness of their brethren in the south. One might be tempted to imagine that the national character of this people is the natural effect of the *cattiva aria*,—with which they inhale arrogance and egotism now in the days of their deep humiliation, as they formerly did at the time of their highest prosperity.

Adulation continues to perform its part among the higher ranks of society, as if they had been taught in the same school as the senators of Rome under the worst of the Emperors. The Pope's arms are stuck up on the greater number of private palaces, as if they were his individual property; and the sycophantick language of the Roman Gazette, whenever it speaks of the Pope,

is perfectly disgusting. It is in the same degree ridiculous, when an opportunity occurs for talking in the lofty language of the *masters of the world!*—and Shakspeare might have embellished the character of Pistol with some very entertaining extravagancies from this newspaper. I shall never forget the article relative to Catalani's concert, which was incomparable in its kind, and of which I regret exceedingly that I did not keep a copy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Departure from Rome—Terni—The Cascade—Strettura—Wretchedness of the Peasants of Umbria—Spoleto—Ancient Bridge—Civility of the Cavaliere F——.—Antiquities of Spoleto—Political History—Perugia—Lake of Thrasymene—Ossaya—Camuscia—Arezzo—Incisa—Florence.

MY departure from Rome was delayed nearly three days by the Austrian embassy, who would not sign my passport on a Saturday,—nor on a Sunday,—nor on the Monday, until after one o'clock at noon. The Roman agents were much more complaisant and expeditious, which I am glad to do them the justice of acknowledging. I got Cardinal Consalvi's permission for post horses on the same evening on which I applied for it; and I set off on Tuesday, July 8, at five in the morning, with Mr. J. B. W——, of Cambridge, in a two-horse chaise, or cabriolet, which I believe he had bought at Paris. It was a very light vehicle, which is undoubtedly

a great recommendation; but this style of carriage is deficient in room for the luggage, is very uneasy on rough and mountainous roads, and very unsuitable for a journey to Italy. My bags, which had been tied with ropes to the outside of the carriage, were cut open by the friction in several places; and some of my most valuable notes from the archives of La Cava were partly destroyed before we had travelled four posts: had I not fortunately thought of examining them thus early, every thing would probably have been lost.

When we had left the gates of Rome, we passed by the same mummies of legs and arms which had decorated the road seven months before; and as no additions had been made to them, I concluded that no highwaymen had been caught in the interval. The country had a less desolate appearance than before, on account of the remains of the harvest; and we overtook numerous caravans of peasants from the *Marches*, who were returning homewards, partly on foot, but more generally in carts,

which they hired in the different villages through which they passed.

We stopped at *Terni*,—where I was robbed of a sum of money, which I had thoughtlessly left on the table of my bed-room at the inn, while I went to see the water-fall. I called twice on the governor of the town, to inform him of the theft, and to claim his interference for its detection; but unable to see him, and unwilling to lose more time and money in endeavours which, in the end, would probably have been fruitless, I resigned myself to my loss. Far from taking this loss into consideration, the landlady only charged us the more extravagantly for our accommodations in the house; and we paid forty-six *paoli* for a detestable supper and two very bad beds, where we were unable to sleep for the bugs. I warn my readers therefore to avoid the inn of *the Post*; the *Albergo Nuovo* (the New Inn) *may* be better, and cannot possibly be worse.

The waterfall near Terni is certainly magnificent: but it is a thousand pities that no path can be constructed which would

afford a close view of the cascade. Seen, however, as it is, it is the finest object that can be conceived, as well on account of the great volume of water, as of the height from which it falls, and of the enchanting scenery which surrounds it. Our cicerone judiciously took us immediately to the delightful vale below, from whence the best views of the fall may be obtained. They are various, and all exquisitely beautiful. The valley, moreover, is one of the most romantic in the world, and is a continual resort of painters: there were no less than three artists from Switzerland alone, residing there at the time of our visit. We ascended from thence to the top of the mountain, to the spot near the canal where the coachman whom we had taken at the inn had orders to wait for us; but the fellow had not thought proper to take the trouble of driving so far, and we had to walk to *Papinio*, where he had chosen to rest. Not being disposed to bear with his impudence, in addition to the theft and the exorbitant charges of his master,—and having our cicerone as a witness that I had

warned him that he should not be paid if he did not drive up the mountain and wait for us there,—I refused to pay him more than ten paoli, of the twenty-six which he charged. This occasioned a mighty uproar at the inn. The fact was, that I wished to make a noise, in hopes that I might see the governor, and complain of the theft; but that was the very thing which the people at the inn were anxious to avoid; and seeing me determined they relinquished the point.

These vexatious circumstances, however, made us lose a great deal of time; and it was half-past three ere we could pursue our journey.

The road from Terni, as far as *Strettura*, is charming: the hedges are full of jasmine, and the vegetation in general is remarkably rich; but the aspect of the village itself was miserable. We saw several children, or rather skeletons of children, whose looks would have pierced the hardest heart. Observing one of them completely covered with the small-pox, I inquired why it was suffered to go out in

that state: the woman I spoke to (the mistress of the post-house) not understanding that I alluded to the danger of infection to others, but thinking that I spoke merely out of solicitude for the child, answered—

"Alas! sir, these poor creatures never "die of any disease, however terrible: "hunger is the only thing that kills our "poor; and God only knows how many "died of it last winter. Our village is the "least wretched of the district, because it "lies on the road, and the travellers help "the poor; but in the mountains the mi-"sery is far more severe; there they died "by hundreds, having for several days to-"gether had nothing to eat but grass; and "they thought themselves fortunate when "they could obtain some of the waste "leaves of cabbage that we throw to our "hogs."

Such was the situation of the peasants of Umbria under the monachal government which Protestant princes have helped to impose upon them! A Cardinal, to whom a magistrate of one of the chief towns had represented that the poor must

perish from want and cold, unless they were permitted to be lodged within the walls of a certain monastery, (which being vacant at the time, had been allotted to them for that purpose, but from which they had been expelled by some monks, who claimed it as the property of their order), very calmly replied—"*Well then, they will go to Paradise!*" I can vouch for the truth of this anecdote;—the cold-blooded atrocity which it exhibits will hardly find a parallel.

We arrived at *Spoleto* a little before dusk, and lost no time in going to view the ancient bridge which had lately been discovered immediately under one of the gates of the town. The public-spirited inhabitants were not to be deterred from pursuing the excavation by the inconveniences of its situation; and a very valuable monument of antiquity has thus been brought to light. I call it valuable, because it adds some notions to the history of art. The bridge which has three arches, is built with large stones, without cement, and white-washed. The arches are not in a

right line with each other, but curved, (which is also the case in the bridge of Rimini,) and they have no key-stone. The middle piers are hollow; and instead of starlings, large heaps of stones lie above the bridge, to break the force of the current. No inscription to mark the date of the structure had yet been discovered. It had been attributed to the age of Augustus; but I should give it an earlier date. It is evident that its existence must have been forgotten long ere the gate was built over it; and its discovery proves how fallacious our arguments may be, when they are founded on the situation of a river mentioned by the ancients: for the torrent over which the bridge had been built, now runs at a considerable distance from its former bed. A number of superstitious tales followed the discovery of this bridge; and amongst others we were told, that it had been the scene of the massacre of seven thousand martyrs!

We proceeded from thence to a convent at some distance from the town, where the remains of an ancient temple have been

enclosed in the church: it exhibits some noble columns, and the frontispiece is remarkable for the breadth of its frieze. The church was probably erected by some of the Lombard Princes of Spoleto; but the darkness prevented us from examining it with sufficient attention.

I had received at Rome a letter of introduction to one of the principal inhabitants of the town, the *Cavaliere F——a*; but, unfortunately, on looking for it among my papers I was unable to find it. I determined nevertheless to venture to call upon him; and I had ample reason to congratulate myself for not having yielded to the reluctance which I could not but feel at presenting myself to him without my credentials.

Mr. F——, is one of the best informed and most agreeable men I ever conversed with; a real and enlightened friend of his country, pure and unexaggerated in his principles, and a sound philosopher; a man, in short, to be selected out of millions as an instructor and a friend. I found him at supper in the midst of his family.

circle, consisting of his aged parents and five of his children; two other children were absent, and his wife was then in child-bed. He received me with a cordiality and frankness, which soon banished all shyness and reserve from our conversation. I never saw the character of the practised man of the world, so happily blended with that of the amiable head of a family; and I determined at once to put off my departure for a little longer enjoyment of his society. I accordingly availed myself of his kind offer to show us the curiosities of the town the next morning. We called upon him as early as five o'clock, and found that he had been waiting for us since sunrise. He received us in his library, where he showed us some interesting works on the antiquities of Umbria, and gave me *Fatteschi's* book on the history of Spoleto; after which he had the goodness to act as our cicerone to the numerous monuments of antiquity which Spoleto contains. The high opinion which I had formed of his character, was strongly confirmed by the respectful and affectionate manner with

which he was saluted by all his townsmen, over whom he had exercised the chief magistracy under the last government;—having fallen back to a private station since the restoration of the Pope.

The most remarkable monument of antiquity in Spoleto, is that part of the walls which had been raised by the earliest inhabitants of Italy; enough of which remains to mark the exact boundary of the city, as it existed before the time of the Romans. There was a fortress on the top of the hill; and the town occupied very nearly the same space as it does in our days,—namely, the slope from the fortress to the plain below. This plan seems to have been observed in all the cities, whose Cyclopean walls refer their origin to the same age and the same nation. The mode of structure of those walls is so very extraordinary, that it is hardly possible that two distinct nations could separately have invented and adopted it, or that the same nation should have persevered in it beyond the age in which it was invented. The walls are composed of stones of every dimension and every ima-

ginable shape; some of enormous bulk, others of a very moderate size; some square, some round, some triangular, some polygonal; disposed without regularity, symmetry, or apparent design; yet so artfully joined together, that three thousand years have produced no change in them, but such as was effected by the hands of men. It seems as if their solidity had wearied out the patience even of conquerors; for they never entirely razed them. But the most surprising circumstance is, that all this durability is attained without cement. It may easily be conceived that very large square stones, placed in a regular manner, may, by their own weight, form a solid and durable wall; but the wonder is that stones of so many various forms and dimensions, should be held together by the mere skill with which they are arranged. It is a work of patience and perseverance, which the mind is at once disposed to refer to the heroick ages.

The walls of Spoleto bear the marks of three distinct dynasties of nations:—the labours of the original inhabitants of Italy

are visible in their foundations;—next follow the works of the Romans;—and the whole is crowned by the superstructure of the Lombards. The different works of these three ages are very discernible together, in some parts of the fortifications.

The ruins of the palace of the ancient Dukes lie beneath the surface of the ground in the modern town. Several arches of it may be seen in the cellar of a dwelling-house, which are thought to have belonged to a portico; but as they are very irregular, I should rather think that they formed various apartments. They are built with the same noble and massive solidity as the works of the first Romans; but the want of symmetry, as well as of elegance, proves their later origin: and the armorial bearing of the *Rowel*, which is introduced as an ornament in several parts of the building, inclines me to the opinion that it was erected about the year 967.

There are some curious remains of theatres and amphitheatres, but they unfortunately belong to convents, and the access to them is so difficult that they

can only be partially seen. If these monuments were cleared out and taken proper care of, they would doubtless attract and detain numbers of travellers, whose alms would save some hundreds of human creatures from the bitter death of hunger. But as these fortunate wretches find the key of Paradise in their agony, the government piously permits them to perish, rather than to occupy a corner of those spacious mansions in which its useful mob of monks holds its state!

The most extraordinary of all these monuments, if indeed it be quite authentic, is the inscription on the gate of Hannibal, relative to the siege of this town,—which the inhabitants, under the conduct of their chief magistrate *L. Caroulius*, forced him to raise. The family of the *Carouli* is still, or was very lately, existing; and there is no sovereign in Europe who can boast of so illustrious, or so ancient an origin, if the inscription can really be referred to the time of the siege.

Besides all these venerable monuments of remote antiquity, there is one of modern

times which deserves both attention and respect for its great beauty and utility. I mean the aqueduct, of more than three hundred feet in height, by which water is conveyed to Spoleto from the mountain behind the fortress; and which at the same time forms a bridge over the valley from one mountain to another.

Spoleto, which might very easily contain thirty thousand inhabitants, or more, is reduced, under the depopulating sway of the Pope, to five or six thousand. It was one of those unfortunate states asserted to have belonged to the Countess Matilda: an assertion not only completely false, but admitted to be so by the most monkish of modern Roman writers, *Father Fatteschi*. Abandoning therefore the claims founded on this pretended title, he attempts to prove that his sovereign had more ancient, and better rights to the possession of the Duchy of Spoleto and Marquisate of Camerino, by the donation of Charlemagne to Pope Adrian. But if this donation were proved, what would it signify? Did not Buonaparte make donations?—of

Naples to Murat—of Spain to Joseph—of Holland to Louis—of Westphalia to Jerome? Does injustice lose any of its essence for having been committed a thousand years ago? Usurpers should be held up to the execration of all ages, whether they lived in the eighth or the eighteenth century;—whether invested with a bloody crown set round with the heads of murdered kings, or with a tiara studded with stolen jewels.

If Spoleto should yet recover its independence, its inhabitants will, I am sure, prove themselves worthy of their origin. They are a remarkably handsome people, cheerful and animated, true Lombards in appearance, in character, and in manners. What elastic vigour must not that race of men possess, of which so many ages of monachal mis-government have not yet been able to extinguish the energy!

We left *Spoleto* about ten o'clock in the morning of Thursday, July 10th, and stopped on the way to *Foligno*, to look at the temple of the river *Clitumnus*, which had been converted into a neat little chapel, re-

stored by the Lombards in the eleventh century. It was so late when we arrived at *Perugia*, that we could get but a very imperfect view of this noble and ancient city, which deserved to be treated with greater honour. But we had resolved to travel on during the night. I found some compensation for this disappointment in the gratification of seeing the celebrated *Lake of Thrasymene* by day-light;—which, independently of historical associations, is very beautiful, though it cannot bear a comparison with some of the lakes of my own country.

We were put to no unnecessary trouble at the custom-house of *Ossaya*, which is the only one in Tuscany on this side of Florence. The difference in the manners of the people who inhabit each side of the frontier is very striking, and is highly creditable to the administration of the Grand Duke. His subjects have an appearance of comfort and cheerfulness, which bespeaks a well-regulated and paternal government.

We breakfasted at *Camuscia*, where the bill for milk, bread, and butter amounted to eight

paoli, but the postmaster was glad in the end to reduce his charge to five. His family consisted of a great many elegant damsels, who told us they had I don't know how many brothers, all of whom of course wished to make a figure at the expense of travellers. One of these gentlemen, who officiated as our postillion, protested that we could not possibly reach the next post with less than three horses; I counter-protested that I would not take more than two; he threatened to walk them all the way; I told him he should be paid accordingly,—and he drove the single pair as well as any of his predecessors. He was very impertinent afterwards, because I would not pay him more than ordinary postillions. I bid him learn better manners, or renounce his trade, and we parted without further altercation: this was at *Castiglione Fiorentino*.

The next post brought us to *Arezzo*; which is interesting as being one of the twelve Tuscan towns, *supposed* to have been capitals of the twelve districts *supposed* to have formed the great confederacy of Republicks in ancient Etruria. But we did

not stay there long, hoping still to reach *Florence* that day. Finding, however, as we advanced that it would be late in the night before we could accomplish it, we stopped at *Incisa*, where we had a tolerable supper and decent bed-rooms for twelve *paoli* a head. The road from Arezzo to Florence is picturesque, but on the whole tiresome, on account of its endless turnings in every direction, and of the infinite number of hills to be climbed and descended

CHAPTER XXV.

Florence—Madame Imbert's Inn—Population, Architecture, Streets, &c.—Music; La Bordichiera—Paternal Government of the Grand Duke—Florentine Women—Monuments in the Church of Santa Croce—Macchiavelli—Michael Angelo—Chapel de' Medici—Church of San Lorenzo—Religious Deportment of the Florentines—Gallery of Pictures and Statues—Artemisa Lami, of Pisa—Venus de' Medici—Niobe—Pictures in the Palazzo Pitti.

WE arrived at *Florence* about nine o'clock on Saturday, July 12th, and alighted at a sort of boarding-house, rather than inn, which had been recommended to my travelling companion. Its situation was very agreeable, being quite centrical, near the piazza, the post-office, and the river Arno. It was kept by a very neat little French woman, *Madame Imbert*, whose charges were extremely moderate, being two *paoli* for a room, and five *paoli* for the dinner, which was simple but good. The servants who

were few in number, were the most attentive creatures in the world. One of them was the landlady's own brother, whom she had taken from the plough; and he was in the habit of pleading his late situation as an excuse for his awkwardness in his present employment. I cannot express how much this simplicity of manners pleased me. The cook was a plain Savoyard, two of the waiters were Florentines, as well as the wife of one of them, who served as porter. Never did I see so many excellent plain-dealing, serviceable, disinterested creatures collected together in one family. The woman whom I have mentioned as performing the functions of door-keeper to the house, was a supernumerary and received no wages; and I never saw any one so happy and thankful as she appeared, for a trifle that I gave her one night when she had run about to several places, after eleven o'clock, to try to get me a supper. The next morning when I went down stairs, she was waiting for me with her little babe, for whom she was preparing some piece of dress; and she presented the child to me, holding the garment

in his little hands, as if to shew me that whatever she gained was applied to his comfort. Her radiant countenance gave me more pleasure than any human face that I had seen for several months.

Florence, seen at a distance, does not appear to be more than twice the size of Geneva, though it must be at least four times as large, judging from its population of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, which is not nearly so crowded as ours. The town looks even thinly peopled, to those who come from Naples and Rome, but it is very fine. There is in its buildings a solidity, and an abundance of rich materials, which immediately convey the idea, not of luxurious elegance, but of proud magnificence, disdaining every thing that is not durable; there are many noble palaces, but there is nothing *aërial* or ornamental in their architecture. The streets are paved with flat stones of all sorts of shape and size, appearing like Cyclopean walls fastened to the ground. The communications between them are not sufficiently numerous; one is frequently obliged to go to the furthest end of

a very long street, to find the way into the parallel ones, which is very inconvenient. The lamps at night are rather disagreeable than useful, on account of their reverberatory plates, which blind the passengers more than they light them. The river Arno, which crosses the town in its whole breadth, was exceedingly low at this time, dogs and goats wading over it in several places. In rainy weather the river is perfectly yellow; it becomes greenish after a few days of fair weather, but is never quite transparent.

The *Piazza del Gran Duca*, near which I lodged, is a grand and noble square, but I was treated every night with a serenade which I little expected to hear in the midst of a large town. The performers were the frogs in the fountain, and the bats and owls in the tower; and the concert which they formed was exceedingly annoying, until from habit the sounds ceased to attract my attention.

But there were other serenades, particularly on Saturday nights, which I liked much better; you meet them in almost

every street, with a long train of hearers, who form a circle round the performers whenever they stop. The performances are seldom very good, but often pleasing, and never very bad. They are moreover always of an extremely cheerful cast; for the Florentines sing the most tragical histories to lively tunes. There was a ballad in vogue at the time, called *la Bordichiera*, which pleased them so much and so universally, that I heard it repeated every where, the whole day, and part of the night, during upwards of a fortnight that I remained in the city. It was called "*The true* "*story of an atrocious and horrid event, which* "*took place in the Bordichiera;*" and the bard began by imploring the assistance of "GOD "IN HEAVEN *to grant him strength and vigour* "*for the narration.*" This beginning, for a ballad, must scandalize a Protestant, but the Roman Catholicks seem unconscious of the impropriety of such invocations on such occasions. The bard proceeds to state, that "a certain John" fell in love with a girl of his village, who swore fidelity, but proved untrue; that she gave him a very

unceremonious *congé;* upon which the lover stabbed her, and the next day stabbed himself over her corpse! All this might well have been told in three or four stanzas, for they are each pretty long ones; but there are no less than fifteen of them, and nobody sang the first without going scrupulously through the other fourteen at a breath. The words are burlesque, from their exaggerated *sentimentality*, and from the incongruous pomp of the expressions. The tune is by no means a melancholy one, and nobody would guess that it was intended to give expression to a tragical story.

It is no very entertaining thing to hear the same eternal song of fifteen stanzas repeated more than two hundred times in the space of a fortnight, particularly when the tune is in itself rather tiresome; but I was so glad to hear singing by good voices always in tune, and frequently in parts, that I patiently endured the *tædium* of repetition. Besides, it is evident that the Florentines sing for their own pleasure; and nothing can be more delightful than

to see people pleased, after having long been deprived of that satisfaction. I never shall forget what I felt, on hearing a poor man exclaim, "*he should be sorry to die that "year, he was so happy!*" This short phrase would have been sufficient to make me love Florence, and bless the Sovereign under whose administration it was uttered. Indeed, the general appearance of the inhabitants, both of the town and the country around, must give the most favourable opinion of the Grand Duke's character and liberality, to every impartial observer,—that is, to every man who is not predetermined to find fault with him, *because* he is an Austrian, or a Prince of the House of Lorraine. He carries economy to a great length; his equipages are shabby, and his liveries quite plain; the young princesses are exceedingly simple in their attire, and every sort of unnecessary expense at Court seems to have been rigidly curtailed. But let us beware how we think meanly of a sovereign, who respects his engagements and the property of his people, more than the admiration of fools and the stupid prejudices of

pretended great men. A dazzling ostentation of magnificence might be politick in those old-fashioned times when subjects looked up to their sovereigns as to beings of a superior nature; but the present generation, who have seen a Bourbon's head brought to the block, and a whole litter of Buonapartes wearing crowns, are grown too wise to adopt the antiquated creed of their forefathers. Some eastern nation may still fancy its sovereign a demi-god; but an European prince must be strangely infatuated to suppose that European subjects can now be kept in awe by the mere *éclat* which surrounds him. The Emperor of Russia, who goes on foot and unattended through his capital, joins private ladies and gentlemen in his walks, converses with them in the most affable manner, plays with their children, and banishes all ceremony from the places which he frequents, is more sincerely respected as well as more warmly beloved, than those of his brethren who never move out of doors without a body-guard, who never look at a person who has not had the

honours of presentation, nor speak to one whose titles have not been verified by the Lord Marshal. The former keeps pace with the age in its progress; the latter loiter centuries behind it.

My stay at Florence was much too short to enable me to judge of the Grand Duke's wisdom in other respects; but the absence of idle pomp in his Court, and the presence of cheerfulness among his subjects, are unquestionable proofs of a fatherly administration.

The women are not so strikingly handsome as in the north of Lombardy; but I think they are, on the whole, the prettiest I ever saw; there is a mixture of acuteness and good nature, in their countenances which is quite delightful; their eyes are peculiarly soft and lively, and their smile uncommonly graceful.

There is a beautiful *promenade* at the west end of the town, for carriages and walkers; it is much frequented by the Florentine nobility, and by all foreigners; as well as by the Court, which, at that time, was uncommonly numerous,—the Arch-

duchess Maria Louisa and the Princess of Salerno, having come to take leave of their sister previous to her departure for Brazil.

I shall omit the names and descriptions of the gardens and palaces: they have been so frequently and often so well described, that my notice of them could not be considered in any other light than as a tedious repetition. But I cannot bring myself to pass by unnoticed some of the works of art, notwithstanding that they have been still more frequently and more minutely described.

The Church of *Santa Croce* is very fine; but it is much to be regretted that the ceiling is only made of timber. The monuments which it contains are not very remarkable for the beauty of their execution, though there is one by Canova, erected to the honour of *Alfieri*, at the expense of his friend, the Countess Stolberg, which I was told had cost eighteen thousand dollars, but there is not the least spark of genius in its design. It represents Italy as weeping on the poet's tomb,—and that is all

—the figure is that of a handsome woman, but destitute of elevation or dignity.

Macchiavelli's monument is simple and good, but the inscription is bombastic and absurd. He was a very clever man; and wrote many good and some bad things. He has been too much praised, and too much blamed. His works can do but little good, except to sharpen the wit of very sober readers, but they cannot do all the mischief that is generally ascribed to them—chiefly by persons who never read them. On the whole, he might be called a very eminent writer, but he ought not to have been exalted above all mankind, as he is in his epitaph.

Michael Angelo's monument is superior to the others in the conception: Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture are represented as mourning his loss; but the execution is inferior to what one might have expected from his own scholars.

The finest thing in this church is a magnificent picture by *Bronzino*, representing Jesus receiving Abraham's family into Heaven. All the figures are portraits, and

that of the Patriarch is not so noble and so grand as one could wish, but they are all uncommonly well painted; the female figures are strikingly beautiful, and there is a most lovely child. The only defect I could observe is, that our Saviour is represented as too stout; the thigh, in particular, is too short and quite fat. With that exception the picture is one of the noblest productions of this sublime art.

The Chapel *de' Medici* is one of the most extravagant undertakings ever conceived. It had already cost seventeen millions of dollars, when the work was put a stop to about eighty years ago!—and as it would cost even a larger sum to finish it, it is likely to remain in its present state. The *Medici*, who had enriched their country by their prodigious trade, might be excused for indulging in a whim of this sort, and for sending abroad a great part of the riches which they had brought home; but the imitation of them would be worse than madness in their Austrian successors. This chapel is an octagon, and contains six magnificent sarcophagi of Egyptian and white oriental gra-

nite, adorned with superb pilastres of *Barga-jasper*, with capitals and bases of brass, which was intended to have been gilt. Over the whole, is a cornice of Elba granite, with a frieze of Flemish touchstone. These tombs are in honour of Cosimo I., II., and III., Ferdinand I. and II., and Francis. Poor John Gaston having found all the places occupied, was to have had a station assigned to him in the choir, which had hardly been begun. The chapel also contains brazen statues of Ferdinand I., who was the founder of the edifice, and of Cosimo II.; the latter is the work of the famous *Giovanni di Bologna*, but is very unworthy of his fame. Around the chapel, on the faces of the several pedestals, are the arms of the Tuscan Episcopal cities, inlaid with precious stones, mother-of-pearl, lapis-lazuli, *&c.*

This chapel adjoins the Church of *San Lorenzo*, whose martyrdom is there represented in a large picture by *Bronzino*, no less remarkable for its faults than its beauties, and much inferior to that which I noticed above, in the church of Santa Croce.

San Lorenzo contains besides some statues by *Michael Angelo*, most of which have been left unfinished. Those which represent females are really disagreeable and in some respects hideous forms. But the statue of *Julian de' Medici*, with his head resting on his hand, in the attitude of deep thought, is very fine. The vestry, where all these statues lie, was built by *Michael Angelo*, and is worthy of the architect; though the cupola seemed to me rather too lofty for its diameter. The church itself is very fine, but not large. I must here observe, that almost all the churches of Florence are only finished inside; the exterior remains in its rough state, like that of Santa Justina at Padua, to the great diminution of the beauty of the city. There were men at work in the *Duomo*, or Cathedral, but only within, and it is not likely to be finished for a long time to come.

A circumstance which pleased me very much in my visits to the churches of Florence, was the pious demeanour of the congregations. They do not appear to come to church for the mere purpose of making

a display of their devotion,—as at Rome and elsewhere; but it is evident that they really come to pray, and that they pray from the heart. I saw many young men, from twenty to thirty years of age, frequenting the places of worship with the most devout deportment; thus affording a very remarkable contrast to the manners of the same class in other parts of Italy.

The celebrated gallery of pictures and ancient statues is less surprising on a first view than the collection at the Vatican; but it is, in my judgment, more interesting, and affords a larger fund of enjoyment. *Niobe and her Children* are not inferior to the group of *Laocoon*,—nor *Venus* to *Apollo;* and there are many other masterpieces, which must be ranked above the other statues at Rome. The *Dying Son of Niobe* is much finer than the *Meleager*: the *Apollino*, the *Wrestlers*, the *Grinder*, the *Faun*, are all perfect. There is an enchanting *Mercury*, and an exquisite bust of *Antinous*. There are also several delightful *Cupids*. As to the pictures, the collection is too numerous, for it contains several bad ones; but there

are perhaps more good ones—more that belong to the higher class of art—than are to be found in the Vatican; though none perhaps that can be placed on a level with *Raphael's Transfiguration*, or *Domenichino's St. Jerome.* The gallery is open till three or four o'clock, and the saloons till two or half-past: the *custodi* are extremely civil and obliging, whether you pay them or not; the rule indeed forbids them to accept any thing, but it is frequently infringed.

I cannot help expressing the horror with which I was struck, on learning the name of the painter who has represented *Judith* in the act of cutting off *Holofernes's* head. The truth of its details is quite horrible; the head is almost entirely separated from the neck, and the blood seems to gush out with the violence of a torrent; and this was the work of a woman!—of *Artemisa Lami of Pisa*, whose name I write with feelings of disgust and execration. I hope to God she is the only one of her sex, who could for an instant endure the idea of representing such a scene! A woman

capable of indulging such ferocious conceptions must be capable of every crime,—and instantly reminds one of the adulteress and infanticide mentioned by Juvenal :—

> Tune duos unâ, sævissima vipera, cœnâ?
> Tune duos?—Septem, si septem forte fuissent.

The *Venus de' Medici* is so well known, that I shall say very little respecting her, except that no man who has once seen the statue can for an instant think of putting Canova's Venus in competition with it. The latter, which is now kept in the *Palazzo Pitti*, is exceedingly pretty; but she is not divine, she is not even noble. She is, however, much more beautiful than any other work of Canova's that I have seen (except perhaps—though that is in quite another style—his *Reposing Lion*, in St. Peter's Church at Rome,) but she has some very glaring defects. Her legs are deficient in delicacy; her waist is not so slender nor her hips so full as perfect beauty would require; but, above all, the outline on the right side, descending from the girdle to the knee, is strikingly incorrect. The antique Venus, in Pierantoni's study at Rome, is, in my opi-

nion, infinitely preferable, particularly with respect to the body and limbs. The face of Canova's Venus is, however, quite delightful; her head-dress extremely elegant; and her attitude charming, though wanting in dignity and self-possession,—the artist seeming not to have been aware that the modesty of Venus ought to be expressed very differently from that of a mortal, or a nymph. The drapery is likewise very good, though it might have produced a better effect, if it had been represented of a finer texture. In short, Canova's Venus is an exceedingly pretty girl, but the Venus de' Medici is the handsomest of goddesses.

I like the plan of appropriating one whole room, exclusively, to that collection of statues supposed to represent *the Family of Niobe*. It is indeed essential to the perfect enjoyment of works of art, that the mind should be directed to the contemplation of a single story at a time, undisturbed by the intrusion of incongruous images. The statues which compose this group are evidently not all by the same hand; two of them in particular are bad copies of two

others; and that of the youngest son can bear no sort of comparison with the rest. The daughter on the left is divinely beautiful, and of admirable workmanship. The dying son is perfection itself: it is impossible to resist the deeply melancholy feeling which he inspires. One of the finest pieces in the present group is an interloper—a *Psyche*, whose attitude pointed her out as a fit representative of one of the statues which had been lost. Her face is not so handsome as that of the other children, and there is no sort of resemblance to them in the features; but it is in itself one of the noblest monuments of ancient sculpture. There is much inequality in the draperies throughout the group, some of them being admirable, and others of very indifferent execution. Mr. Cockerell's system, with respect to this group, is very ingenious, but I doubt whether it be founded in truth. Some of the highest and most difficult beauties of the workmanship would have been completely lost in the pediment of a lofty temple; and there are deficiencies in other points which

one may be confident would not have been neglected, if the figures had been calculated for being placed at a great elevation and seen only from below.

I may possibly be called a barbarian for dissenting from the general opinion as to the transcendent merit of the principal figure,—that of *Niobe*. Her beauty is indeed of a sublime character, but the expression of grief and anguish is not sufficiently marked. The general observation is, that her grief is that of a goddess; and people rest satisfied with this answer, which I own is far from satisfying me. Niobe was not a goddess, she was a *woman*, and a *mother*, and her whole history turns on these two points only. Her mouth expresses rather indifference than any specifick emotion, and her forehead and eyebrows are not sufficiently indicative of her feelings. In this respect the artist has taken a very different view of his task, and I think a less just one, than the sculptor who gave such a sublime degree of agony to Laocoon.

I shall say no more of this extraordinary

Gallery, which is above all praise; but I cannot rest satisfied with silent admiration of the collection of paintings in the *Palazzo Pitti*. I cannot even think of it without a feeling of enthusiasm; and I never form the plan of another journey to Italy, in which it does not hold a conspicuous rank amongst the principal objects of hope and delight. But of all the wonderful productions of human genius which it contains, there is none that I remember with such lively feelings of complete, unqualified satisfaction as the *Dispute on the Law*, by *Andrea del Sarto*. I can understand why a preference is given to Raphael's celebrated *Madonna del Seggio;* but I do not compare the two pictures. Raphael's *School of Athens* is the only picture which could with justice be compared to this glorious masterpiece of Del Sarto, the execution of which is almost as unrivalled as its composition. There are several other pictures by Raphael, one of which, a *Holy Family*, or *Betrothing of our Saviour*, I should prefer to the Madonna del Seggio, on account of its superior composition, though it be

inferior to it in finish. No man can have an adequate idea of the wonderful talents of *Titian*, who has not seen the admirable pictures with which he has adorned the Palazzo Pitti. *Giorgione*, *Rubens*, *Fra Bartolomeo*, *Salvator Rosa*, *Bronzino*, *Carlo Dolce*, *Curradi*, *Caravaggio*, *Schidone*, *Carlo Loth*, the two *Allori*, *Pietro da Cortona*, *Paolo Veronese*, *Rosselli*, *Schiavone*, *Tiarini*, *Lipi*, *Santi di Tito*, *Van Dyk*, &c. &c., seem to have lavished their best and most beautiful works, on this gallery. Of *Guercino*, *Correggio*, *Albano*, there is nothing in this sublime collection but comparative trash. *Guido Reni* has an unfinished *Cleopatra*, of extraordinary merit.

The apartments of the *Palazzo Pitti* are grand and noble, without any symptom of extravagance, and the attendants are remarkably civil.

The external façade of the palace fronting the street is handsome, though the masonry is defective, but the garden-front is completely spoiled by several unintelligible caprices of architecture. The Garden of *Boboli*, which is behind, is en-

tirely laid out in the bad old Italian style, of long and broad avenues: but it commands a most beautiful prospect.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Florence — Climate — Fruits—Personal Character of the Florentines—Dialect—Anecdote—Theatres of Goldoni and la Pergola—Duport the Dancer —Romeo and Juliet—Annual Burning of Flies on the Arno—Church of San Marco—Hall of San Giovanni—Ricci the Sculptor—Florence an agreeable Place of Residence—Florentine Money —The Medici—Digression on the Flattery so undeservedly bestowed on Louis XIV.

IF I were to judge of the climate of Florence by my own short experience of it, I should say that it was extremely mild. The days were indeed hot, though never above 22 or 24 degrees of Reaumur; and the evenings which were generally cool, were sometimes even cold. A breeze is almost constantly blowing from some quarter or other; and the mountains which encircle this small plain preserve it from excessive heat.

The fruit seemed to me better at Florence than at Naples; the melons (*poponi*) are remarkably good, the cherries (*ciliege*) extremely fine, but hard of digestion; the figs very large and excellent, though not superior to those which grow at Geneva. There are no oranges but what are imported at Leghorn and brought from thence to this market; they were at this time both dear and bad, the season for them being almost over.

The Florentines are in many respects totally different from the other Italians. They are more vain than any of their neighbours, and are ostentatious even in trifles. (The reader will remember that, when I speak of the national character, my observations are always made on the lower classes of wealthy citizens, or on the upper classes of tradesmen.) The young men are conceited of their persons, and one hardly sees one of them pass before a looking-glass without stopping to admire himself, or to adjust some part of his dress. Even in the bathing-house I do not think I ever saw one who did not fold his towel round his

head, either before or after the bath, in the shape of an ornamental turban. One of the points on which they display most vanity is their eating; they boast of it as if it were a great distinction to have plenty to eat, and a great virtue to derive the highest enjoyment from it. "I am now "going to dine, or to eat extremely well, "after which I shall rest a while, and "then I shall sup,"—is a phrase which I heard more than twenty times from different persons. They are withal extremely officious, and seldom loth to receive payment for their services. Their politeness, language, and manners render them very agreeable to strangers; and I have seen few societies which I should prefer to, or even like so well as, that of Florence.

The dialect is musical and neat; and there is an occasional abruptness in it, which, to my ear, is very pleasing, though it is far from what is called good Italian. They frequently sin against prosody by shortening the long penultimas, and hardening the last syllables, as if they were accented; for instance, you may often

hear *vĕrò*, *notărè*, instead of *vērŏ*, *notārĕ*. The *c* before *a*, *o*, or *u*, is invariably pronounced like a very hard *h*; they do not say *casa*, *poco*, but *hasa*, *poho*; before *e* or *i*, it is pronounced like *sc*; converting *felice*, *capace*, into *felisce*, *hapasce*. These, and a few other peculiarities, may seem too insignificant to form a distinct dialect; but they really disguise the language so much that I found it as difficult, during the first days of my arrival, as I had done the Neapolitan. I went to a bookseller's, and asked him if there were any books written in the Florentine dialect: he at first affected not to understand what I meant: but when I persisted, and repeated the question in very plain terms, he indignantly told me that "the "Florentines spoke the language of Boc-"caccio and Macchiavelli," and that "they "had no *dialect*." I brought him however by degrees to own, that the language generally spoken at Florence and in the neighbourhood was somewhat different from classical Italian; that it was called *lingua rustica*, and that there did exist a poem written in this rustic tongue,—which I immediately

bought, and by the preface of which I learnt that there were a great many more.

This poem is called, *Il Lamento di Cecco di Varlungo*, and was composed by *Francesco Baldovini*, who flourished in the seventeenth century. I do not remember ever to have read any thing so delightful (except perhaps some of Burns's best pieces,) in the genuine style of pastoral simplicity. It is very nearly as difficult to understand as Neapolitan poetry, which in many points of the dialect it much resembles; but as Baldovini's book has a good literal translation of the poem in Latin verse, on the alternate pages, any one who has a notion of the idiomatic distinctions of dialects, may, with this help, perfectly understand it; and I can recommend it to every amateur of poetical *naïveté*. No one who has an ear and feeling for Theocritus and Burns, can fail to be enchanted with Baldovini.

The *lingua rustica* of Florence bears some very striking analogies to the written dialect of Naples, though there is the greatest dissimilarity in their pronunciation. The letter *r* is frequently transposed: *brullare*

stands for *burlare; strupo* for *stupro*, &c. The vowels are also often interchanged; they say *sprifondare* for *sprofondare, comido* for *comodo, dovidere* for *dividere*, &c. Sometimes they transpose two or three letters together, as when they say *gralimare* for *lagrimare, regilione* for *religione, catrigole* for *graticole*, &c. All these peculiarities of sounds and inversions of syllables, are found in the most ancient authors and poets; and they seem strongly to militate against the universal opinion of the extreme justness of the Italian ear.

During my stay at Florence, I witnessed a scene too creditable to the good feelings of its citizens, not to deserve a place in a book intended to give an idea of the general character of the various inhabitants of Italy. A Frenchman of the name of *Blanc*, who had been established here with his whole family from his childhood and was esteemed and respected for his good qualities, and who had long served the government as courier or messenger, was either suddenly seized with a fit of insanity, or had worked up his imagination to a pitch

of frenzy by fancying that he was persecuted by the postmaster, *Salvetti*. Whichever was the cause, he went one day into Salvetti's room with two loaded pistols, and fired at him with one of them; but Salvetti warded off the shot with his hand, which was wounded, and Blanc was immediately overpowered and locked up in a room, though without having been disarmed. That room, which was just opposite my windows, was on the ground-floor to the back of the post-house; and the report of the pistol, followed immediately by the vehement vociferations of the poor wretch, instantly filled the whole yard with a crowd of the common people of the neighbourhood. He harangued them with a violence and agitation, which sufficiently evinced his insanity, and every now and then he applied both pistols to his temples as if he were on the point of blowing out his brains, as he declared he would. Every time he did so, the crowd shuddered and shrunk back, that they might escape the sight of the horrible catastrophe,—crying out with one voice, "No! no! do not

"kill yourself! Do not, for God's sake!" One or two persons, even at those moments, remained before the window, though in evident agony and certainly with much danger to themselves, entreating him in the most affectionate terms, and in the name of every thing sacred, not to commit so desperate an action. He frequently presented his cocked pistols to the crowd, threatening to fire at some of them; yet they still persisted in their endeavours to soothe him, and dissuade him from suicide. This dreadful scene lasted two hours, for nobody durst venture into the room. Some of his most particular friends at length arrived, one of whom contrived to disarm him while embracing him; after which he was taken to prison, where he attempted to kill himself by swallowing a stick, then by beating his head against the walls of his cell. I am not aware how the affair ended, having previously left Florence; but it delighted me to perceive the excellent feelings evinced by the common people on this occasion. There was not the slightest mixture of that ferocious spirit of sangui-

nary curiosity, which, in so many other places and countries, would inevitably have displayed itself.

I heard several most beautiful voices at Florence, by mere accident. One night in particular I was led on to remain till half-past one in the morning, under the windows of a house adjoining the *Chiasso dell' oro*, on the river *Arno*, listening to a lady who sang at least ten grand pieces, chiefly of Rossini's composition, with some of Spontini's *Vestal*,—a piece which, though much liked in Italy, did not succeed there as it has done in France. She had a powerful, sweet, and flexible voice, with an excellent method; and the person who accompanied her on the pianoforte played extremely well. She was also accompanied by a delightful *tenor*; but I heard a still better *tenor* in the streets, and a *bass* who might have astonished on any stage.

The theatre of *Goldoni*, to which I went chiefly to see the Grand-ducal Family and Court, is handsome,—though rather too long and narrow;—and may contain about

twelve hundred spectators. The performance was a very poor opera, indifferently sung, entitled, *A Widow's Tears*. The musick, I understood, was *Paer's*, but it is none of his best. The performance began at the second act, and finished with the first, in consequence of the Princesses wishing to see the end of the farce and the ballet,—after which they retired. *Duport* was the hero of the dance, but he pleased me no better here than he had done at St. Petersburgh. His leaps, strides, and whirlings are really not dancing; with respect to neatness of steps, the second dancer seemed to me much his superior; but as Duport has enchanted Paris, no one durst doubt his perfection abroad. The female dancers were tolerably good, and the first of them was an excellent performer of pantomime.

The theatre *della Pergola* is larger and handsomer than that of Goldoni, and may contain about two thousand persons. There is no ostentation in its ornaments, no gold, nor silver, but every box is furnished with very elegant green draperies, and there is a good painting in front in *chiaro scuro*. The

curtain, which is extremely pretty, though somewhat fantastical, represents a *partie quarrée* of very handsome country girls and youths dancing in a wood. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*, a subject which I think much too horrid for the stage; but the Romeo was so wretched a performer, that he could not inspire the slightest interest. He was not more than four feet in height, thick and clumsy, and had a detestable pronunciation; as—sc*io avesci* sci*aputo*, for *s'io avessi saputo*,—and every thing in the same strain. Juliet, on the contrary, was in the hands of an excellent performer, who strongly reminded me, particularly in the last three acts, of the celebrated Mrs. *Ziesenis**, in the part of *Elfrida*. In the first two acts she was too much taken up with her recitation; every word fell so very distinctly from her lips, that the whole speech was lost in single syllables. On the whole, the play was well supported, except in the part of Romeo, who spoilt the rest by his intolerable ble-

* Formerly Miss Wattier; a Dutch actress, who may be compared to Mrs. Siddons, and who is in some characters fully equal to her.

mishes, and his ridiculous figure. The Tomb of the Capulets was one of the finest scenic decorations that I ever saw.

The play itself has one striking defect: old Capulet comes into the vault—after the death of Romeo, but before that of his daughter—to which he contributes by the atrocious barbarity with which he drags her from her lover's corpse; and Juliet dies of a broken heart.

On Saturday, the 26th of July, I witnessed an extraordinary spectacle,—that of the annual burning of several millions of flies, which ascend the river once a year towards the end of July or the beginning of August, and are immediately devoted to the flames. Great fires are lighted for this purpose on the two upper bridges, into which immense clouds of them rush in rapid succession; the ground was covered with their remains to the depth of two inches at least, all round the fires. This operation seemed to inspire every one with mirth, and one of the destroyers availed himself of the good humour of the spectators, to raise voluntary contributions

among them for the wood and straw which he had burnt in pretty large quantities.

The Fasts of *St. James* and *St. Anne*, (the 25th and 26th July) are so rigidly kept here, that even the shops were shut in the afternoon, and the public libraries during the whole of these days. I was thus unexpectedly prevented from visiting the library of *San Lorenzo de' Medici*, which I had unfortunately deferred seeing. The ancient palace of the house of *Medici*, which now belongs to that of *Riccardi*, is noble and majestick. I went to the handsome church of *San Marco*, which contains several very good pictures, particularly some excellent *frescoes* by *Passignano*. From thence I went to the hall of the *Brotherhood of San Giovanni*, which is remarkable for its excellent *fresco* paintings, by *Andrea del Sarto*, which are unfortunately very likely to be soon entirely lost, being quite abandoned to the destructive effects of the weather. Yet I had the satisfaction of meeting an artist there, who was going to take a copy of a charming piece, representing *Charity* with three most beautiful children.

I likewise visited the study of *Ricci*, a Florentine sculptor, whom the world ranks immediately after Canova. But I saw no production of his which could have led me to compare him to the latter,—or to Torwalsen,—or even to Acquisti; but the specimens were too few to allow me to form a satisfactory judgment. The statues that I saw had good draperies; but the features were by no means handsome, and the figures were utterly devoid of grace, and of the illusion of life.

The Florentines speak of the Roman mosaicks with a laughable degree of contempt. They are obliged, however, to confess that they are prettier than their own; but they assert that it is folly to buy them, because they are not sufficiently solid and durable.

The song of the *Bordichiera* pursued me to the end of my stay at Florence. Whilst I was at supper one evening, three singers arrived, who sang all the fifteen stanzas, with a *da capo* at the end of every stanza, making the whole amount to thirty repetitions of this tiresome lullaby. They attempted to make it more pathetick than

usual, by singing it in very slow time, which only rendered it the more fatiguing. The landlady and her waiters opened doors and windows in order to lose none of the delight, and could not conceive how I could help being quite enchanted. This infliction lasted nearly a whole hour. But it did not reconcile me to the necessity I was under of leaving Florence the next morning. I liked the place exceedingly; and, I think there is no city in Italy, with the exception of Milan, where a person might reside with more real comfort. Florence has, moreover, the advantage of Milan in its magnificent collections of pictures and statues. Living is cheap and good; the bread is admirably fine and of an agreeable flavour, the meat excellent, the wine very fair though not quite so good as at Naples, and you may dine very well for four *pauls*. The value of the *paul* is about five-pence;—ten *pauls* make a *Francesconi*, (about 4*s*. 6*d*.), and 9½, a *Scudo Romano*. The *paul* contains eight *kreitzer*, or *grazie*, which are coined in pieces of one, two, and four each; and twelve *grazie*, or 1½ *paul*, make a *lira*.

With other political feelings than those which I possess, I might have adduced the name of the *Medici* amongst the reasons which must endear Florence to every lover of the arts; but I cannot praise the enemies of liberty. I cannot suppress a feeling of displeasure and disgust, when I hear tyrants extolled for the politick protection which they may have afforded to men of talent. The *Age of Augustus*, and that of *Louis Quatorze*, are the ages of two execrable tyrants, whatever may have been said of them by parasitical contemporary authors, who, if they had outlived the men, would perhaps have been the first to blast their memory. These two prominent examples, especially the latter, are quite sufficient to put me on my guard against the enthusiasm of writers for the living sovereigns by whom their flattery is rewarded. With what baseness of adulation,—with what impudent falsehood, have not contemporary poets celebrated the superstitious, inhuman, pride-swollen persecutor of that pure religion in which his grandfather had been educated; —the unnatural and mean adulterer, who

setting the laws at nought, attempted to sully the throne in behalf of his bastards;—the foolish dupe, who delighted in hearing himself extolled as a demigod, reckless of the curses of posterity;—the disgusting egotist, who was never known to express the slightest affection even for his children! Who can doubt but Buonaparte would have been full as highly extolled, if he had continued to reign to a late old age? All the cold-blooded murderers of nations have been sung in verse, and extolled in prose, ever since the world began! Happy they, who outlived the palinode which would have been yelled over their graves by the same voices that chanted their deification!

CHAPTER XXVII.

Departure from Florence with the Vetturino Dardi —Le Maschere—Pietra Mala—Puggioli—Dispute with the Vetturino; not adjusted by the Magistrates of Bologna—Works of Art in the Bolognese Academy—Curious Argument for the Truth of the Romish Creed—The Montagnola —Departure from Bologna—Modena—Reggio —Parma.

I HAD engaged a place to Bologna in a coach driven by *Leopold Dardi*, the most impudent scoundrel that ever flogged a mule or fleeced a traveller. Had I seen his thievish countenance before we started, I should assuredly have cancelled the bargain; but I was deceived by a *Censale* (broker) who promised me conditions which he knew the fellow would not fulfil. My travelling companions were an overgrown, pursy Florentine merchant, who disgusted me every instant by some filthy habit or other,—and a young man from Domo d'Ossola, who speaking only two or three words of Ger-

man, and as much of French, really persuaded himself; when I could not understand him in either language, that it was because I only knew the *patois* of my own country; but he was extremely civil and officious.

We set off at half-past four in the morning, reached *le Maschere* at ten, dined there, started again at one, and arrived at *Pietra Mala* between seven and eight in the evening. A violent sick headache prevented me from visiting a volcano in the neighbourhood,—which is never entirely tranquil, but never very turbulent. The landlady at the inn observing me indisposed, asked me what I ailed?—"A dreadful headache," said I. "Good God!" cried she immediately, "how I pity you! That is the "very way with all those who die of the "epidemy! So many persons have been "carried off with it this season! You cannot "imagine what short work it makes! and "it always begins with such a headache "as yours: alas! poor gentleman!"—It seems she made so sure of my death, as to consider my wishes as no longer worth at-

tending to; for she made the coachman sup with us, in spite of my protest against this arrangement.

The next morning, the fellow, after having made us wait for him half an hour, was quite insolent when I remonstrated with him upon this loss of time. We reached *Puggioli*, however, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and here this model of Vetturini chose to lie down to sleep for no less than four hours! I had sent to call him at one o'clock, but obtained no reply; at half-past one I sent again, but with the same success; at three-quarters, a third time, and still in vain. At two, I went myself into the room where he lay coolly stretched on a bed. Instead of offering the least apology for the delay, he began by abusing me with such insolence, that it was really with difficulty that I restrained myself from punishing him as he deserved. A quarter of an hour afterwards, he declared to me, in the presence of my two travelling companions, that if I did not pay him his whole fare on the spot, he would neither take the mules out of the stable, nor allow me to touch

my luggage. This I peremptorily refused, and warned him that I should take a carriage for myself, at his expense, for the rest of the journey; requesting the other travellers, who were still present, to note and remember the coachman's threats, and calling on them to be witnesses of what was then occurring: but the men both at once exclaimed, that they would not appear as witnesses for any one. I immediately set off on foot for *Pianora*, the next post-town, which was two miles distant; and there I took a chaise, in which (having started at three o'clock) I arrived at *Bologna* about five. My first business was to call on the Governor, Cardinal *Lanti;* but he was at work with his secretary, whose clerks unfortunately persuaded me that it would be better to speak to the latter before I applied to his Eminence. This secretary was so much taken up with the subject of his conversation with his master, that he hardly heard, and did not appear to understand me. He ended by referring me to the Commissary of Police; who happening not to be then in his office, I called on him again at

nine o'clock, and saw, I think, the greatest blockhead that ever held an office. Instead of coolly reading my complaint,—which was written in Italian, and very short,—he asked me fifty questions, all foreign to the purpose; and afterwards, as many more, the answers to which he already held in his hand. He concluded by requesting me to tell him what I wanted: but I had not uttered five words of my explanation, before I observed that his attention was entirely engrossed by a lady who was in the room, and that he did not hear a syllable of my speech. I therefore stopped, and my silence having appeared to awaken him from his amorous trance, I recommenced my story; but when I had gone through it, I had again the mortification to discover that he had not listened to it; for he merely rose to bow to the lady, who was retiring, and then asked me—what business brought me there! It was not an easy matter, even after the fair one's departure, to make him understand the affair. At length, however, he sent a police officer and two soldiers to fetch the

coachman. The rascal was brought: and never did I hear such a string of impudent falsehoods as he uttered! He totally denied all that had passed. "Horrible!" said he: "*I* do such a thing! how can any "one be so unjust as to lay such con- "duct to my charge! I, who have always "been civility itself to all travellers! Alas! "how wicked!" But, in the midst of all this forced gentleness, his natural insolence every now and then broke out in spite of his cunning. He succeeded, however, so well in perplexing and deceiving the magistrate, that it was in vain I tried to make the latter sensible of the gross and palpable contradictions in Dardi's defence. At length I proposed to deposit the disputed amount in the hands of the commissary, upon his giving an order for the restoration of all my luggage; and upon the commissary's joyfully acceding to this proposition, he was assailed in his turn with such a torrent of impertinence, that he really flew into something like a passion. A police officer and a soldier were again sent, with positive orders to put me in possession

of my property,—which would still not have been done, if I had not paid them for their interference; but I would gladly have given a much larger sum to secure the punishment of this abominable villain, *in terrorem sociis.*

The landlord of the *Three Moors*, where Dardi had alighted with the two other travellers, was a much deeper knave than his protégé, and attempted to obtain a suspension of the commissary's order. But the gratuity which I gave to the bailiff, outweighed his eloquence; and I recovered all my things, except a short summer coat, which I did not think of at the time. The coachman was in so violent a rage, and dissembled it so ill, that I really expected every minute to see him fly at me with a knife or a stiletto, and I felt it necessary to keep an eye upon all his motions.

The next morning, I was obliged to go to the police again, where I found *Dardi*, with his protector, the host of the *Three Moors*. The latter, who is a very rich man, was a great friend of the commissary; and my affair began, on that account, to assume rather an unpromising aspect. My fellow

travellers, by what means I know not, had been induced to mutilate and disfigure the truth: they were not indeed present; but the innkeeper engaged himself to produce them as witnesses. I then declared, that I insisted upon their giving their depositions on oath; and this requisition caused the business to be referred to the Civil Assessor. This gentleman also proved to be a very good friend of the rich host of the *Three Moors;* and there were such greetings and caresses on both sides at their meeting,—with *caro* on one hand, and *carissimo* on the other,—that I could not get through my complaint. The innkeeper had the impudence to affirm that he had heard me say in French to the man from Domo d'Ossola, "Pray, my dear friend, come and bear "witness in my behalf! You know how "much I love your father, and what regard "he has for me!" I immediately requested the assessor to record this assertion, because I could prove that I had never seen the young man before, and that I did not even know who his father was. But I spoke to the winds: the *caro Assessore* would not

be an accessary to the detection of his *caro* rich friend in a falsehood; and not a single step was made towards a conclusion of the affair.

The next day, I received intelligence of the death of my much lamented friend *Madame de Staël;* and of another very dear friend of mine having fallen into a deep decline. These two melancholy announcements completely unhinged me; and I thought no more of Dardi, or of the unworthy pack to whose hands is confided the administration of justice in Bologna. I had afterwards the good fortune to meet with a Milanese *Vetturino, Paolo Belloni,* with whom my disappointment with the former did not prevent me from immediately concluding a bargain for the prosecution of my journey.

There was, at this time, at the Academy of Bologna, an exhibition of four pictures, the works of four competitors for the prize of painting; all four representing the same subject,—the *Sacrifice of Iphigenia,*—or rather, that moment of the story where she is torn from her mother's embraces. None

of the pictures were free from blemishes; but two of them were good. In the same academy, I particularly admired a sculptured group of *Virginius and his Daughter*, by *de Maria*, which is very beautiful; as well as the masterpieces brought back from Paris, which had been transferred hither from the room of Santo Spirito, in which I had seen them in my journey southward.

The two *Domenichinos*, and *Raphael's Santa Cecilia* pleased me rather less than on my first visit: but the two *Guido Reni's* had lost nothing of their charms; and the *St. Bruno* of *Guercino* pleased me more than before. Count Bianchetti invited me to see his new acquisitions in pictures, some of which are very valuable.

I saw a play tolerably well performed in open day, in the *Arena del Sole*, a theatre in the style of those of the ancients, with an amphitheatre of four rows of seats, a row of boxes at the top, and a pretty large pit below: it may contain twelve hundred spectators, but there were not three hundred present on this occasion, and those were by no means of a select description,

At a *Restauration* where I dined, I met two Bolognese gentlemen, who reasoned well enough on politicks, but very strangely on religion. One of them told me that the question of the truth of our respective creeds did not admit of the slightest doubt. The Roman Catholic creed, he observed, declared that all hereticks (including protestants of course,) would be damned: But the Protestant creed did not damn the Roman Catholicks:—*Ergo*, the Roman Catholick was the true religion. I could have nothing to say against so convincing and so liberal an argument!

There are few cities which gain so much in appearance by the fine season as Bologna. I had formerly visited it in the depth of winter; and I was surprised at the comparatively agreeable aspect which it now wore. The public walk on the *Montagnola*, an artificial hill raised near the ramparts, is handsomely laid out, and forms a very agreeable *Corso* for both carriages and walkers; but it is little frequented, except by nut-merchants, who seem to have chosen it for their market-place. I understood,

that when it was first established, three or four years ago, it had attracted all the best company of Bologna; but the stench thrown up by the rice fields,—though at the distance of nearly five miles, if I mistake not,—or, as others would have it, by the hemp which is cultivated in great abundance close in the neighbourhood,—produced an aversion for this spot, to which its distance from all the other parts of the town is very likely to have contributed.

I left Bologna, on Friday morning; August 1, in company with a landholder, named *Frapolli*, and a Florentine *cook*, who was going to exercise his profession at Milan. We stopped at *Modena*, for the refreshment of the horses. The grand front of the palace is very fine, but the interior courts are mean and ugly. The theatre is of the most absurd shape ever imagined. It is octagonal, the seats on two of its sides affording to the spectators no shew at all of the stage; the view from the two other sides is partly intercepted by the former; and there are, in fact, no good places, except those immediately in front of the stage.

This ill-contrived house, which appears large at the first view, is in fact very small, and cannot hold above a thousand spectators; but it is sufficiently large for the population of the place. Modena is on the whole a very fine city; the natives are handsome and cheerful, and there is a general appearance of comfort and wealth, which cannot fail to strike a traveller, and to give him a high opinion of the princes under whose administration the nation thrives so well. I was too much pressed for time to visit the celebrated bucket, whose rape *il Tassone* has sung with such poetical humour in his charming poem of *la Secchia rapita* *.

The *Royal Inn* is very good, and the charges moderate. I paid less than fifteen pence sterling for a dinner of excellent cutlets, wine and fruit.

We started from Modena a little before three in the afternoon, and arrived at *Reggio* at half past seven. This town is larger than Modena, but can bear no com-

* Charming for men; I would not be understood as recommending it to the perusal of the ladies.

parison with it in other respects. I never saw any thing in architecture half so hideous as the front of the church in the Great *Piazza:* the lower part of which is Grecian, and the upper part in the most barbarous Gothic style.

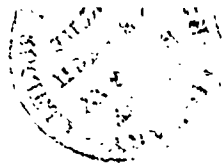
The inhabitants of Reggio are extremely handsome, and I saw a great number of charming faces, expressive of acuteness of intellect, and delicacy of feeling: they immediately reminded me of the Poles.

I desired *Belloni* to get me a bed-room to myself, which he immediately accomplished. He then asked me if I should like to sup alone, which however I did not desire, as the cook was not to be of the party at the *table d'hôte.*

The next morning, August 2, we pursued our journey at a quarter past four; and found the first Parmesan custom-house exceedingly vexatious. One might have supposed that *Maria Louisa* had adopted this means of keeping alive, by association, the remembrance of her *ci-devant* husband: but I believe the duchy is governed by Aus-

trians, who are in this respect not much more amiable than Buonaparte.

We did not reach *Parma* before half past ten, or eleven o'clock; for the *Vetturini* never go quicker than a quiet pace, whether it be hot or cool, late or early. This tiresome slowness in an easy coach, on a very fine road, creates an irresistible desire to sleep, and you inevitably lose the best part of the day in dozing,—which I consider to be one of the greatest objections to this mode of travelling.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

Parma—The Palace, Academy, and Library—Farnese Theatre—Nunnery of St. Paul—Cathedral and Church della Steccata—Bridge over the Taro—Borgo San Donino—Piacenza—Casal Pusterlengo—Lodi—Maregnano—Belloni the Vetturino—Arrival at Milan.

ON arriving at the gates of *Parma*, we were asked our names; and the cook having been the first to mention his own, the officer said it would do for all, and we might pass for his *suite*. With this highly-flattering distinction therefore, against which it was not worth while contending, I entered the town.

Parma seemed extremely desolate, but as I only saw it in the middle of the day, when most of the inhabitants in every Italian town are within doors, I could not form a satisfactory judgment of it: what I could see, as it was market-day, was an immense difference in point of beauty,

between its inhabitants and those of Reggio. Our landlady, however, *la Signora Rosa Castelari* was remarkably handsome.

The Palace is not only excessively ugly; but disgustingly ill kept up. It might be good enough for its former destination, when it was occupied by the bastards of a Pope; but it is really a shabby residence for an Archduchess of Austria, who has worn an imperial crown. The villa of the Archduchess, without the gates, is a much more creditable abode, though not comparable to the *Palazzi* of thousands of private individuals.

The Academy is within the walls of the palace, and possesses some very fine pictures, particularly the celebrated *Corregio*, representing our Saviour in his mother's lap, looking at the works of St. Jerome: it is truly delightful in spite of the anachronism; and is far preferable, in my opinion, to that in Count *Marescalchi's* collection at Bologna. The idea of the latter seems to have been taken from a picture by Raphael, in this academy. Amidst

these masterpieces are some excellent pictures by modern artists, particularly the *Espousals of Tobias*, by *Landi*, which is extremely beautiful. There is also a very good one by a *Mr. Martini*, another living professor.

The library is considerable and precious; it contains sixty thousand volumes, and a collection of about fifteen hundred oriental manuscripts, which had been lately purchased by the Archduchess from Professor *De Rossi*,—for one hundred thousand franks.

The celebrated *Farnese* theatre is now in ruins, which cannot be a matter of wonder, as it was entirely built of wood. It is very large, and much in the style of the ancient theatres: but its great advantage was, that every syllable pronounced at the furthest end of the stage, might be distinctly heard in the remotest part of the house: this is undoubtedly a great point, but it can hardly counterbalance the danger of fire in a wooden theatre.

I visited a room in the nunnery of *St. Paul*, where one of the former abbesses

had a whole crowd of little naked cupids, painted by *Corregio*,—as a suite to Diana, whose attributes they bear; they are extremely pretty, and must have afforded much edification to the young nuns.

There are fine *fresco paintings*, also by *Corregio*, in the *Cathedral*, and in the church *Della Steccata;* but they were too high for my weak eyesight.

A bridge is now building over the *Taro*, about six miles from Parma, which will be one of the noblest works of the kind in Italy: the torrent was dwindled at this time to a very slender brook; but it frequently swells to a tremendous magnitude, and inundates an immense space of ground.

As soon as we arrived at *Borgo San Donino*, Belloni ordered a separate room for me; and as the waiter seemed unwilling to provide one, he made a shew of harnessing his horses, and proceeding on his journey: this put an end to all hesitation, and I obtained a very good room. I perceived at supper a further instance of Belloni's attention,—in a dish of *potatoes*,

which (having accidentally heard me express a wish for them), he had brought with him from Parma. In short, I found him on every occasion as civil, as serviceable, and as attentive as his predecessor Dardi had been inattentive, dishonest, and impertinent.

I never heard Italian spoken so delightfully as by a blacksmith, in the neighbourhood of our inn, with whom I had some conversation before supper. He was accompanied by the innkeeper of a small village in the vicinity, who talked the dialect of the country; the pronunciation of which pleased me better than that of any other variety of the Italian. Both these men extolled to the skies the charity of two gentlemen, whose generosity had saved the lives of numbers of their fellow-citizens in this mournful year of distress,—and whose names I should have been sorry not to be able to mention. One of these gentlemen is called *Zuccheri*, and lives during one part of the year at this place, and during the other at Parma: the other is Mr. *Mandelli* of Piacenza.

The cathedral of *San Donino* is remarkable for its Lombard architecture. Almost every alternate shop in this borough, as well as in many other places in this part of Italy, is a barber's: and all those of the inhabitants who are not barbers, must I think be priests, for the streets are full of them. I believe I miscalled the place "a borough,"—a designation which its name seemed to warrant; for small as it is, it is a city and a bishop's see.

We arrived at *Piacenza* on the 3d of August at eleven o'clock, an hour of the day by no means favourable for forming an estimate of its populousness: it was Sunday, however,—which ought to have made some amends for the hour; yet there was hardly a soul to be met with, in all its numerous streets. There are some good pictures in the cathedral and other churches.

We crossed the Po, on leaving Piacenza, over a very long bridge of boats, and soon reached the first Austrian custom-house, which is an exceedingly troublesome one. Instead of examining each package of the luggage in succession, the officers

opened three of mine at once, and emptied and mixed all their contents. They further insisted upon opening a sealed packet, which Lady B—— had given me for some cousins of mine at Geneva. Then they fell upon the bundle of my notes from the archives of la Cava, and talked of nothing less than examining them all, in order to see that they "contained nothing against "the government." As it would have taken a fortnight for a pretty industrious reader to go through the whole of them, I might have burst with vexation and ennui ere these people had achieved the tenth part of the task; but fortunately none of the officers on duty understood French; and they were at length satisfied with my solemn affirmation, that these papers, however voluminous, contained nothing but genealogical and private notes concerning my own family. In the end I must do the officers the justice to say, that they performed their duty without ill-nature or insolence.

We passed the night at *Casal Pusterlengo*, a small but very cheerful place, where I

observed that by far the greater part of the women were extremely pretty, and all the children as beautiful and fair as cupids. The walks around the place are delightful in every direction, the soil is fertile, the vegetation was admirably luxuriant, and the sun set with a magnificence which I have seen only in Lombardy,—of which enchanting country I was now in the fairest part. The only thing that made me feel that I was not in a world of perfection, was the inn, called *The Crown*, which proved in every respect extremely bad.

There is here a curious manner of marking the measure of wine-bottles, by piercing a small hole at the proper height into the neck of each bottle, and inserting in it a piece of lead stamped with a number; and no bottle can be legally used, which has not undergone this operation.

Our friend Belloni, who was not in general a very early riser,—notwithstanding that he slept almost the whole day in the covered box of his coach,—was later than usual on the morning of our departure from Pusterlengo, and I had occasion to

scold him a little. The breakfast scene was further animated by a very lively dispute between another Belloni—also a Vetturino, a brother to our's,—and a ruined *Marchese*, who was one of his passengers. The latter complained of an improper female whom the Vetturino had admitted to travel with them. The former retorted, that her company could not be more nauseous than that of a little boy who, with his mother, was travelling under the Marquess's protection, and who obeyed every call of nature, without scruple, in the carriage.—With these, there was a French general, who had been detained in the prisons of Bologna for a whole year, on the mere suspicion of being, or of having been, engaged in a conspiracy against the Papal government. He seemed very inquisitive, and desirous of information; but he talked too much to be a very dangerous conspirator.

I walked more than five miles that morning, at a very quick pace, without any inconvenience from the heat of the weather, though it was now the 4th of August. My

way led me through the town of *Lodi*, which has a very fine appearance, but which I could only see *en passant*, for the coach drove round the walls to avoid a further and very rigorous visit at the custom-house. What an ill-contrived system is that which puts so many and such disagreeable restraints on the free circulation of travellers! Modern governments all admit that commerce cannot possibly flourish without a considerable degree of liberty; they all feel that they themselves cannot exist without commerce; and yet they all vie with each other in subjecting trade to the hardships of slavery, and in clogging it by all sorts of vexatious restrictions.

We stopt at *Maregnano* for the refreshment of our horses; and as it appeared to me that we were stopping too long, I again scolded Belloni; and the poor man began to fear that in these repeated complaints I should find a pretext for cutting off a part of his *buona mano*. Nothing was further from my intention. But travellers naturally grow tired and impatient before the conclusion of a long journey: its last

days and hours, where nothing particular breaks through their uniformity, are always tedious; and in such a disposition of mind, a moment lost, or supposed to be lost, is considered a greater disappointment than it ought to be. But in all other respects than those I have mentioned, I had every reason to be satisfied with Belloni: he was always civil, I was obliged to him for his attentions on the road, and we parted good friends. His price was two louis and a half, including supper and lodging: the breakfast was at my own expense, but I usually left it to be settled by him, and found his account always moderate. The amount of the *buona mano* had been left to my generosity.

We performed the journey from Bologna in three days and a half, and arrived at Milan on Monday, the 4th of August, at four o'clock, only half an hour later than Belloni had promised.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Milan—Attachment of the Author to this City and its Inhabitants—Reasons for curtailing his Stay in Italy—Performances at La Scala—Voltaire's Mahomet—Remarks on Grassini's Style of Singing, and that of Madame Bulgakof of Moscow—Other Theatres at Milan—Continued Unpopularity of the Austrians—Caution against certain Devotees at Milan.

I ALIGHTED at the *Falcon* (in the street of the same name,) at the recommendation of Belloni; and I had reason to be perfectly satisfied with my accommodations. I got a very snug bed-room, and an excellent drawing-room, for two franks a day. It is true, I engaged either to give them up or pay four franks for them, if the house should happen to be full; but I enjoyed my apartment without interruption the whole time that I staid in Milan. The inn is kept by two brothers,—complete gentlemen in manners and appear-

ance; it has a well-furnished *table d'hôte*, frequented by good company, at three franks and a half for each person; and both the people of the house and the waiters, civil and attentive.

None of the great capitals of Europe have any attractions for me, that can be compared to those of the capital of Lombardy; and I was as happy in the consciousness of being there, as if it had been my home. I felt more cheerful, more thoroughly contented, and more truly alive in Milan than in any other place in the world; and nothing but the dear hopes of happiness of another and a more exalted kind which awaited me at Geneva, could have prevented me from fixing my abode in this enchanting country. The engagement which I was hastening to fulfil, obliged me to shorten my absence from home, and to give up for the time, my plan of visiting *Genoa*. Yet I was unable to prosecute my journey immediately: for although my health had not positively suffered, yet the mere fatigue, and the feverishness of the blood, brought on by travelling, rendered a few days' re-

pose indispensable. Perhaps I yielded the more willingly to a sense of this necessity, through my strong predilection for this place of rest. Neither could I, after the friendly reception, which I had met with on my first visit, leave my Milanese acquaintance so soon after meeting them again. I found them as kind as before,—if possible, kinder. I spent some delightful hours in Mr. M——d's family, and with the gentlemen to whom my townsman O—— had formerly introduced me; particularly with poor L——, who has since fallen a victim to a deep decline. He took me to the box of the *Casino* at *la Scala*, where I met other gentlemen whom I had never seen before, but with whom I soon felt as happy and as comfortable as if I had known them from the cradle. There cannot exist more amiable, honest, and friendly creatures, than the Milanese. They are exactly as I would wish every body to be—all goodness, truth, imagination, life, and cordiality; and I shall ever love them as brothers.

I saw a new opera by *Soliva*, *I Zingari in Asturia*, which richly deserved the com-

plete downfall which it experienced. By ill luck I had arrived too late for either of the two grand and excellent operas which had lately excited the public admiration, —*La gazza ladra* (the thievish magpie), by *Rossini*,—and *Mahomet*, by *Winter*. The latter, however, though a noble musical composition, would have disgusted me by the choice of the poem ; which is entirely taken from Voltaire's tragedy of the same name,—one of the most abominable plays that was ever represented, and the success of which on the French stage was a disgrace to the taste and literature of the nation. In his tragedy of *Zaïre*, Voltaire might, perhaps, find some apology for having made Luzignan a respectable old man ; but nothing in the world could excuse his loading a character so completely historical as that of *Mahomet*, with the most disgusting atrocities of his own mere invention. If Mahomet had been capable of planning the murder of a father by his own children, and of stimulating them to parricide by the incitement of incestuous love,—employing the assassin's poniard, the poisoned

cup, and as much intrigue and manœuvring as might suffice for the subversion of a great empire, all for the gratification of a mean spirit of private hatred and revenge, —he certainly could not have been the man to play that part in the world, which history records, and of which the effects are still before our eyes. But Voltaire cared as little for probability as he did for historical, or any other kind of truth : his object was to strike the multitude,—and to labour for his sect, by spreading the most execrable maxims under borrowed names. This it is which makes his plays so inferior to those of many poets who had not nearly the same capabilities of perfection : he is always himself, never the person whom he represents as speaking : his works contain a multitude of good verses and brilliant ideas, but not a single word that the warmth of a generous heart, or the violence of genuine passion, would have dictated. Throughout his dramatic pieces there is abundance of good and bad reasoning, but no feeling.

To return to *la Scala* ; it pleased me full as much as before, and confirmed my pre-

ference of it to *San Carlo*. The ballet was the most magnificent, and the most truly classical that I ever saw; not even the theatre of Paris could exhibit any thing comparable to *Vigano's* "*Psammi, King of Egypt*;" and the London newspapers, accustomed to blazon forth the *éclat* of the indifferent performances at their opera in the Hay-market, would have been puzzled to find terms for the expression of the enthusiasm excited by this pantomime. None of the dancers exhibited any very surprising powers, but all of them were good; and there was an unity and harmony in their performance, for which no insulated individual talents could possibly compensate. Every scene presented such admirable groups, in the ancient Egyptian style, with such wonderful correctness and precision in the details, as to evince a no less profound study of costume, than elegance of taste in the choice of the subject. The scenery did equal honour to its painter. His architecture and perspectives were perfect, and his trees, though of a bad colour, were elegant in shape. Both the composer

Vigano', and the painter (whose name I cannot remember,) were loaded with applause, and loudly called for, but the latter did not appear.

La Signora Festa, whom I had heard with such pleasure at Ferrara, sang in the opera, but sang out of tune. This, however, was less her fault than that of the composer; for though the *thema* of every tune was exceedingly trite and vulgar, there was such a confusion and *imbroglio* in all the pieces for several voices, that it became literally impossible for the singers to execute them in tune.

Grassini was among the spectators,—as handsome and as graceful as ever. Her voice is said to have undergone a very unusual revolution; she has lost some of her lower notes, and acquired several upper ones, which is the reverse of what generally happens. Those who remember (and who that once has heard can forget?) the inconceivable effect which she produced with means which no artist could have deemed even sufficient for the stage, will be glad to hear that she has not yet renounced the

profession. *Grassini* and the *Princess Natalia Havansky* of Moscow (now *Mrs. Bulgakof*,) are the two best singers that I ever heard, because the musick of their voices was really musick for the heart, as much as for the ear. I preferred the prayer of the "*Vergine del Sole*" by the former, and "*Ciel pietoso*" by the latter, to all the grand bravuras of Billington, Banti, or Catalani,—and even to Handel, sung by Madame Mara, who in that particular style of musick has not yet been equalled.

I also visited the *Teatro Rè*, where I had the pleasure of seeing a very good tragic actor, in a play which, with too intricate a plot, contained several very interesting scenes, and in which there was no buffoon. But I had a still greater satisfaction,—in seeing one of *Goldoni's* charming plays well performed, and warmly applauded. It was *La Donna bizarra*, which is no less fantastical than its title; for the heroine, who is imperious, intriguing, lying, capricious, and a great coquet, marries at last the man whom she prefers, and who dotes upon her in spite of all her defects. Such

things are in nature, and proper food for comedy; but few men could have made so much of these materials as Goldoni.

At the *Teatro Carcano* I heard *Rossini's Elizabeth*, which pleased me infinitely better here than at Naples, because this theatre, being built entirely of wood, gives a better effect to the musick. The *prima Donna*, *Signora Sala*, was deficient in flexibility of voice, and was frequently obliged to alter some of the most difficult passages; but her tones were very fine, and she sung with a good deal of expression,—which I may also say of her rival, the second singer, *Signora Brescia*. As there is but an indifferent ballet at this theatre (of which I could not judge for want of time,) it is little frequented,—except on Fridays, when there is no performance at the Scala. I went on a Wednesday, and found not a hundred spectators beside myself; the house will hold about two thousand. One intolerable annoyance would have prevented me from going there frequently, I mean the loudness of the prompter,—who during the singing bawled out to the actors the words of every

successive line. In the performance of Plays this practice is common throughout Italy,—but it is not usual for operas.

I was sorry to see that the Austrian Government had not yet made the slightest progress towards acquiring the love of the Milanese, who seemed rather to feel a stronger aversion than before, to their new lords. Even those who had been the most ardent enemies of the French, were half disposed to regret them. Nor is this to be wondered at; for an essential incongruity in manners and habits will much more easily breed disgust than a difference in principles. The Germans have many virtues, but those virtues are so clumsily and uncouthly exercised, that they fail to please a nation whose very vices are embellished and disguised by an aërial delicacy and gracefulness.

Milan contains a class of females against whom it may be necessary to caution those of our Protestant faith, who have young persons under their protection. I allude to certain ladies who, having led a profligate life in their youth, become superstitious

devotees in declining age. They persuade themselves that the reclaiming of a heretick will expiate their past sins; and there is no exertion, no device of which they are not capable in order to win a proselyte. In an instance which came to my knowledge a certain lady of high rank, having undertaken the conversion of a Genevese washerwoman, had even knelt to her to gain her point. The poor creature happily resisted these assaults; but others had less firmness, and yielded, partly to persuasion and partly to brilliant promises.

Want of room in the Diligence for Turin, detained me two or three days later than I had intended; but I at length took leave of Milan, on Thursday, the 14th of August, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,—with more lively regret than I had felt on quitting any other place in the course of my travels.

CHAPTER XXX.

Journey to Turin—San Martino Ticino—Novara—Vercelli—Turin—Theatres of Carignan and Angennes—Superga—Rivoli—Suza—Mount Cenis—San Michele—Altered Habits of English Travellers—Savoy—Characters of the Piedmontese and Savoyards—Chamberry—Rumilly in Albanese—Arrival at Geneva.

WE were detained no less than an hour and a half at *San Martino Ticino*, by the King of Sardinia's custom-house, which is here, as every where else in this monarch's dominions, absurdly punctilious and severe. I had no reason, however, to complain on my own account, as my luggage accidentally escaped a search. But so long a delay is very inconvenient; and at this place it might have been worse than inconvenient, for the spot was then extremely unwholesome, and almost all its population ill of an endemick fever.

We reached *Novara* at half-past six in the evening, and found a comfortable inn

at the sign of the *Three Kings.* I visited the theatre, which is small, having room for only five or six hundred spectators. The singing was indifferent, but there was a good female dancer.

We set off from Novara as early as a quarter past three o'clock the next morning; and, having a lame horse, were ill driven as far as *Vercelli.* The road, too, was very disagreeable by reason of the rice-fields, which exhale an intolerable stench. The people are ill-looking, sallow, and sickly; yet the fever which is caught in these plains is said not to be of an obstinate kind, but to yield easily to change of air, upon the removal of the patient to a less unwholesome situation.

My travelling companions were remarkably agreeable. They were—*Mr. Pietragrua,* a Milanese gentleman, and his lady; a *Mr. Gidoni,* from the Italian part of Switzerland; and *Mr. Motta,* a very clever advocate from Novara. The conversation was kept up with great spirit during the whole journey, and contributed greatly to beguile the fatigues of the road. The heat

was now intense: but to me the dust was a more intolerable annoyance than the heat,—which I seldom find oppressive in any country. All the gentlemen except myself had fans, and used them constantly.

We arrived at *Turin* at six o'clock in the evening, and lodged at the *Buona fama*, where I could only get a very indifferent room. The charges were moderate, being one frank and a half for the room, and three franks for dinner, at the *table d'hôte*,—or four franks in a private room. The people of the inn were extremely good-natured and civil; but the waiters were quite insufficient for the service.

The hills in the neighbourhood of *Turin* are very pretty; but its suburbs are wretched. The city itself is magnificent but monotonous: the streets and square are all beautiful, but all alike. I was particularly struck with the brilliant display of diamonds exposed for sale; I never saw shops in any other place so richly provided.

The day after my arrival happened, unfortunately, to be so close a holiday, that it was quite lost for purposes of curiosity. The

next day was Sunday, and again lost. The heat, moreover, which was much greater than I had any where felt it before, was a considerable check upon my rambles, and contributed, with the holidays, to deprive me of the sight of much that I had wished to see. I had also unexpectedly lost the assistance which I had calculated on receiving from a cousin of mine, who had resided for many years at the Sardinian Court; but the epidemy had lately swept him off, together with many other victims.

In the evening I visited the *Carignan* theatre, which may contain sixteen or eighteen hundred spectators: it is tolerably handsome, though the want of draperies to the boxes gives it a naked appearance in the eyes of those who have lately seen the theatres of Italy. The performance was the most stupid of all the stupid plays ever hatched by the genius of Kotzebue, "*The five great days of Gustavus Vasa.*" Yet it was applauded: though the actors were almost as bad as the play, and the scenery little better than the actors.

The theatre *d'Angennes* is much smaller

than the Carignan, (it does not contain above eight hundred or a thousand places) and it is by no means elegant. A concert was given at it by a young female singer of the name of *Balbis*, a native of Turin. She was very pretty, and had considerable musical qualifications; though it was almost impossible to judge of their extent, for she trembled like a leaf, and hardly dared to open her mouth. She acted injudiciously in beginning with a grand bravura; a timid person ought always to begin with a duet. There was a very good tenor, but a disagreeable bass.

The heat of Sunday did not, however, prevent me from going to *Superga*, a convent four miles distant from Turin, where the Sovereigns of the Royal Family lie interred. There is nothing in the tombs worth the trouble of walking so far to see (three miles of the distance being up a steep hill), nor is there any thing remarkable in the church; but the prospect from thence is uncommonly fine. I had gone in a boat on the Po, as far as the foot of the hill, in company with a young French-

man, and we were nearly melted ere we reached the inn at the top, where we got some refreshment. We made two unsuccessful attempts to see the Royal Palace; and gave it up at last, for bathing in the Po,—which proved less agreeable than I expected; both the air and the water being too cool in the evening, though the heat had been really dreadful during the day.

I set off again from Turin, in the Diligence, on Tuesday morning, August 19th, at a quarter past ten o'clock. The coach was so extravagantly overloaded with silk for Lyons, that we were obliged to stop several times to let the horses take breath. The road passes by *Rivoli*, a Royal villa, across a very picturesque country, embellished by a great many noble ruins,—and particularly by those of the *Castle of Avigliano*,—to *Suza*, at the foot of *Mont Cenis*, where we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. As I could not get a room to myself at the post-house, I went to the inn over the way, where I procured a lodging and a very good supper for four franks.

We started again, for the ascent of the

mountain, at a quarter past two in the morning, and I walked the greater part of this stage. The road over Mont Cenis is a thousand times preferable to that over the Simplon: it is in every place as smooth as the floor of a drawing-room, very picturesque, perfectly safe, and kept in the best repair by twenty-five peasants, each of whom enjoys a snug little house, and fifty franks a month for the necessary labours on his portion of the road. These habitations are at equal distances, and afford resting-places and safe asylums in cases of need *.

We stopped for breakfast at the *Gran Croce*, on the top of the mountain, where there are two inns and a convent: and we supped and slept at *St. Michele*, which lies at its foot, in Savoy. On this side of the mountain the scenery is particularly romantick: there are innumerable waterfalls, amidst a high degree of cultivation.

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* The tolls on Mont Cenis are as follow:—six franks per horse for carriages on springs; three franks for carriages without springs; one frank and a half for a mounted horse; and one frank for a led horse.

My travelling companions were more amusing as caricatures, than entertaining as men of sense. One of them was an Irish Roman Catholick, who was continually spouting with such vehemence of tone and action, that it was obvious the poor man either had been, or soon would be, confined in a strait waistcoat. Another was an Englishman, who would quarrel for hours at every resting-place, for a penny or a halfpenny, which he thought overcharged in the price of a dish of coffee. On one occasion he was very near losing his place, in getting change for a crown,—or dollar of six *livres*,—for which he claimed six *franks*, being four *sous* more than the real value. He fell into such a passion on this occasion, that every attempt to explain the difference between a livre and a frank, was completely lost upon him. The driver of the diligence called to him in vain, and threatened in vain to set off without him: at length, we did start, and he was obliged to run himself out of breath to overtake us.

There was a time when British genero-

sity was celebrated all over the world; and when English travellers were distinguished by an excessive prodigality: their parsimony is now become no less proverbial: they have flown into the opposite extreme of stinginess and distrust; they frequently expose themselves to insults, by wrangling for hours about a few farthings; and they are always overcharged at first, because it is their practice never to give more than half of what is demanded of them. When I went to Italy, I was told that I must make a bargain for every thing before I entered an inn; and I did so to my great cost, as far as Naples. When I returned, I never inquired about prices till I was on the wing of departure, and I found the bills every where *much* more reasonable than before—except at Terni. The explanation of this difference was uniformly the same, whenever I noticed it; it was necessary, the people said, to double and even triple the first demand on English travellers; because, whatever it might be, they always beat it down until they obtained a deduction of one-half or two-thirds. There

is no worse policy than this habit of negotiating for trifles: it presupposes a bad opinion of the people whom you have to deal with, and it relieves them at once from every scruple.

We started again from *S. Michele* at a quarter past three in the morning amidst a frightful storm of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, which made us loth to leave the inn, bad as we had found it. The rain lasted the whole day, but without refreshing the air, which continued oppressively hot. The diligence held six persons; and those who sat in the middle, (which was my lot) were exceedingly uncomfortable, sleep for them being quite out of the question. I should not have considered this as a disappointment, if the atmosphere had been clearer; for the country is beautiful, its vegetation is remarkably luxuriant, and its culture diversified. The inhabitants are handsome, though the *goitres* are too common. Savoy, in short, would well deserve to be treated as a darling child by the sovereign whose cradle had been laid in its valleys; but it did not experience

any paternal care in these years of overwhelming distress; on the contrary, it was sacrificed to other provinces, and to the most inconceivable ignorance of the common policy of administration:—and famine made almost as much havock here, as it had done in Italy.

The Piedmontese are a cunning, sharp, and passionate race. A young man had lately been executed at Suza for the murder of his mother! and in that country Justice is frequently obliged to dip her hands in the blood of offenders. The Savoyards, on the other hand, are good-natured, gentle, plain in their manners, simple in their affections, faithful, and honest. Improvidence is a striking feature of their national character, and is as strong in the nobleman as the peasant. They are always in debt; and I really should not think it possible, to name three persons amongst a hundred taken at random, whose property would be found free from incumbrance. They are unthinkingly liberal and generous; yet they cannot bring themselves to pay what they owe!

If you happen to have a claim for five pounds on a Savoyard, he will very probably spend a *hundred* in giving you and your whole family a hearty, hospitable reception for months; but the poor *five* will not be forthcoming after all. The laws with respect to debtors are the worst in Europe; and are framed in such a manner as effectually to prevent strangers from lending pecuniary assistance to the natives, even on the best landed securities. On the whole this country is very far behind the rest of Europe, and seems to belong to another century, or to another quarter of the globe.

The rain continued with so much violence, that I could see nothing of *Chamberry*, except the street in which our inn was situated.

I set off at two o'clock the next morning, before the diligence, in a small vehicle called a *char-de-coté*, in order to proceed as far as *Rumilly in Albanese*, for the pleasure of breakfasting with one of my sisters, the Baroness de Rochette, ere the coach arrived to carry me forward. But

when the coach came it was already full. I obtained, however, a post-chaise, in company with two gentlemen of the town: and on the same evening, about six o'clock, I concluded my journey at Geneva.

FINIS.

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